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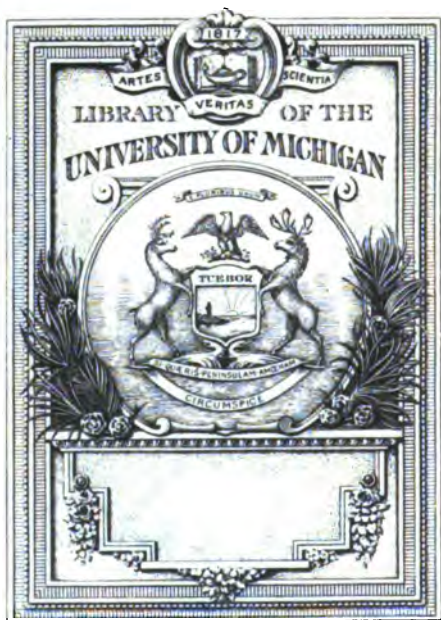
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*Armory, Thomas*  
**MEMOIRS:**

Containing the LIVES of  
**SEVERAL LADIES**  
OF  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**A HISTORY of ANTIQUITIES, PRODUCTIONS of NATURE, and MONUMENTS of ART.**

**Observations on the Christian Religion, as professed by the established Church, and Dissenters of every Denomination.**

**REMARKS on the Writings of the greatest ENGLISH Divines: And a REVIEW of the WORKS of the Writers called INFIDELS, from Lord HERBERT of CHERBURY, to the late Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE.**

**With a Variety of DISQUISITIONS and OPINIONS relative to CRITICISM and MANNERS; and many extraordinary Actions.**

**IN SEVERAL LETTERS.**

**L O N D O N:**

**Printed for JOHN NOON, at the White-Hart, near MERCER's Chapel, in Cheap-side.**

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# MEMOIRS

OF

SEVERAL LADIES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

Interpersed with

LITERARY REFLEXIONS, and Accounts of  
ANTIQUITIES and CURIOUS THINGS.

IN

SEVERAL LETTERS.

Τί ὃ ἱερὶ τις, ἢ ὑπολήφεται περὶ αὐτοῦ, ἢ πράξει κατ' αὐτὸ ἢδ' εἰς τὸν βάλ-  
λασι, δύο τέτοις ἀρκέμεθα, αὐτὸν διακαιοπραγῶν τὸ νῦν πρᾶσσόμενον  
ἐν φιλεῖν τὸ νῦν ἀποσπόμενον ἑαυτοῦ.

Quid autem alius quispiam de ipso sive dicat, sive existimet, aut  
adversus ipsum faciat, ne cogitat quidem. Utpote qui duobus  
hiscæ etiam contentus sit, quicquid impræsentiarum agit, justum  
præstare, et quicquid impræsentiarum sibi obvenit, diligere.

What any one may say or think of him, or do against him, on  
this he spends not a thought. He is contented and abundantly  
satisfied with these two things; with acting justly in what he is at  
present doing; and with approving and loving what is at present  
appointed for him.

M. ANT. L. x. S. 11.

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[ iii ]

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T O  
**Mrs. MONKHOUSE,**  
O F  
**PATERDALE,**  
O N T H E  
**Banks of the River Glenkroden, in**  
*Westmorland.*

M A D A M,

**O**F all the ladies I can think of, or have the least acquaintance with, you are the most proper one to whom I ought to inscribe the following Memoirs; not only as you are the ablest and most impartial judge I know of such a performance, and that, so far as the best judgment can go, the thing may stand or fall upon your opinion of it; but because you have a relish for the subjects treated of in these sheets, and in the

A 2

highest

## DEDICATION.

highest degree resemble the illustrious women described in them. You are not idle as beauties generally be, nor ~~remiss in decorating~~ your mind with attributes superior to ordinary humanity. You have a passion for that natural grace and pleasure that are annexed to truth and useful knowledge. You are diligent in obtaining understanding, ~~that~~ you may ever think and act to the glory of God, your own eternal happiness, and the good of others.

When you lost your husband, an excellent man; (if sincerity and the sweetest temper, adorned with wit, taste, and learning, are things that give excellence to men) and was not then, if I remember right, full one and twenty, you did not appear at the public places in the elegance of woe, but immediately with your infant daughter withdrew, and in the remotest, silent retreat, determined to live an example of reason and goodness, and steer right onwards in the ways of perfection. The misfortune of losing your little charming companion, could not make a change in this resolution. You knew the world was a bauble, and its speculations and practices the products of *interest* and *pleasure*; that under the common vizard of virtue and religion, *falsehood* and *self*, made a fair appearance, and that few, very few, had any other spring of action than *temper* or *design*,

## D E D I C A T I O N.

*sign, tho all pretended to act by principles ; and therefore, in that fine, romantic vale, through which the bright Glenkroden harmoniously winds along, you were fixed in your purpose, to neglect the things which are behind, and stretch forward to those before, for the prize that is in Christ Jesus, of God's high calling.*

*Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus  
Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum  
Præteritum tenens, extremos inter euntem.*

Here, Madam, your sole ambition and aim is to be *wise*, and *do good*. In voluntary returns of the life and love your creator gave you, you daily pay your tribute to heaven ; and by the best outward evidence of good works, you shew the inward regeneration and renewal of your mind. The doctrine of salvation takes up the course of your life. To be in Christ a new creature here, and hereafter in a glorified state with him and his God and Father, is your sole prayer.

In a word, while such numbers of your sex, of distinction and fortune, are swayed by *natural temper*, and the *false opinions* and *customs of the world* ; and fancy themselves pious for swallowing the *preparation* of the *doctors* ; that *tritbeistic apostacy* which *Fathers* and *Councils* forged, and *Popes* and *Theologers* have conspired to establish ; you, Madam,



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continue to worship the *Father of the universe* only, through *Christ the glorious Mediator*; and by your counsel, your favor, and your example, do all that is possible for one mortal to do, to advance rectitude, and promote original christian religion, among the wild inhabitants of the mountains you live on. A *trinity in unity* is no part of your confession of faith. You want not spectacle and pleasure to save you from falling into the languid state of heaviness and affliction. Your religion attaches you to truth, and the honor of God—to that venerable christianity which the sacred authors of the Bible revealed: And your books and philosophy, your linnen-work and country business, leave no room for regretting the *tumultuous situation*. They hinder you from ever sensing the irksomeness of solitude and indolence. By the happiest employments of time, you make the desert a paradise, and in the wildest part of the universe, form a state of happiness, that is as much superior, I believe, to what a multiplicity of amusements, and the excess of expensive action can produce in the world, as the tranquil state of beatified beings is beyond the joys of mortals. To say it, piety and goodness are the bright criterions of your life. You are a blessing to the poor all round you. You enlighten their minds, You cloath and feed their bodies:

If

## D E D I C A T I O N.

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If this be the exact picture of Mrs. *Monkhouse*, and sure I am it is not over-painted, then to whom should I dedicate but to you, Madam, a work that contains a history of as valuable and extraordinary women as ever lived in private life; women of a philosophical genius, a considerable learning, and a rational benevolence; engaged in various perplexing scenes; subject to many untoward incidents; but still appearing as formed of nobler materials than the dust of the ground, a *meliora luto*, and according to the measure of mortals, perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. In religion, like you, they were all strict *Unitarians*. Their faith was pure and scriptural: And to it they added the affecting, transforming influences of the gospel; those invaluable influences which give a *substance* to what is *unseen*; — a *presence* to the *future* things of the other world.

Such, Madam, were the ladies whose Memoirs I lay before you, and therefore I imagine you will be pleased with the faithful accounts I give of every interesting particular relating to them. It was my fortune to become acquainted with them in my peregrinations over Great Britain, and by mere accidents, in the manner my good genius made me known to Mr. *Monkhouse* and his lady, when it brought me first to your hos-

pitiable, happy mansion; the night I lost my way in my journey from *Wharton-hall* to *Amblefide*, and was greatly distressed by a mischief I had received, and a thousand perils that surrounded me on the fells of *Westmorland*. Many a time has my uncommon passion for the extraordinary works of nature, and other curious things, brought me into such perplexed circumstances, and obliged me to pass a night in a cave, or lie on the fern of a mountain : but I had always reason to rejoyce in the end for the fortunate acquaintance my adversity produced. I will tell you a short story.

As I travelled once in the month of *September*, over a wild part of *Yorkshire*, and fancied in the afternoon that I was near the place I intended to rest at, it appeared from a great water we came to, that we had for half a day been going wrong, and were many a mile from any village. This was vexatious ; and to perplex it higher, the winds began to blow outrageously, the clouds gathered, and as the evening advanced, the rain came down like water-spouts from the heavens. All the good that offered was the ruins of a nunnery within a few yards of the water, and among the walls once sacred to devotion, a part of an arch that was enough to shelter us and our beasts from the floods and tempest. Into this we entered : the  
horses

horses and Moses: and his master: and for some hours were right glad to be so lodged. But at last, the storm and rain, were quite over, we saw the fair rising moon hang up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre drive back the hovering shades. Out then I came from the cavern, and as I walked for a while on the banks of the fine lake, I saw a handsome little boat with two oars, in a creek; and concluded very justly that there must be some habitation not far from one side or other of the water. Into the boat therefore we went, having secured our horses, and began to row round, the better to discover. Two hours we were at it as hard as we could labour, and then came to the bottom of a garden, which had a flight of stairs leading up to it. These I ascended. I walked on, and at the farther end of the fine improved spot, came to a mansion. I immediately knocked at a door, sent in my story to the lady of the house, as there was no master, and in a few minutes was shewn into a parlour. I continued alone about a quarter of an hour, and then entered a lady who struck me into amazement. She was a beauty of whom I had been passionately fond, when she was fourteen, and I sixteen years of age. I saw her first in a *French* family of distinction, where my father had lodged me for the same reason that her parents placed her there, that

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that is; for the sake of the purity of the French tongue; and as she had a rational generosity of heart, and an understanding that was surprisingly luminous for her years; could construe an ode of *Horace* in a manner the most delightful, and read a chapter in the Greek Testament with great ease every morning, she soon became my heart's fond idol. She appeared in my eyes as something more than mortal. I thought her a divinity. Books furnished us with an occasion for being often together, and we fancied the time was happily spent. But at once she disappeared. As she had a vast fortune, and there was a suspicion of an amour, she was snatched away in a moment, and for twenty years from the afternoon she vanished, I could not see her, or hear of her: Whether living or dead, I knew not, till the night I am speaking of, that I saw come into the room the lovely *Julia Desborough* transformed into *Mrs. Mort*. Our mutual surprize was vastly great. We could not speak for some time. We knew each other as well as if it had been but an hour ago we parted, so strong was the impression made. She was still divinely fair: but I wondered she could remember me so well, as time and many a shaking rub had altered me very greatly for the worse. See how strangely things are brought about. Miss *Desborough* was re-  
moved

moved all the way to *Italy*—kept many years abroad; that she might never see me more, and in the character of Mrs. *Mort*, by accident, I found her in a solitude, in the same country I lived in, and still my friend.

This lady told me, she had buried an admirable husband a few years ago, and as she never had a liking to the world, she devoted her time to books, her old favourites; and the education of a daughter, and country business, and the salvation of her soul. Miss *Mort* and she lived like two friends. They read and spun some hours of their time every day away. They had a few agreeable neighbours, and from the lake, and cultivation of their gardens, derived a variety of successive pleasures. They had no relish for the tumultuous hours of the town; but in the charms of letters and religion, the philosophy of flowers, the converse of their neighbours, a linen manufactory, and their rural situation, were as happy as their wishes could rise to in this hemisphere. All this to me was like a vision. I wondered. I admired. Is this Miss *Desborough* with whom I was wont to pass so many afternoons, in reading *Milton* to her, or *Telemaque*, or the *L'avaré de Malière*? What a fleeting scene is life! But a little while, and we go on to another world. Fortunate are they who are fit for the remove: who have a clear conception of the precariousness

## D E D I C A T I O N.

ousness and vanity of all human things, and by virtue and piety so strive to act what is fairest and most laudable, and so pass becomingly through this life, that they may in the next obtain the blessed and immortal abodes, prepared for those who can give up their account with joy.

I have told you this little story, Madam, not only as a specimen of the women whose Memoirs I intend to lay before you ; for Mrs. *Mort's life* at large you will have among the rest ; but because it has in many particulars a near resemblance of yours. Both widows, both religious, both learned, good and wise, and an honor to human kind. In this likewise alike, that a linen manufacture is one of the useful amusements of your life, and I take this way of mentioning the thing to your glory to the world.

I remember, Madam, when last I had the honor of seeing you, in the year fifty two, I found you in an open bower of woodbines and roses, by the side of a falling stream sitting at the pretty *Scotch* spinning-wheel, and surrounded with half a dozen, clean handsome country girls, at the same useful and ingenious labor, the production of amazingly fine thread. It was as beautiful a picture of industry as the eye of man can see. It is a happy addition to your fine character ; and so long as this Dedication lasts, it shall be known

known in how good a manner Mrs. *Moukhouse* of *Paterdale* was wont to pass some hours of her every day, and in the center of the wildest mountains in the universe, made art productive of social happiness. And this while possessed of external perfections that few can equal, and mistress of fortunes that could produce the grandest entries in the capital. This is beauty. To support by such a conduct, and at this part, to bless a numerous, miserable poor, with the necessaries and comforts of life, is glorious indeed. What miserable things are the senseless routs and equipage of the town, the pomp of dress and the vanity of play, the mask, the house, and expensive contrivances, to kill time, and banish thought, compared to a mind and estate employed in giving bread to the hungry, cloaths to the naked; and understanding to the ignorant! This is excellence. It were wrong in me to conceal the author of it, tho her uncommon humility and modesty will not approve, I am sure, my making her known.

But as to the *Memoirs*; the history of illustrious women is not the only thing you are to expect in this performance. You will find a thousand inquiries into other subjects; relations of antiquities, curiosities, and the works of nature; various disquisitions; philosophical observations; and accounts of  
men



men and things and books ; matters that occurred to my eyes and my understanding, as I journeyed over England and Scotland in a series of years. Every thing new and curious I noted down, and among the rest, was particularly careful to remark the storys and characters of the most extraordinary women that came in my way. The Memoirs therefore are a *Kimeliâ*, or literary Miscellany ; and the ladies mentioned therein, the *choice things*.

Women of sense and breeding were always the objects of my admiration. I ever honored them as the noblest part of the human creation : And when in travelling, fortune brought me acquainted with those female worthies, whose storys to me appeared entertaining and improving, their notions just and beautiful, and their virtues such as shed a lustre on their souls, and made them glorious creatures, I thought I could not be too exact in recording them : And now I imagine I cannot do my country a better piece of service, according to my abilities, than to lay before the Public the Memoirs of those ladies. To this the following Historys are owing: As I marked down the extraordinary men I met in journeying : The women surely ought not to be neglected. My accounts of them, and of those things and matters which to me seemed new and curious when they

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they occurred, are as compleat as I was able to make them. It was my duty to do it, as well as I was able. But how I have succeeded, is submitted to you first, as an unexceptionable umpire; and in the next place, to every reader.

I have only to add, that the ladies named in the Table of Contents, and most of those mentioned occasionally in the Memoirs, are dead and gone. Excepting Mrs. Chawcer and Mrs. Janson, Mrs. Schömberg, Miss West, and Miss Hewel; and the happy recluses of *Richmondshire*, they are all arrived at the *highest degree* of happiness and glory, that human creatures are capable of, for in this life they were continually advancing towards God and heaven, and of necessity must have gained the invisible top of the glorious pyramid.

Mrs. Bellow, whose life is the first you sit down to, died a few weeks ago, the 9th of January last. She departed in an instant. Her taper was blown out in the sanctuary. At morning prayer, in chapel, in the twinkling of an eye, that elegant, and most agreeable woman, expired. Her understanding, will and affections, were ever sanctified, she lived in a perpetual, *spiritual communion* with the wisest and best of Beings, and easily dropt the *terrestrial veil*, as it were her mantle, to ascend to those happy regions, where *Jesus,*  
the

*the brightness of his Father's glory (a), and the express image of his person, displays the bright beams*

(a) *The brightness of the Father's glory, &c.* ] As these words of St. Paul have been thought difficult to understand, and have had divers interpretations, you, Madam; who are a constant reader and admirer of the *Sacred Epistle to the Hebrews*, may perhaps, be pleased with my observing in a note — that as the word *Apocrypha* made use of by the Apostle to express the word, *brightness*; it signifies a shining light derived from a luminous body, and must be used *figuratively* when applied to things *not properly luminous*; and therefore, when Jesus is called the *brightness* of God's glory, that is, a bright ray of his glory, it must, and can only mean that, the great Being called the *Son of God*, manifests to a certain degree the truth, wisdom, goodness and power of God, is a *shining Instance and Exemplar* of those properties which are the *great glory* of the Supreme Being; the Universal Father, and has displayed them to the world in the clearest manner. The *Son* manifests in his life and doctrine the attributes of the Father. He declares his will, omnipotence, and kindness to mankind, and for this reason, is the *brightness of God*, a *Ray of his glory*.

That as to the words *Character tes hypostases autou* — *express image of his Person*, *character* signifies a mark impressed or engraven, and from hence used metaphorically for any note that distinguishes one thing from another, and for whatever eminently and peculiarly represents another: that as to the word *hypostases*, it does not mean *Person*, as we render it; it has no such signification in any antient author. The word signifies *Substance* or *Essence*; and in respect of God, as he is *immortal, a pure Spirit*, can mean only the *properties* essential to him, which are the *essence of his nature*. The properties are to Deity, what extension, solidity, divisibility, &c. are to matter. This is all the idea we can have

beams of his Majesty to the senses of all his happy subjects.

have of God's substance or essence. It follows then, in the first place, that as every image must be a different thing from him, or what it is the image of, cannot be the person or thing it represents, but only the likeness thereof; then *Jesus Christ* can only be the likeness of God; he cannot be that God he is the likeness or image of. —

In the next place, as God hath neither parts nor passions, and his properties are all we can conceive of his essence, therefore, *Christ's* being the *express Image of his Person*, as it is expressed in the English Bible, can only mean, that there is a concurrence of the Father's properties in the Son, that is, the Son is a *just representation of the Father's properties*. — He is the *express Image of the Father*, in wisdom, goodness, mercy, patience, &c. In every thing the Father did, or appeared to do, he is the *express Image* of his Hypostasis. This most certainly was the idea the Apostle had to communicate to the Hebrews. It is a rational and beautiful account of the *Lord Jesus*. Like the Father, he is *full of grace and truth*. He *upholds all things by the word of his power*, that is, by the power given to him in heaven and in earth.

And when he had by himself purged ~~our sins~~, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high: When he had informed the world what God required of mankind, in order to their being admitted into his favor, notwithstanding they had sinned and fallen short of the glory of God, and had so laid before them the will of their heavenly Father, as to make them no longer the servants of sin, but to become the servants of righteousness (by which means Christ put an end to sin by himself, by himself purged our sins) then had he the privilege granted him to pass into the heavens, and sit on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty of the Most High. This makes our religion a delightful thing. In this view of it, it appears very glorious and heavenly.

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If it be possible, may you, Madam, die the death of this admirable woman. As you hasten, as for life and soul, to obtain that holyness without which no one shall see the Lord—that godlike temper of mind, and obedient practice of life, which are necessary to our dying into happiness, may you never know the miseries of a lingering death-bed sickness; the drenchings, cuttings, burnings, blisterings, and convulsions of the body; the obstructed, darkened, impaired faculties of the mind, and the killing formalities of weeping, separating friends; but at once depart, and have an easy access to all the blessings of those who *die in the Lord*. This, and every blessing of time and of eternity, I wish you,

I remain,

MADAM,

Your most faithful humble servant.

Barbican,  
Feb. 10, 1755.

T H E

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF THESE  
MEMOIRS.

**T**HE following Memoirs, and accounts of Anticks and other curious things; are a *Supplement* to a work which the author began many years ago for his own amusement, and afterwards endeavored to compleat for the *Public*.—The Thing was called,

The antient and present State of Great Britain, and more particular Observations of what is remarkable in Nature, Art, and Antiquity, than have been yet communicated to the Public.

The whole interspersed with the Lives and Characters of many eminent Persons; Accounts of Writers, Books, MSS, Notions and Conversations; Historys of many extraordinary and uncommon Things and Occurrences;

rēnces; and several Disquisitions, Philosophical, Moral and Political.

This Journal the writer intended to have published some years ago, and to that purpose advertised it two or three times; but by a variety of strange accidents and untoward incidents, he was not permitted to execute his design, nor could he see at last when it would be in his power to produce the thing. He was visited one day by an unexpected friend, who is learned in antiquities, and in our civil and natural history, beyond most of the Men of his time, and by this gentleman informed, on a perusal of the MS, that the journal appeared to want very great amendments, and to be deficient in various matters, which ought to be brought into a work of the kind. He layed his finger upon a thousand defects. He shewed the author many mistakes. He made him a present of a great number of new and very curious things, by him observed in his rideings, and collected in our books, and rendered it evident to the writer's own understanding, that not only all these corrections and additions must be made, but that it was even necessary, to go over a great Part of the ground again, and review and re-examine every thing on the spot. Here was a labor. Here was an almost intire new plan, and one as large again.

again as the original scheme : Many hundred miles to be rejourneyed : A thousand fresh things to be conveyed *per intus susceptionem*—to be distributed in a just proportion through the whole mass. The author did not like the thing ; but it must be done, or burn all he had written, or print to fill the waste-paper merchant's rooms. Away then he goes. He traverses the land. He reviews. He got a heap of fresh materials by this means, and he layed them by those he had received from his friend. He then sat down to work, and began to strike out and put in. He made all possible dispatch, and resolved to have a first part out this winter, if irresistible obstruction did not come in his way.

The intended volume was an introduction to his design, and contained a summary of his country's story ecclesiastical and civil ; an abridged account of its constitution and church ; its laws and monarchs ; and the great men in each reign, who were friends to *liberty* and *property*, or slaves to the tyrants who have oppressed with intolerable servitude this land ; a defence of the present happy establishment, and the glorious revolution on which it subsists ; with free remarks on all the English historians, from *Afferius Menevensis*, and *Ingulphus*, down to Messieurs *Ralph* and *Salmon* ; and a few thoughts on the relation



# The HISTORY of

between English sovereigns and English subjects. A large quarto volume on these subjects the author writ, and called it a Preliminary Discourse to a history of antient monuments, works of nature, Art, Sciences, &c. He spared no pains to render it as perfect as he was able.

Thus far all was well, and a day fixed for sending this book of a guinea price sewed to the press. But there is no certainty in human things. Misfortune entered the author's chamber, and in a few minutes put an end to the design. One night, just after he had lain down, he took the MS volume into his hand, and continued reading for some time such chapters of it as treated of the deformity of *imperial*, the beauty of *legal* power, and shewed how that *miserable prince*, *Charles the First*, ceased to be *invincible* and *amiable*, by an *obstinate departure* from the *original constitution*, and the laws by it instituted; laws which must ever be the strength and strong hold of an English king; — how this *headstrong monarch*, commonly called *The Martyr*, in conjunction with a queen who was another *Margaret of Anjou*, (*a*) *arbitrary in principles*, and a *zealot for popery*; and with a *Romish cabal* that had *Land and Wentworth* at its head, did endeavor to *enslave Eng-*

(a) Wife of Henry VI.

land,

land, and ruin Britain by foreign politics; to determine the being of parliaments, and alter the form of government; — these things the author continued reading, till slumber overpowered him, and his candle thereby set his book on fire; the blaze then seized the curtains of the bed, and by a signal favor of providence, he awaked just time enough to escape with life from the surrounding flames. The book was consumed, and likewise the second volume in MS. of the work, which he had placed on the chair to raise the first. This put an entire stop to his publishing the intended thing. It must also delay it for years, supposing the author should live to compose those volumes over again from his confused note-book, and loose sheets of memorandums.

But notwithstanding this sad affair, to print he was determined, since he had promised a book at this time, and that many had long waited for something or other from his hand. The author had made more antique and natural enquiries than he could possibly find room for in his work, and had beside become acquainted, in his travels over England and Scotland, with several ingenious and excellent women, who are glorious on account of their virtue and piety, and to be for ever admired for their literary accomplishments. Those illustrious personages, and

these things be resolved to put together, and call them a Supplement to his large work. They must be, he concluded; as useful and agreeable now as they could be half a century hence, and they may perhaps be grateful enough; as the things are curious and new, relating to art and nature, and books and converse and occurrence; and as the ladies are a glory to Great Britain, and an honor to womankind; for their fine understandings, their valuable learning, their strong judgments, and their good lives. We are generally pleased with accounts of such people and things. Beauties especially, with the heads of philosophers, the knowledge of divines, and the hearts of primitive christians, are characters in our days, that cannot be enough admired.

; Nor is this all. In the history of these ladies the reader will find some extraordinary adventures, and scenes very tender and uncommon. The storys of Mrs. *Bissel*, Mrs. *Chadsley*, Mrs. *Mort*, the beautiful *Isyphena*, and *Judith* the charming *Hebrew*, are very surprising accounts. They are not only true historys of amour, distress, and relief, but such samples of virtue and good sense, in the hard parts they had to play, as must please the wise and honest. Mrs. *Cheflyn*'s life is an astonishing relation. The account of the

excellent Mrs. *Fanshawe*, the generous reader will not be able to read without tears.

Among the things, the reader may not only expect several accounts of antiquities, and of natural and artificial works; but various literary remarks thrown here and there, and sundry observations on religion, and the most famous writers for and against what is true, and what is false. The author reviews the *divines* and the *deists*, and with fairness, plainness and freedom, delivers his own thoughts, and the thoughts of other people who came in his way, concerning our greatest writing doctors, and the men they write against.

Such are the things and entertainment the reader will find in the following heap of minutes and notes, which are called *Memoirs of several ladies of Great Britain*, because the illustrious women therein-mentioned are the choicest things in the collection, and every other account, with all the literary reflexions, spring from their storys, and are recited occasionally, as they relate to particulars in their historys. This is the reason of the title. Exclusive of this, the work might have been named *Pandecta*, as it contains a great variety of matter, and that the narrations relative to the ladies are the least Part of the performance.

now  
ly,

This is all the author has to premise before the reader begins; and the only favor he has to ask is, in the first place, that in reading him, you will not wink hard, if truth of any kind should shine; and especially if it be rendered plain from reason, and the revealed will of the supreme Being, that it is impiety to be an *Athanasian* religionist, or a *Lutheran* christian: That it is your glory and your interest to adhere to the doctrine of the primitive church, which teaches that there is but *one God supreme over all*, even the *Father*; and that the *Son* is an *inferior ministerial agent*, produced by the power, will, and free pleasure of the original cause of all; his *God and our God*, his *Father and our Father*; and that in order to be saved, you must reach forth, even as a race-horse stretcheth himself, and press with the utmost labor and diligence, to make every rule of the gospel the law of your life and practice.

In the next place, as you ponder through these *Memoirs*, that you will not strive to unravel and confound; where there is no fault to find; nor endeavor to produce a sinister construction, where the meaning of the writer is visibly good, tho' his idea of the thing should happen to be wrong, or his notion badly exprest. Faultless the author does not pretend to be. He is a man. But where 'tis wrong, he would, if he might chuse, be

be corrected by the *rules of civil righteousness*, and not in that *bitter zeal* which hath no alliance with the wisdom that comes from above. 'Tis the glory of the sacred book, that it breathes the kindest, gentlest spirit, eternal love. It allows no method or compulsion, but what resembles that *friendly importunity* which the disciples used to engage Christ to spend the evening with them at *Emaus*. This is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Farewel.

N. B. In an Appendix to the Second Volume of this work, the reader will find an account of two very extraordinary persons, *Dean Swift*, and *Mrs. Constantia Grierison* of Dublin.

As to the *Dean*, we have four historys of him lately published, to wit, by *Lord Orrery*, the *Observer on Lord Orrery*, *Dean Swift Esq*; and *Mrs. Pilkington*; but after all, the man is not described. The ingenious female writer comes nearest to his character, so far as she relates; but her relation is an imperfect piece. My Lord, and the Remarker on his Lordship, have given us mere critiques on his writings, and not so satisfactory as one could wish. They are not painters. And as to Mr. Swift, the Dean's cousin, his Essay is an odd kind of history of the doctor's family,

ly, and vindication of the Dean's high birth; pride, and proceedings. His true character is not attempted by this writer. He says it never can be drawn up with any degree of accuracy, so exceedingly strange, various, and perplexed it was; and yet the materials are to be gathered from his writings. All this I deny. I think I can draw his character; not from his writings, but from my own near observations of the man. I knew him well, tho' I never was within side of his house, because I could not flatter, cringe, or meanly humour the extravagances of any man. I am sure I knew him better than any of those friends he entertained twice a-week at the Deanery; *Stella* excepted. I had him often to myself in his rides, and walks, and have studied his soul when he little thought what I was about. As I lodged for a year within a few doors of him, I knew his times of going out to a minute, and generally nicked the opportunity. He was fond of company upon these occasions, and glad to have any rational to talk to: for, whatever was the meaning of it, he rarely had any of his friends attending him at his exercises. One servant only, and no companion, he had with him, as often as I have met him, or came up with him. What gave me the easier access to him, was my being tolerably well acquainted with our politics and history,

ry, and knowing many places, things, people, and parties, civil and religious, of his beloved England. Upon this account he was glad I joined him. We talked generally of factions and religion, states, revolutions; leaders, and pieties. Sometimes we had other subjects. Who I was he never knew: nor did I seem to know he was the Dean for a long time; not till one Sunday evening that his Verger put me into his seat at St. Patrick's prayers; without my knowing the Doctor sat there. Then I was obliged to recognize the great man, and seemed in a very great surprize. This pretended ignorance of mine as to the person of the Dean, had given me an opportunity of discoursing more freely with, and of receiving more information from the Doctor, than otherwise I could have enjoyed. The Dean was proud beyond all other mortals that I have seen, and quite another man when he was known.

This may seem strange to many, but it must be to those who are not acquainted with me. I was so far from having a vanity to be known to Dr. *Swift*, or to be seen among the fortunate at his house, (as I have heard those who met there called) that I am sure it would not have been in the power of any person or consideration to get me there. What I wanted in relation to the *Dean*, I had. This was enough for me. I desired no more of him.

I was



# MEMORANDUM

1. The purpose of this memorandum is to provide a summary of the information received from the various sources regarding the activities of the [redacted] group in the [redacted] area during the period [redacted] to [redacted].

2. The information was obtained from [redacted] and [redacted] who have provided reliable information in the past.

3. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

4. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

5. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

6. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

7. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

8. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

9. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

10. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

11. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

12. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

13. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

14. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

15. The [redacted] group has been active in the [redacted] area and has been engaged in [redacted] activities.

APPENDIX I

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# ROMANA QUÆDAM.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**A**S there is an account of many *Roman Antiquities* in the following work, (antiquities not mentioned by any writer that I have seen), I did intend to prefix to this volume an Introduction to this kind of learning, under the title of *Romana Quædam*, as above-mentioned; and, in a new way, treat of the *Roman* transactions in this island, from the expedition of *Julius Cesar*, before our Lord 44, to the year 446, when *Britain* was abandoned by the *Romans*. — In the next place, of *Roman* walls, stations, roads, *Roman* forces, the *Roman* art of war, etc. — And lastly, of medals, inscriptions, and statues, in general; in order to the better understanding the particulars afterwards mentioned.

It was likewise my design to add, in the way of notes, at the end of every emperor's reign, the progression of that *true religion*

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

gion, which *Jefus Chrift* brought down from heaven to blefs mankind with everlafting bleffings; and the rife and advancement of that *popery* which the devil fent by legion from hell. I purpofed to give a compend of *Roman* and *Chriftian* hiftory; as they related to *Britain*; and by a conclufion go down as far as it was neceffary, to fhew the eftablifhment of the power of the *man of fm*, and describe the times when the various *Romifh falshoods* came into being.

This introduction I finifhed with all the brevity the nature of the feveral things would admit; but could not, without omiffions make it lefs than half an octavo in print. This is too much to be brought into fo large a book as this, and therefore muft be referved for the next. The reader will find this introduction at the beginning of the fecond volume.

Adver-

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## Advertisement.

**W**HEREAS one *Romaine* hath lately published a Comment on the 107th Psalm, and with much imprudent zeal, hath delivered his own senseless imaginations for the doctrines of the gospel — hath delivered notions contrary to the word of God, and among other unscriptural fancies and absurdities, (swallowed by an ignorant crowd, his followers) affirms, that human reason was put out by divine illumination, and christians must abhor a moral rectitude, the eternal truths of natural religion — that they must not believe there is but One God the Father ; (tho Christ and St. Paul assert it ; ) — but, on the contrary, that Jesus Christ is self-existent, and equal with the Father in power and all possible perfections and attributes. — This is to inform the reader, that in the second volume of this work, he will find some proper animadversions on the

ex-

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

execrable performance of this Bigot and Commentator.

He will there likewise see some remarks on a late ranting piece of Enthusiasm and Tritheism, called the *Centaur*.



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A  
T A B L E  
O F T H E  
L I V E S.

I. **T**HE life of Mrs. *Benlow*.

II. **T**he life of Mrs. *Cbeslyn*.

III. The life of Mrs. *Fanfhaw*.

IV. The life of Mrs. *Cbadley*.

V. The life of Mrs. *Biffel*.

VI. The life of Mrs. *Durell*.

VII. The life of Mrs. *St. John*.

VIII. The life of Mrs. *Coke*.

IX. The life of Mrs. *Cawley*.

X. The life of Mrs. *Mort*.

XI. The life of Mrs. *Denbam*.

XII. The life of Mrs. *Graham*.

d

XIII. The

## C O N T E N T S.

- XIII. The life of Mrs. *Lowman*.
- XIV. The life of Mrs. *Munkley*.
- XV. The life of Mrs. *Reynolds*.
- XVI. The life of Mrs. *Worsley*.
- XVII. The life of Mrs. *Wallis*.
- XVIII. The life of Mrs. *Hellier*.
- XIX. The life of the beautiful *Isyphena*.
- XX. The life of *Judith*, the charming *Hebrew*.

With many occasional accounts of other ladies.



**T H E**

THE  
HISTORY  
OF

Mrs. MARINDA BENLOW.

With NOTES.

AND

Some Occasional REMARKS by the Way.

IN TWO LETTERS

TO

HUGOLIN JEWKS, Esq;

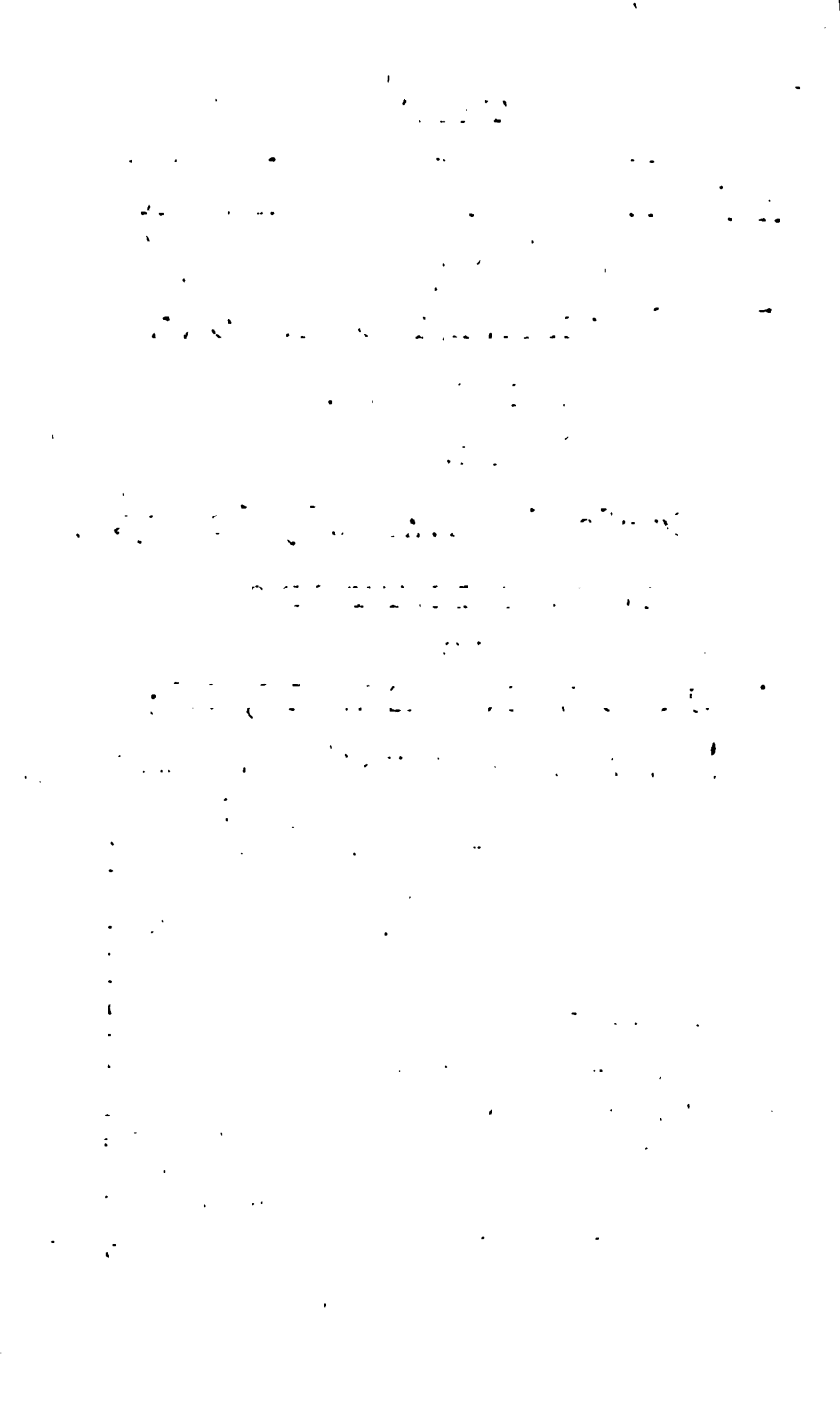
The characters of the more considerable personages in moral history, do not only demonstrate the possibility of attaining to all the perfections attainable by men; but powerfully upbraid our indolence, and so rouse our emulation. They set to our view the strength, the force, the comprehensiveness into which our judgment, and other intellectual faculties may be improved, and exhibit the most affecting instances of what is yet a higher qualification than the finest imagination, the most tenacious memory, or the best replenished understanding, that *absolute command of our passions*, and *that god-like benignity of soul*, which constitute true virtue, and recommend us to the favor and acceptance of a wise and holy God.

TURNBULL.

I am always for the builders who bring some addition to our knowledge, or at least some new thing to our thoughts. The finders of faults, the confuters and pullers down, do not only erect a barren and useless triumph upon human ignorance, but advance us nothing in the acquisition of truth.


LOCKE to MOLYNEAUX.







THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Mrs. BENLOW.

OUR letter, dear *Jewks*, I had the pleasure of receiving; and that you should not suspect me of neglecting you, I postpone my journey to *Chadson*, to answer your questions. To the best of my Power, I will give you a monument of my friendship, though at present my condition is such, that I cannot subtract too much from the organs of the intellect, to give to those of motion. You shall have all I know, relating to the lady you inquire after. You shall have, by the way, a few occasional observations.

B

In

A description of *Hali-farm*, in the mountains of Northumberland, near the borders of Scotland.

In the year 1739, I travelled many hundred miles to visit antient monuments, and discover curious things; and as I wandered, to this purpose, among the vast hills of Northumberland, fortune conducted me one evening, in the month of June, when I knew not where to rest, to the sweetest retirement my eyes have ever beheld. This is *Hali-farm*. It is a beautiful vale, surrounded with rocks, forest, and water. I found at the upper end of it the prettiest thatched house in the world, and a garden of the most artful confusion I had ever seen. The little mansion was covered on every side with the finest, flowery greens. The streams, all round, were murmuring and falling a thousand ways. All the kinds of singing birds were here collected, and in high harmony on the sprays. The ruins of an abbey enhance the beauties of this place: they appear at the distance of four hundred yards from the house: and as some great trees are now grown up among the remains, and a river winds between the broken walls, the view is solemn—the picture fine (A).

A description of Miss Bruce.

When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress quite plain, and clean, like a country maid. Her person appeared faultless,

## Mrs. MARINDA BENLOW.

faultless, and of the middle size; between the disagreeable extremes: Her face a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind: Her mouth, like a rose-bud, that is just beginning to blow, and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten, and disappear: The finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even, chestnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half a dozen pair.

She had a volume of *Shakespeare* in her hand, as I came softly towards her, having left my horse at a distance with my servant, and her attention was so much engaged with the extremely poetical and fine lines which *Titania* speaks in the third act of the *Midsummer night's dream* (a), that she did not

B 2

see

(a) Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,  
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberrys,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberrys;  
The honey bags steal from the humble bees;  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes;  
To have my love to bed, and to arise,  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies.

As the beautys of thought are joyned with those of expression, in these lines, one would think it impossible that any thing that has but the least humanity, should be dull enough not to relish, not to be moved, nay charmed with

# The HISTORY of

see me till I was quite near her. She seemed then in great amazement. She could not be much more surprized, if I had dropt from the clouds. But this was soon over, upon my asking her, if she was not the daughter of Mr. *John Bruce*, as I supposed from a similitude of faces, and informing her, that her father, if I was right, was my near friend, and would be glad to see his chum in that part of the world. *Marinda* replied, you are not wrong, and immediately asked me in. She conducted me to a parlour that was quite beautiful in the rural way, and welcomed me to *Hali-farm*, as her father would have done, she said, had I arrived before his removal to a better world. She then left me for a while, and I had time to look over the room I was in. The floor was covered with rushes, wrought into the prettiest matt, and the walls decorated all round with the finest flowers and shells. Robins and nightingales, the finch and the linnet, were in the neatest reed cages of her own making ; and at the upper end of the chamber, in a charming little open grott, was the

with this passage. Yet *Rymer* is the man. *Apt, clear, natural, splendid*, and *numerous* as the lines are, this *hypercritic*, in his short view of tragedy, blasphemes their visible excellence, as he does many other noble flights and matchless beautys in the incomparable *Shakespeare*. In this respect, to be sure *Rymer* deserves the highest contempt.

finest

finest *strix capite aurito*, corpore rufo, that I have seen, that is, the *great eagle owl*. This beautiful bird, in a nich like a ruin, looked vastly fine (a). As to the flowers which adorned this room, I thought they were all natural at my first coming in, but on inspection it appeared, that several baskets of the finest kinds were inimitably painted on the walls by *Marinda's* hand.

These things afforded me a pleasing entertainment for about half an hour, and then Miss *Bruce* returned. One of the maids brought in a supper, such fare, she said, as her little cottage afforded; and the table was covered with green peas and pigeons, cream cheese, new bread and butter. Every thing was excellent in its kind. The cyder and ale were admirable. Discretion and dignity appeared in *Marinda's* behaviour; she talked with judgment; and under the decencies of ignorance, was seen a valuable knowledge. After supper, she gave me the history of her father from the time he and I had parted, and concluded with saying,

(a) The *eagle-owl* is as big as a goose, and its head very like the head of a beautiful cat. The eyes are very large, and extremely fierce. The feathers elegant and large; and the colour a reddish brown, variegated with black and white, in spots and clouds. Among the high cliffs of Northumberland this bird is frequently seen, and loves to lodge or build in a ruin, rather than a tree, or any other place. It seizes rabbits and hares.

that by his death, a year before my arrival, she became the solitary thing I saw her, in the midst of untravelled mountains, and had not in the whole world one friend, excepting the poor rustics of her house, and neighbourhood; who were uncomfortable companions, but could not love and respect her more, if she had been their sovereign: that she was however very far from being melancholy, or thinking herself in the least unhappy. The little farm her father left her, and all he had to leave her, about two hundred acres of bottom, good and bad, among the mountains, afforded her sufficient food and raiment; and the management of the farm was no disagreeable employment. She had but little time to spare from the business of it; and the few leisure hours in her disposal, she gave to music and painting, which her father took great pains to teach her: Or sometimes she turned over an antient or modern book; for her fond Preceptor had enabled her to read the Iliad of Homer, the Georgics of Virgil, and a play of Terence in the original languages, with as much ease as she did a spectator: and all things being well considered, that she had, in the main, more real happiness than the greatest ladys in high life in any metropolis. She would not make an exchange, if it was offered. Where her lot was thrown, she

she was satisfied. Charming creature! I could not enough admire her.

As to her father, he was a most extraordinary man, and therefore I will tell you his story. When I was sent to the university in the 16th year of my age, to be made a *parson*, according to the resolution of an orthodox parent, Mr. *John Bruce*, the father of this lady, was then a master of arts, and justly esteemed the brightest and most learned young man in the college. His father was a man of good estate, but kept him at a hard allowance in the university, because he refused to go into priest's orders. Under his private tuition I was put, on account of his admirable character, and in four years time that we lived in the same chamber, in the greatest unity, notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, I learned more than I should have done in treble the time, if I had heard no more than the college lectures, and the wranglers. Exclusive of his letting me into the secrets of the classics, he spared no labour to give me a just idea of rational pure religion. He exposed to my view the nonsense and inventions, the old prejudices and prepossessions of the church-men, and convinced me, that if many of them were sincere in their systems, yet they were far from being clear in their understandings. He set the case of natural religion and revelation in the clearest light

The story  
of Mr.  
*John Bruce*,  
the father  
of *Marinda*.



before me, and made me sensible, that whatever is contrary to the eternal immutable law of moral truth and righteousness, can only be ascribed to the artifice and imposture of the priest, or to the superstition and hypochondriasm of the prophet, though they may pretend to discover it in the name of the Lord, and to support it by dreams, visions, and voices. This charmed me. I was all ear to my preceptor and governor. Religion, would *Jack Bruce* say, as we passed an evening over a little bowl of nectar, for he never taught in the dry, sower method——Religion consists in a steady belief of the existence of a God, and a discharge of the various dutys which result from the several relations which we stand in, to a creator, our neighbour, and ourselves, as we expect a future reckoning, and must account for all our actions. We must love infinite perfection for itself, and its own amiability; we must adore and praise him; and offer him free and voluntary acts of obedience, by trust and resignation, and by crucifying the flesh with all its affections. We must do every thing in our power to promote the common felicity; be generous to the utmost of our ability, always civil, ever good humored; and by deeds of munificence, mercy, and charity, strive to imitate the imitable perfections of the Deity. This is the religion  
which

which distinguishes the votarys of reason and virtue; nature and truth. It is eternal and unalterable, and was republished by the *Lord Jesus*. Christianity hath painted these truths in the most beautiful colours, hath enforced them by miracles and sanctions, and delivered us from the darkness of paganism, and the vassalage of Judaism. Therefore, let obedience and homage to the true God, and love to your fellow-creature, be your religion. Never mind the *ends* and *imaginations* of the *doctors*.

Thus was I instructed by Mr. *Bruce*, during the time we lived together, and enjoyed an unmixed happiness, till his father put an end to it. When the old man saw, that his son could not be prevailed on by any means to subscribe to the articles against his conscience, but was resolved to live and die a sincere *Christian Deist*, whatever he suffered, he at last recalled him, and bid him come home to mind the country business. This separated us. From that time I never heard what became of Mr. *Bruce*, till by accident, as related, I met with his charming daughter. She told me, that her father, in his way home, by chance came to a farmer's house, who was not remarkable for riches, but for having a daughter, who was an extraordinary beauty, and had an uncommon understanding. This was *Lucy Percy*.  
She

## The HISTORY of

She was the mother of *Marinda*. *Jack Bruce*, with all his fine learning, and with sense enough for a hundred philosophers of the first rate, was not able to resist the powerful charms of this young woman, but with her stayed from day to day, and at length married her, though he knew it would for ever disoblige the miser, his father, and be his ruin. *Amour le vainqueur. Love is a conqueror.* His father cut him off for this action, left the estate to Jack's sister, and to the brother but a trifle; tho' he had got a wife who was worthy of a coronet, for her virtue, good sense, and fine person, and had but one fault that ill-nature could find in her, to wit, *no fortune*. This did not however give my friend the least vexation. Had it been the world, instead of a thousand a year his cruel father left away from him, to a sister who hated him, *Jack* would have thought it well lost for the possession of his *Lucy*. He had six hundred pounds left him by a relation, a little before he went from college, and with this money he purchased *Hali-farm*, and stocked it. He then sat down with his charming and well-beloved partner, and for fourteen years that she lived with him, was one of the happiest of men. He envied no monarch his reign. His wishes and his means were equal. Love scattered roses on his pillow, and morning waked him to delight.

But

But the happiest state within this lower hemisphere is but a fleeting scene, and when we fancy all is well, in comes sorrow. The sable curtain dropt between these happy mortals, and then *Jack Bruce* first tasted the cup of bitterness. Young *Marinda* was his only comfort. He still beheld the mother in his daughter's fine face and features, and turned all his passion into a care of her education. He had, before this accident, been teaching her the languages and mathematics, and now, he redoubled his diligence in forming her to all possible perfection in every thing he knew himself. As he was a master of music and the pencil, he not only made her excel in those things, but to acquire an extensive knowledge in many parts of literature. She is at this day a philosopher in petticoats: There is nothing superior to her in *George Ballard's Collection* (B).

In this manner *Mr. Bruce* lived with his daughter till the year 1738, when *Marinda* was in the 20th year of her age, and the angel of death was sent to conduct my friend to the lightsom fields of *Hades*. There, as *Sir George* says (a) in his admirable *Monody*,  
There

(a) This monody is to the memory of *Lucy Littleton*, wife of *Sir George Littleton*, and daughter of *Hugh Fortescue*,

There death himself his *Lucy* does restore,  
There yield up all his power e'er to divide them more.

Character  
of Mr.  
Bruce.

*Excellent Bruce!* often do I with the highest  
gratitude remember thee. He was a man,  
*Jewels*, that was adorned with the most va-

*rescue*, *Esq;* of Filley in the county of Devon. She  
departed this life the 19th of January 1746-7. aged 29.

Mr. *West* in the second volume of his *Pindar*, speaks  
of this lady and the monody in the following manner —  
I translated the whole oration \*; with a view of adding  
to the noble and rational entertainments of a person,  
whom I shall ever honour and lament, and whose ad-  
mirable judgment, and exquisite taste, the genuine pro-  
duct of good sense, and a great and virtuous mind, made  
her desirous of being acquainted with every thing that is  
excellent, as well among the ancients as the moderns.  
I hope I shall be pardoned for taking occasion of paying  
this slight tribute to her memory, which is as dear to  
me, as her loss is irreparable. Her loss is truly indeed  
irreparable to all those, who knew her intimately and  
loved her sincerely, and would be insupportable, were  
it not for those arguments of consolation, which her  
equally admirable husband hath suggested in a poem de-  
dicated to her memory; arguments of consolation infi-  
nitely superior to any made use of by *Plato*, and indeed  
to any that mere philosophy is capable of producing †.

\* *Menexenus*. A dialogue of *Plato*. This piece, tho  
entitled a dialogue, consists chiefly of an oration in com-  
memoration of those Athenians, who had died in the  
service of their country. The dialogue is an introduc-  
tion to the Oration.

† You will find this monody in *Dodley's Miscella-  
nys*. 2 vols in 12. a good collection.

luable

luable accomplishments, intellectual and moral; tho reduced to the humble state of an obscure farmer. He had a capacity the most comprehensive; a learning the most useful; and what is far more excellent than either, he was an upright christian. The laws of righteousness were his love and admiration, and for this reason, he always had the highest regard for the *gospel*. It was his opinion, tho a free-thinker of the first order, that true religion and virtue are taught by *Jesus Christ* in all their sublimity and perfection; and that there is no way so effectual to practise good works, and to excel, and persevere in them, as through the directions of our divine master, and through the arguments and motives of the christian doctrine. He did not believe a tittle of the *mysteries*, that stuff the *monks* have made to cram the all-swallowing people; but no man, through all the ages of christianity, ever had a stronger faith in the *divine mission* and *preaching*, the *miracles* and *worthyness* of *Christ Jesus*; and that faith was productive of the *strictest morality* and *virtue in practice*. He was remarkable in college for the piety of his life, and that purity of manners which the sacred writings require. He owned at the same time, to those who thought he was unfriendly to christianity, that he was washed and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spi-

A reflexion  
upon faith,  
and the  
christian  
religion.

1 Cor. vi.  
11.

rit of our God. His faith did likewise produce an uncommon *christian humility*: that virtue which the Son of God hath set in the front of his beatitudes.

This was a glorious faith, *Jews*. May it be thine and mine till our last agony. The *monks* may give imagination scope, and preach religion into pious wonders; may scream for *profitable mystery*, and turn the people's creed into a riddle: they may labour to reduce the *gospel* to intricate schemes and unintelligible notions, because it is too plain and simple a thing for men of worldly ambition, false learning, and superstitious heads; and then, fit those schemes and despicable notions to secure a temporal emolument, and to serve all the purposes of error and spiritual usurpation: through interest, and through bigotry, they may substitute inventive pieties in the place of true religion, and multiply the fancies into endless volumes; such as, *Revelation examined with Candor*, the most uncandid thing that ever was written; the *life of David*, etc. by the same author; *Rogers's Discourse of the visible and invisible Church*; *Waterland's Importance*; and other writings; the execrable dialogues, called *Ophiomaches*; *Trapp*, *Webster*, and *Vernon*; the miserable answers to the bishop of Clogher; *Dodwell*, *Church*, and *Brooks* against *Middleton*; *Knowles* against the argument a priori; and

and cart-loads of such *religious lumber* : but, my dear *Jewels*, true christianity lies in *our father, repentance, and amendment*. God, in an original act of grace, sent the *Man Christ Jesus* into the world to save sinners, and of consequence, our business must be the labours of a penitential piety. To fear God, and keep his commandments, is the whole duty of man. From a conviction or conversion, occasioned by the *reveled doctrine* of the *gospel*, and by the *holy miracles*, and *exemplary life*, the *death*, and *resurrection* and *ascension* of the *blessed Jesus*, the business is to do our best in acquiring universal holiness and virtue ; sobriety, righteousness, and godliness. This appears to a plain understanding, uncorrupted with the doctrines of men, to be the great and valuable design of our divine Lord. All the promises of the gospel are subservient to *universal virtue, piety, and benevolence*.

Away then, *Jewels*, with *mystery, implicit faith*, and *vision*. Detest the bold usurpations of church-men, their splendid pride, and cruel oppression. Abhor the errors which sanctify superstition, dishonor God, and disgrace human nature ; every thing that is built upon, and superadded to the writings of the apostles ; all spiritual noise and nonsense ; what is not reason and common sense, and from the sacred oracles only take your reli-



## The HISTORY of

religion. The venerable christianity of the New Testament deserves the kindest reception. It is the most valuable blessing. We can never be sufficiently thankful for a thing which is so highly worthy of the majesty, the wisdom, and goodness of the great creator; and with the highest gratitude, we ought to acknowledge the *inestimable love of God*, in the *redemption of the world*, by the *Man Christ Jesus*: a man without all peradventure, as the apostle calls him; but vastly superior to all other beings; because he is a ray or splendor from the Father's glory *immediately*; no one intervening as means of the derivation; and the very image of his being; exact and perfect from the grand original; which is what distinguishes *Christ* from all other beings, and makes him transcend all other men, and all the angels; their souls or percipients being *mediately* his, *immediately* created by the *Father* (C). I mention these things so particularly and plainly, my dear *Jews*, because on one hand, the cry is great against *revelation*. It is called by men who pretend to understanding, an *old superstition*. You remember the night you was with me at a certain club in the city, where the laugh was so loud against the *awful realities* of the *New Testament*, that I could not be heard on the side of revelation. What peals of laughter, as any of the sodality

lity-chanced to produce some of the low, barbarous expressions of my unhappy acquaintance, *Mad Tom Woolston* !—On the other hand, the *monks* have *speculated*, and sublimed the *faith* to the *incomprehensible*. Do you then chuse the middle way. Neither crawl with the infidel on the slime of the earth ; nor *soar* with the *monk*, till you lose sight of *reason* ; reason the *most glorious excellence of the human nature*. But, as I have already advised you, subscribe to that *divine religion* of *Jesus*, which promulgats and enforces the *unity of God* in the *worship of our Father*, *self-purity*, and *impartial benevolence* ; which beautifully and planely delineats the dutys of piety, righteousness, meekness, and charity ; which shews us at once, what is a holy obedience to the dictates of reason, and the commands of God ; and exhibits a reward so transcendent for well-doing, an example so charming and encouraging in the manners, sufferings, and willing-death of the great Christian Legislator, that I think we must wink hard indeed, for some end or other, if we do not profess the *truth*, according to the *simplicity that is in Jesus*, and employ our whole strength in the practice of virtue. Flee *infidelity* then. Flee the *destructive theology of Athanasius*. Receive that *perfect constitution of religion*, which the *Christ of God*, the *Prophet of Nazareth*

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brought

# THE HISTORY of

brought down from heaven, to shew mankind the way thither; to make us happy in ourselves, beneficent to each other, and enable us to acquire that temper which is worthy of God the Father's notice. *Perfect constitution!* It is what we might expect from the universal parent. Its laws are purely spiritual; its dominion merely moral; and its conquests to subdue evil habits and affections. It wants no codex, *Jews*; no folios of church laws (a), and grievous taxes upon industry, to support it: It wants no worldly power, craft, or violence: No pretended successors (b). It is best promoted by the wisest reasons,

(a) I mean bishop Gibson's *Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani*, an antichristian labor, to raise the clergy to an exorbitant dignity, wealth, and power, and make the laity their vassals. For ever despicable be the performance. Judge Foster writ a good examination of the Codex. See ed. 3, 1736. And in reply to this examination, my lord of London entertained the public with a very angry answer; worth nothing; the facts and reasonings being all presumptions; and the addrefs personal severity. Bishop Gibson dyed in 1748, and was succeeded by Dr. Thomas Sherlock, bishop of Salisbury.

Of the clergy.  
57.

(b) You must not imagine, *Jews*, from my using the words, *Monks*, and *pretended successors*, that I am no friend to the clergy. I have the highest regard for those Clergymen who preach the law of reason and nature, as they find it delineated in the New Testament, and spend their whole lives in bearing testimony to the reality and power of the religion of *Jesus*. When they preach the gospel only, and tell the world from the pulpit,

reasons, and the holiest examples; by following strictly the great and heavenly example of the holy Jesus. So much for dis-

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ser-

pulpit, that God the Father is the ever blessed Deity, *qui præstat omnibus unum*, and we must pray to him for the assistance of his Holy Spirit, with reference to the name and power which God has devolved upon his Christ: When they manifest those degrees of knowledge, innocence, and piety, which capacitate priests for the discharge of the sacred dutys; and instead of fortune-hunting, and delighting in power, splendor, and pleasure, continually labour to perfect the image of Christ Jesus upon the temper and behaviour of the people: then the pastors are my admiration. Such men are a blessing to society. I think they ought to be treated with the greatest reverence and respect. Their usefulness entitles them to a comfortable subsistence.

But, alas! *Jews*, such excellent men are not the majority among the clergy. Most of them are monks and pretended successors. They preach a tritheistic heresy, and disgrace the Christian religion with an artificial theology: they lord it over God's heritage, and by a steady course of wrong conduct, make the office cross its original purposes. Their doctrine is abominable; and their manners do not shew that accomplished purity of heart which their master commands them to preserve. They are zealous to a madness for the creed of Athanasius, and by violence and disputation, would corrupt the whole world with that saint's theology: but do they consecrate themselves every day to the honor and service of a holy God, by the most humble, most pure, and most absolute oblation of soul and body, which all the powers of both are capable of making? No, *Jews*. They rest the sole of their foot upon that rotten spot called Orthodoxy. The famous symbol is their religion: but their spirit, the love of the present world. Vanity, riches, honors, and all the temporal advantages they

re-

fertation. Like *Maddox* in his *Firma Bur-*  
*gi*, we mingle it with our history. They  
 strengthen and enliven one another.

To

reconcile to the character of the priesthood by the impious distinction of subordinat ends; and from councils and traditions, and the labors of the primitive fathers, draw *mysteries* for the flock.

For these reasons, I love and honor one part of the clergy, those rational and truly religious divines, who, in obedience to the whole New Testament, declare the Father the *only true God*, and to *him* appropriate the character of *God Almighty*; who make it the whole business of their lives to explain the laws of this Almighty God, and in correspondence with *Christ's great design and profession*, labor to set up *God's kingdom* in the minds and lives of men; to bring them into a perfect obedience to the will of the supreme Being; that they may perform all the functions of human nature upon the *maxims*, and by the *rules of the gospel*, and profess to know nothing, but *Jesus Christ*, and *him crucified*. Glorious men are such ministers, whatever church they belong to, *Peter, Jack, or Martin*. I love and honour them.

On the other hand, I pray for the other part of the clergy, that *our Father* may reform them by his blessed Spirit, and turn them from the *religion of Athanasius* to the *religion of Jesus*; that they may offer up all their prayers to *God the Father Almighty*, by the mediation of *Christ Jesus*; and be as meek and humble, as pious, as pure, as benevolent, as the *Apostles*.

Should this ever happen, the world would then be happy indeed. Mortals would live in the suburbs of heaven. But while the public religion is *Athanasian*, and the majority of our doctors are known from other worldly men by *their habits only*, I am very sure, without pretending to the spirit of prophecy, that *infidelity* and *vices* will increase and multiply. This is my opinion  
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To return then to my story: I was so charmed with the daughter of my friend, and so delightfully entertained by her: Her good sense, her paintings, her music, were so pleasing, that a month passed away without one heavy minute. She was finishing an *arcadia* and a *crucifixion*. The lovely painter did wonders: And on the fiddle I have never seen her equal. Her genius, in this article, is sublime and universal. She holds the fiddle like a man, and produces music in all its genuine charms. By prelude, symphony, and concurrent operation, she rouses the soul into the finest affections, and fills it with more raptures than a lover can fall into at the sight of his mistress.

In the picture called an *Arcadia*, there is exhibited a view of the most delightful region in the world. You see the grandest rural scenes, and a romantic wildness through the whole, which gives uncommon beautys to the piece. Her happy fancy, and the prospects in the country she lives in, supplied her with vales more charming than those of Juan Fernandez, with lawns like those of Tinian, and

A description of an *Arcadia* painted by Miss Bruce.

C 3

finer

of the clergy and their religion. I hope you will always think the same way. Respect, and to your power support the worthy part of the Christian ministry. They are friends to mankind. And let your *Christianity* be the exercise of virtue, righteousness, and true goodness, offered to the Deity, Our Father, through Jesus.

## The HISTORY of

finer water-falls than Quibo has. She has copied the greatest beautys in nature, and formed the finest imitations. The invention of the whole is vastly pleasing. The painter appears a master, in the landskip way.

In this realm of bliss, where every day is delicious and serene, and an elysian temperature of sun-shine and shade for ever prevales, you see the happiest race of mortals; people that were strangers to every care, and passed life away in a fulness of pleasure. You see them in the vallys, and by the falling streams. Here, they are plighting vows, and constant hearts to one another: And there, they are footing it in country measure. The dancers really seem to trip it on the light fantastic toe, and in every countenance; love and laughter are inimitably expressed. These are not however the principal figures.

In the middle of this delightful country, there appears the monument of a beauty, who had been snatched away in her prime. Her statue lies on the tomb, after the manner of the ancients. There is this sepulchral inscription: *And I was once an inhabitant of Arcadia.* The unexpected melancholy scene strikes powerfully some youths and virgins, who had not a thought of meeting with this object of sorrow, and as they gaze upon the image of the lovely maid, they seem to fall into the deepest reflexions. The youngest  
of

of the shepherdesses pulls off a garland of flowers, and with a finger of her other hand, points to the short inscription. She ponders with the most serious attention; and in every face a gloomyness of grief may be discerned, through some remains of an expiring joy. They all appear very greatly affected, and seem to have many interesting thoughts of death, as they see it spares not even youth and beauty; and that even the happy climate of *Arcadia* can afford no sanctuary from the grave. The pointing shepherdess is opening her mouth to speak. You almost see the motion of her lips: And from them, by acting the witch of Endor's part (E); Mrs. *Benlow*, in my hearing, has made the following words proceed; pitching her voyce on the picture, and keeping her own mouth and all her face as still and motionless during the time, as if it were of marble.

What a wink is life! We must all soon yield to the laws of corruption. Death is the common lot, and inevitable end, appointed equally for the first of men, and all his frail descendants. He is in swift pursuit; nor is there any art or method to withstand his power. In the gay and vigorous terms of life, we form a thousand pleasing designs, and set before our eyes a variety of the finest prospects; but death comes stalking on unseen, and suddenly we sink into the cold

The reflexions of an Arcadian.



grasp of this grim sovereign. See here the *fair Arcadian*. Read on the tomb of this sleeping beauty.—*And I was once an inhabitant of Arcadia*. So certain is mortality. So uncertain the hour it may seize us. Death meets us full from every point of the compass. Nor is this all. It is a *decision* for *eternity*. As the employment of our time has been, we must be either everlastingly happy; or fire and fiends will be the dismal ingredients of eternal punishment. Let the *Arcadians* then consider, and not pass all their precious hours in plays, and sports, and idleness; but devote a proper part of their time to religion. Let us deliberately consult for the future not only the matter of our duty, but the most acceptable and amiable manner of performing it: that our *integrity* and *circumspection*, our *prudence* and *piety* may bear a suitable proportion to the condition of creatures, who are to appear before God's tribunal. This is the resolution of one *Arcadian*.

An observation on the Arcadian's sermon.

Whether the *Arcadian*, had she been in the land of the living, could or would have made such a little sermon, is what I do not affirm; but this, that such a discourse from the charming little mouth in the picture, was to me very astonishing, as there was not the least sign in Miss *Bruce's* face of her having any concern in the action. And, on account of the singularity of the predication, I wish  
some

some *fair Arcadians* of your acquaintance would mind it, who seem but little to regard the descriptions of a heavenly spirit from the pulpit. I mention it for this reason. Who knows but out of novelty, they may hearken to this *shepherdes*; though they smile at the *doctor*, when he tells them in his sermons, that the *strain* of the *beatitudes* runs to the *poor in spirit*, to the *pure in heart*, and to such as *hunger and thirst after righteousness*: that it is not enough to refrain from the greater crimes, and maintain an outward decency of manners; but they must be *transformed by the renewing of the mind*, and make *Christianity a distinguishing character of their souls*: Or *they may have a name to live, and yet be dead*, as *St. John* (says the doctor) expresses it, in the third chapter of the *Revelations*.

The other picture called a *crucifixion*, is a representation of that moment in which nature was convulsed with horror at the death of *Christ*; that awful moment, when all things seemed as it were dissolving, and the sun had covered its face as unable to look at so tragic a scene; when the dead awaked out of their mortal sleep, and appear surprized with the news of *Jesus dying*! The rocks are split: the earth trembles with amazement: and all nature appears in the last agony.

A description of a crucifixion painted by Miss Bruce.

On

On the cross you behold the Lord of life and glory, and in his dying face you see, wonderfully painted, that *sacred zeal* with which he performed all *his Father's will*; and labored to *revive the knowledge of God*, to *shed the favor of divine grace*, and bring a *sinful world* to repentance and virtue. His obedience unto death is beautifully represented, and with a gratitude we remember the *Lamb that was slain* to purchase a general resurrection, by sacrificing his very life and soul to the will of God.

During this attestation of universal nature, to register the time, and perpetuate the memory of the death of Jesus, the good thief appears looking up to heaven with a confidence grounded on the words of *Christ*. This confidence is beautifully visible in the midst of his tortures. But the wretch on the left hand of the expiring Christ, raises himself on the gibbet, and through an extremity of pain, forces from the cross a leg the executioner has broke with an iron bar he holds in his hand. The nail is covered with the hideous spoils. Then struggling in torture, he projects his body, his mouth in profile gapes enormously, and his white inverted eye-balls are streaked with red and swollen veins. The muscles of his face appear in the most violent action, and the whole is so strongly painted, that

that you almost hear the hideous cry with which he rends the air.

Not far from the cross, you see a crowd of spectators, and in one particular place, a group of people in the greatest terror and astonishment; which proceeds from the confusion they behold in the heavens, as they fasten their eyes and whole attention there. But in contrast, a multitude appears on the other hand, in whose faces are painted fear mixed with the greatest horror. This proceeds from a dead body which rises suddenly from the grave in the midst of this crowd. At the foot of the cross, among several others, *blessed Mary*, and the beloved disciple appear. The attitude of the apostle, and the mine of his face, express the strongest sentiments of grief. The mother of Jesus seems petrified with woe. Her air and lineaments have all the appearance of the relation she had to our Lord (*a*).

(*a*) This picture Miss *Bruce* copied from two prints of crucifixions done by *Coytel* and *Rubens*, and in her piece has not only united the different excellencies of the two great painters, but exceeded them in many things. It is impossible for the greatest master to treat the actions in this picture with a greater resemblance of truth, or to give a more elaborat expression of the various passions in it. The *Arcadia* she copied from *Poussin*. You will find a description of the *originals* in *Du Bos's* critical reflections on painting, etc. vol. 1. This work has been translated into English by *Mr. Nugent*, 3 vols in 8vo. London.

These

The arrival  
of Charles  
Benlow esq;  
at Hall-  
farm.

These pictures got Miss Bruce a husband, and raised her to the top of fortune's wheel. It was my wont sometimes, during my residence at *Hali-farm*, to take a walk to a little public house, that is famous for fine ale, and delightfully situated at the entrance of an ancient wood, by the side of a running stream, about two miles from this lady's door. Here, I sat coaling a pipe under a vast oak-tree, in the evening of a scorching day, and was revolving in my mind the various scenes of life, and different destinys of men, I had read of, and seen, when a gentleman, on his journey, one of the handsomest young fellows I have beheld, rid up to me, and told me with much good humour in his face, that he supposed the ale was good by my sitting so contentedly over it, and that if I pleased, he would call for a tankard, and blow a blast with me. Ever fond of my fellow-mortal, I gave him my hand and my baccobox in a moment, and in less than a quarter of an hour, we weretipling, laughing, smoaking, and telling storys, as if we had known one another from the beginning of our days. I soon found that he was a man of great fortune and uncommon understanding; that he had visited most of the courts of Europe, and had a zeal, and empressement extraordinary for sculpture, painting, medals, and music. He called to his man for his german flute, and

and played several pieces extremely fine. He then sung delightfully well. He shewed himself a perfect master in this fine art.

Here, the daughter of my friend came full upon my mind, and I began to give Mr. *Benlow* a description of her person and her soul; that beside her intellectual capacity, she had a pencil equal to *Coyzel*, *Reubens*, and *Poussin*, as appeared from some pictures to which she had just given the last hand; that in music she had few equals: she had no superior I was sure in the world. It was unspeakable pleasure to hear her on the violin. I then told him the condition she was in, and how she had lived in satisfactions to be envied, on her little charming farm, since death had robbed her of her father, the worthyest of men. The gentleman seemed quite astonished at the relation I had made. Is it possible, he cried! can there be such a woman, buried among those wild mountains--- Lost to the intellectual world! Come, I said, and see. At eight to-morrow morning, enquire for me at her door. I will introduce you to her as my friend.

To a minute, next morning, *Charles Benlow* was at the door, and as I had told Miss *Bruce*, that a gentleman of my acquaintance, who came in my way the evening before by accident, and was a perfect connoisseur, begged leave to see her paintings, she had  
every

every thing in order for his reception. She was drest like a quaker of distinction, and looked amazingly pretty. The *Arcadia* and *crucifixion* were standing on the ground, without frames in the parlour: and on a table lay a violin, and several books of music. There was a breakfast ready of every thing in perfection. The room was decorated with the finest flowers, and the birds were singing delightfully.

When the stranger entred, he was not a little surprized, and seemed at a loss which to admire most, Miss *Bruce* or her *paintings*. The baskets of flowers she had drawn were beyond any thing of *Baptist*. The *Arcadia* was a table of wonders. *Coppel* and *Reubens* had not half the genius in a *crucifixion*. He was transported as he gazed upon the fine imitations; and ten times more, when he considered the harmony of her face and person. When breakfast was over, I requested him to oblige us with something on his german flute, and immediately he gave us an extraordinary piece of music. Miss *Bruce* in return took up her fiddle, and in the *overture to Camilla*, and the *soft airs of Armida*, appeared the great professor. Her music was a force irresistible. She penetrated into the deepest recesses of the soul. This did the work, and from that morning, Mr. *Benlow* only lived for Miss *Bruce*. He forgot his journey,

journey, and every thing else he had in view before he saw her. For three months he lodged at the little ale-house, where I first saw him, and dined every day at Miss *Bruce's* table, or invited that Lady and I to dine with him at the house of *Robin Toad*, his landlord. He ordered the publican to send purveyors out for the choicest things the country afforded, and the cellar was very quickly well stored — the larder like a *London tavern*. We lived a life truly pleasant, gay, rational, and charming. Mr. *Benlow* made his addresses every day to my friend's daughter, like a man of sense and honor. He offered to settle on her half his fortune, and by his good manners, at last obtained her consent. They met in lawful wedlock at the end of the fourth month from their first acquaintance, and till the swarthy curtain dropt between them, were most happy mortals. I stayed with them till the month of *April* following, at sweet *Hali-farm*, and then left them, as I imagined, to rejoice together for many years to come. They purposed at the end of summer to go up to London, and pass the winter in town.

But about the middle of *May* following, I received a melancholy letter from Mrs. *Benlow*, letting me know that her husband was dead of a burning fever, and she was the most distressed of women. She requested me to  
 come

Mr. Ben-  
 low's  
 death. May  
 12. 1740.



come to her, if that was possible, immediately, and it would encrease, she was pleased to say, the weighty balance she already owed me. Instantly then I departed. I arrived again at *Hali-farm* the beginning of June 1740, and found a mourning widow indeed. What a change was there. Dear, delightful *Charles Benlow* I saw in the silent tomb: and the lively, most agreeable Miss *Bruce*, now a widow, wasting away in tears. It was too much for me. I could only, for a time, weep with her.

Mr. Ben-  
low's cha-  
racter.

She had lost a husband, who was one of the most amiable of men. He had a vast capacity, a beautiful genius, and an amazing learning for twenty nine years. He was for ever lively and rational, and had a temper beyond description happy. The cast of his heart was that of goodness itself, and in all he did, he studied the happiness of mankind. He spent his fine income every year in the encouragement of industry and art, and in the most generous reliefs to the disabled poor. The sufferings of others, whom he could not relieve, affected him in an uncommon way; and pleasure always filled his soul, when it was in his power to do good, or oblige. So far as he was capable, he rendered himself a blessing wherever he came, and to the utmost of his abilities, always acted according to the reason of things, and the right of every case.

case. In religion he was a *Theist*. In all the dignity of devotion, and the beauty of holiness, he worshipped the living God, the Father of spirits, and maker of all things. He worshipped him in spirit, and in truth, and asked with reference to that *name* and *authority*, which the Father hath conferred upon *his Christ*. Such was the excellent Mr. Benlow, and when we add to his intellectual and moral capacitys, his fine person and accomplishments as a gentleman, it was no wonder that his lady grieved very greatly for him.

As soon however as she had shewn the excellence of her mind, by a most hearty affliction for the loss of this worthy and amiable man, and by a just and natural grief, had payed the tribute she owed to his memory, she hearkened to my advice, and called reason to the government of her passions on the doleful occasion. So far as she had gone in her great expression of sorrow was reasonable ; but to mourn immoderately, and for ever, was quite defenceless ; how valuable soever any simple object of our felicity might be. Your favourite author, madam, wise *Epictetus* says, we cannot be truly virtuous, if we do not harmonize our minds to the things which happen, and accord with the will of him who administers the whole. We must enjoy external good *as it is given, and for such time as it is given*, remembering

A reflexion  
on the mis-  
fortune  
called  
death.

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always

always that neither of these conditions we have the power to command, *ὡς δεδοται, καὶ ἐφ' ὅσον δεδοται, ut data sunt, et quatenus data sunt.*

And if you turn your eyes from these admirable rules of the old *theist* philosopher to the more valuable *revelations* of *Jesus*, the whole divine administration appears so supremely amiable and excellent; so many blessings here below, during our state of trial; and such amazing glory and honor, in the state of reward and perfection, that we must cease to be christians, if we are not in love with the divine dispensations, and charmed with the excellence of the orders from heaven; when a cool reason comes to consider them. What can be more desirable and glorious than to live *eleves* for a rational eternity, in possession of all the blessings suitable to the human condition, if we act well and wisely, for so long time, as *infinite wisdom* sees proper; and then, have a passage opened for us to *immortality*, and a *perpetual union with the Supreme Being*. Is there any disadvantage in this? Is there the least ground for complaining? Reason cannot say it. Under the glorious light of the gospel, even the valley of death is charming; and when we, or our friends, are ordered through it, it must be a want of faith, or a mean superstition, that can admit the least uneasiness. We  
ought

**Mrs. MARINDA BENLOW.**

35

ought, like *Schirhaus* the german philosopher, to give three *buzzes* at dying. Acquiesce then, madam, in the polity of God.

This was enough to light up Mrs. Benlow's understanding, and immediately she came out of the chamber she had confined herself to till then. She wiped away her tears, and from *Seneca* repeated the following lines —

Duc me parens, celsique dominator poli,  
Quotunque placuit : nulla parendi mora est.  
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle : comitabor ge-  
mens,  
Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.

These lines are a translation of the fragment of a hymn of *Cleantes* (E); which Mr. *Harris* in his treatise on happiness, renders in the following manner —

Conduct me, Thou, of beings cause divine,  
Where-e're I'm destin'd in thy great design.  
Active I follow on : for should my will  
Resist, I'm impious ; but must follow still.

But the noble viscount translates them thus—

Parent of nature, master of the world !  
Where-e're thy providence directs, behold  
D 2 My

My steps with chearful resignation turn.  
 Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.  
 Why should I grieve, when grieving I must  
     bear!  
 Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might  
     share.

Bolingbroke on exile.

Mrs. *Benlow* again applyed herself to her affairs, and in a few weeks recovered her health. With tenderness she remembered the beloved partner she had lost, but was absolutely resigned to the divine will. In what she suffered; for what she enjoyed, she bravely resolved to make remaining life a scene of *acquiescence* and of *gratitude*. Whatever is, is *best*; as being by infinite wisdom approved and chosen. All she wished for was an agreeable female companion, for a friend, in the solitude she determined to live in: but where to find such a one, she could not tell. She desired me to enquire in the world, and if it was possible, to bring her some young lady, whose probity, behaviour, knowledge, and good humour, could not be too much admired, and she should share in her happiness and fortune. Try I will, I replied: but though there are such young women in the world, it may be hard to find one. What I thought difficult however, her good fortune made easy, and brought

brought to her door two young ladys, who proved admirable women. One of them is at this day that charming friend and companion she wanted. I will tell you their storys.

As we happened one day that we rid out, to stop at *Robin Toad's* house, the public house where first I saw Mr. *Benlow*, we met two young women at the door, who seemed to have rid a great way behind hired men, and were come to rest for that night at this little inn. Dignity, distinction, and goodness, were visible in their faces and manners; but their dress was mean, and they appeared under the power of affliction. One of them was a perfect beauty, a little injured by adversity; the other had been a pretty woman, but some hard misery had worn her almost to the bone. Their years did not seem to be above three or four and twenty. They went into a little room, next to that we were in, and through some gimlet holes in the partition, we could see and hear them very plane. We discovered, that the beauty's name was *Carola Chawcer*; the other *Elise Janson*. They talked a great deal in the purest correct French, and had occasionally for their subject the sufferings of the virtuous in this world.

Miss *Janson* sayed; To be sure, there is no extraordinary interposition made by God in the world, but every thing happens ac-

according to the natural course of things. Providence is only a continuation of the means which God has given to the creation to answer the purposes assigned, and according to the general system of the universe, we must account for what is evil and good in life. If this were not the case, we should not suffer as we do beyond our strength, while we labor, to the utmost of our power, to perform the duties and obligations of our holy religion. No, miss *Chawcer*, there are neither angels, nor men, to befriend us in this world. We must sink beneath the woes which oppress us. Here she shed a torrent of tears, and then falling on her knees, with lifted hands and eyes to heaven, prayed to be taken out of her misery, if it was possible.

To this miss *Chawcer* replied, my dear *Elise*, unfortunate as we are, we must not presume to complain of the ways of providence; nor can I think there is no particular interposition in this lower world. Tho it has not yet been our lot to get this favor from heaven, because undoubtedly it *should be so*, for reasons known to infinite wisdom, yet we may hereafter obtain this mercy. I am very sure, a particular providence has been the portion of several, to my knowledge; and therefore, while I have life, I will not despair. A friend may appear, when I think least of it. If not, I am satisfied. Should  
suffer-

sufferings be my portion to the grave, they will enhance my glory, (if I resign) in the state of future existence. This is the truth of the case, without any thing of fancy ; and of consequence, any temporary duration of circumstances of any sort can be of little account, when heaven lies as open to the lowest adversity as to the highest prosperity, and we are to be rewarded in proportion to our having acted our parts well in the circles of affluence and poverty. Let us never complain then of providence. Let us consider the evils we bear as tryals of our faith, and exercises of our virtue. The domestic governor applauds us here, and by anticipation, we already enjoy a glorious hereafter.

*Elise* answered ; You mistake me, my dearest *Carola*, I am far from being a male-content against God. I humbly submit to his adorable dispensations, and it is my daily, my only prayer, *thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in my soul*. But from what I have experienced in life, and seen in many parts of the world, to my conception it appears, there is no extraordinary interposition, (in favor of particular persons I mean) in this first state. The providence of God I think is a continuation of all the valuable and useful things he has created for the service of the world ; and as the actions of mankind be, in the management of the things that come to their share,



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and the general laws of nature prevale, which were designed for the good of the whole, so must we meet with pleasure or pain. In my apprehension, it would weaken our title to merit, if the Deity were instrumental in particular acts, to the good of one, and misery of another.

But why then do I complain? It is not complaining I mean, in relation to the providence of God; but that my pains are very great, and my strength very small. I am unable to go through the hardships that must last for my life, and therefore I cry. I am weary of my part, because I cannot act it as I ought. It is for this reason I beg to depart.

My dear miss *Janson*, the beautiful *Carola* fayed, I think you are quite wrong in your notion of the administration of the world. It is a most uncomfortable one. We see a provision for particular cases promised throughout the sacred books. We are ordered to cast all our care upon God, because he careth for us. To be sure, he ordaineth good things for particular people; he directs his blessings with a view to particular cases, when he sees them profitable for his obedient creatures. Hope the best then, *Elise*. We may have reason yet to rejoyce for the days wherein we have seen adversity.

This dialogue charmed Mrs. *Benlow*, and the

the distress mentioned in it so greatly affected her; that she determined to be the friend those ladies wanted, and do them all the good in her power. She went into them immediately, told them she had heard what they had been saying, and came to offer them all the comforts she was able to administer. You shall come home with me this night, and live with me as my companions, till you can remove yourselves to a more advantageous situation. *Carola* and *Elise* were for some moments fixed in astonishment, but soon bursting into tears, they both fell at her feet, and called her their guardian angel, sent by heaven to relieve the most distressed women. You see (*Carola* said) you see, *Elise*, there is a particular providence. It was by this time eight in the evening, and we all set out from *Robin Toad's* to Mrs. *Benlow's* house. She ordered a good supper immediately, and we were a most happy company. *Carola* and *Elise* appeared the finest spirits. Miss *Chawcer* especially shewed a mind the most beautiful.

*Carola Chawcer* was the darling of a rich old uncle, who spared no costs on her education, and intended to leave her his great fortune. Till she was one and twenty, she lived in happiness and grandeur, and had the costly things of the earth as soon as she mentioned them. This happy state would have

The history  
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Chawcer.

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have been to her as lasting as it was great if she had had no religion ; or, if she had been *lukewarm*, or *orthodox* in her religion. But her fine understanding inclined her to piety, and that infinitely valuable and divine learning, the *christian*. In reading, she freely used her own judgment, without any regard to the decisions of the *doctors*. She admitted truth upon its own evidence. Sensible that she must be *accountable*, if she suffered a *blind, implicit faith* to lead her into any error, she admitted nothing that it recommended, and she received only those revelations which the purest reason communicated. Upon the word of God alone she founded her faith. The opinions of men, a human wisdom and knowledge, when contradictory to the common sense and understanding of mankind, she never minded. The *glorious gospel* only was her *steadfast hope*, her *solid comfort* ; and as it gave her a conformity to the Son of God in all virtue, and ministered unto her an entrance into his everlasting kingdom, she was determined to give up all for the sake of it, and to declare for the *banished truths* of *christianity*.

Now it was the custom in old Mr. *Hatchet's* family to have prayers read morning and evening, and when a *parson* he payed so much a year to, failed to come, which was often the case, then the niece was to officiate  
in

in the place of the minister. The devotions used were the litany in the common prayer book; and to make the service the more heavenly, as old *Hatchbet* and his chaplain imagined, the *Athanasian creed* was roared out, by way of conclusion. *Hatchbet* was as fond of the *symbol* as that babling monk, *Joseph Edwards*, whom we saw in the pulpit at Oxford, July 30, 1749, and heard him scream for the heresy of *three supreme spirits*, and against the Unitarians, and the glorious old *Whiston* (a). *Hatchbet* thought this creed the basis of christianity. He called it the bulwark of faith, and the believer's buckler. It is our standing fence, would he say to his niece. It is our preservative, my *Carola*, against the wiles of the Socinians and Arians.

This buckler and bulwark however *Carola* was at last resolved to make no more use of, and the next time it came to her turn to read prayers, instead of reading the

(a) This *tritheistic* sermon, by this vice principal of *Edmund Hall*, was printed for *Cooper*, and is one more deplorable instance of the *malice* and *false learning* of the orthodox men. The monk in his preface says, he writ the discourse to young persons; to furnish their understandings with true and easy solutions of all objections against the life and writings of Mr. *Whiston*. Thus prates this very reverend throughout his preface; and after so much boasting, you have a sermon the most despicable that ever bigot preached. Quid cum isto homine facias?

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litany as it is in our service book, she gave it him as rendered more primitive by *Mr. Whiston*, and at the end, refused to repeat the *creed of St. Athanasius*. This enraged the uncle beyond measure. He rose like a fury from his devotion, and in a rage that almost choked him, asked this young lady, What apostate or devil had seduced her from her holy religion?

*Carola* replied, that in religion, she thought it her duty to think for herself, and by so doing, was convinced, that what he called the basis of christianity was an injunction the most unrighteous; a doctrine calculated by the *monks* for a tryal of our credulity. Their presumption in defending the *creed of Athanasius* is enough to strike a heathen with amazement. It never was the design of revelation to make us worship *three distinct conscious beings, of co-ordinate powers, equal independency and unorigination, that is, three proper deities*; and to have the same high conception of him who was the *minister and representative of the supreme God*, as we have of the supreme God himself. This is against the *light of nature*. It is against the *mind of the Lord Jesus*. That great and ever blessed being, our glorious redeemer, came down from heaven to earth, to propose such arguments and motives as are proper to reduce us to, and engage us in the love and practice

practice of the great law of nature ; ——— to persuade us to put on such an agreeable useful temper and conduct, as will, in the nature of things, render us truly amiable and lovely in the eyes of such a wise and good being as God is ; ——— and to *worship him* through *one only mediator*, appointed in the reason of things, for the advancement of virtue, and for an everlasting bar to idolatry of every kind. *This is a fair and heavenly religion. The other is the sad invention of churchism. God is one. Jesus is his servant, his prophet, our Redeemer and mediator, our king and our Judge. From this day then I renounceth the religion of Athanasian churchmen, tho poverty be my lot for the remainder of my life, and rags my covering. Welcome pure religion and persecution, if it must be so. Away with prophane and old wives fables.*

*Hatchet, the old faith-man, was so amazed at this unexpected discourse from his niece, that he stood fixed like a post, after she had done, and was not able to produce a syllable. His eyes were wildly fastened on her, and he seemed to have neither sense nor motion left. But at last, he brought it out, and proceeded in the following manner. O thou black apostat, and most impious of women, who art forsaken by the triune God, and no longer a member of the holy, orthodox, catholic*

catholic church; but a cursed heretic; denying the *trinity in unity*, and of consequence, a limb of the devil; depart from my house, you infernal monster; and never expect, from this day, the least support from me; unless in the face of some congregation, you lament this impiety, and return to the *Athanasian faith* of the *orthodox* church, which you have forsaken and blasphemed. Your watch and jewels you shall not have: but your linnen and cloths you may take. Here is likewise a bank-note for a hundred pounds, that you may turn your self to something, and, if it be possible for one of the religion you now profess, not become a prostitute. This is all, and the only favor you are ever to expect from me, except as before excepted; and he swore it by the holy and undivided trinity.

Thus was this *innocent* turned out of doors for declaring against the religion of *monks*, and bravely daring to confess the truth, according to the simplicity that is in *Christ*. She became an *abomination* also to the *zealots* in the *orthodox* way, among whom were the most of her acquaintance; and those she knew who had no extraordinary attachment to any religion, called her a fool for losing fifty thousand pounds for any scheme of faith upon earth, and sayed, to be sure she is running mad.

In

In these circumstances, abandoned by her uncle, hated by some, and laughed at by others, *Carola* came up to that town, where the happy and the wretched from all quarters of the world assemble. What to do with her self in *London*, she could not tell for some time, but at last resolved to open a room, and sell millinary things. To purchase goods for this purpose, away she went one morning, and designed to lay out fifty pounds on things within her scheme. The design however she could not execute, for her pocket was cut by the way, and she lost her hundred pounds. Then her best cloaths went, for bread, gown after gown, till she had but little left. Service was to be her next relief, but as no one knew her here, she could not get into any place, answerable to what she was able to perform. She told her story to two ladys; and one of them, with contempt, bid her begone, for she was an *idiot*, or a *cheat*: the other let her know, that if what she sayed was true, yet an *infidel* of all people should never come into her house. Here misery began to stare her in the face. She knew not which way to turn. She was compelled at last to be satisfied with a service of the meanest kind. The beautiful, the pious, the ingenious miss *Chaucer*, did the dirty work in a tradesman's house. Amazing turn from ease and splendor, and from a prospect of



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of thousands of pounds! O *Carola*, thy faith was heavenly and glorious! tho *bigots* call thee *infidel*, and declare themselves thy foes.

Three years miss *Chawcer* lived in this mean slavery, and went through difficultys that would have been insupportable, but for the comforts which for ever flow from *virtue*, and the pure, original religion of *Jesus Christ*. At the end of this period, there was something better offered to her. A lady of distinction from Scotland by accident had an account of her, and hired her for her own woman; at the same time that she agreed with miss *Janfon* to wait upon her daughters. To this country they were both journeying, when we met them at the inn, and had travelled from Newcastle, to which they went by sea. Here miss *Chawcer's* labors were at an end. Mrs. *Benlow* took her to her breast, and became her friend. She found in *Carola* a faithful, charming companion, who was able to make her prosperity more happy; and adversity more easy to her, if that was ever to be her lot in this state: and therefore, she committed to her trust not only all her fortunes, but all the secrets of her soul. They live in the most perfect amity, and are, I believe, the happiest pair in the world. They are both possessed of the finest qualitys; blessed with good sense, good humour, and an equity of mind; an affability the most engaging;

engaging ; a discretion that always charms ; and as Mrs. *Benlow* loves, and miss *Chawcer* not only loves, but studys to please, there is nothing like them in the territorys of friendship, within this lower hemisphere (*a*).

*Elise Janson* is a French lady, the daughter of an illustrious family in Franche Comté. The history of miss Janson.

She was born with an understanding the most lively, fruitful, and comprehensive, and had the best education that her country affords bestowed on her. This enables her to talk well upon many subjects, and makes her happily become every thing she says and does. She has a head well turned for romance, and thinks *Calprenede* (*b*) a valuable writer. She told me there were more good lessons in *D'urfé* (*c*) than in St. Thomas Aquinas,

(*a*) As Mr. *Hatchett* is still living, and never heard what became of his niece from the day she left him, in the year 1737, I imagine, that, orthodox as he is, sworn against her, and tho, if I am rightly informed, he has made the reverend Mr. *Fen*, (his chaplain) his heir ; yet, he would be glad to know, that she is now more happy, than even he could have made her in this world. That holy *unitarian* religion, which procured her his indignation, has, by the hand of providence, raised up to her as powerful a friend.

(*b*) *Gentihomme de Perigord*, the author of *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, *Sylvandre*, and the first part of *Pharamond*.

(*c*) *Honoré D'urfé* marquis of *Valromey*, and author of that fine romance, called *Astrea*. He dyed the

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Aquinas, and the master of the sentences. Such readings have given her an entertaining imagination, and improved a fancy naturally fine. If she sees an old post in a castle, ruin, or hall, she can turn it into an enchanted knight, and give his fine history with a matchless invention. There is an ancient Rocovian minister in Mrs. *Benlow's* house, whom this lady keeps to read the reformed liturgy of the church of England to her family night and morning (a), and this gentle-

11th of Feb. 1567. The famous *Huet*, bishop of Avranches, who writ so many learned books, and died Jan. 26, 1721, etant âgé de 91. Ans, was so delighted with *Astrea*, that by often reading the happy adventures of the shepherds and shepherdesses on the banks of the river *Linon*, his fancy was raised to write *Diana de Castro*. And before that, he had translated from the Greek into Latin, the *Amours of Daphnis and Chloë*. The last was not published.

(a) By the *reformed liturgy* of the church of England I mean, the *liturgy reduced nearer to the primitive standard* by Mr. *Whiston*. The prayers are altered only in such places as are *shockingly Athanasian*; and the litany in the beginning only, to this christian form——O God our heavenly Father, the creator and preserver of all things, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.——By the direction and guidance of the holy spirit the comforter, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.——Remember not, ô Lord, etc. . . . Spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy Son's most precious blood, etc.

Thus does this primitive liturgy run, agreeable to the *New Testament*, contrary to the religion of *Athanasius*; whose

gentleman miss *Janson* has transformed, in a romance she hath written, into another *Adamas*, the good *Druid* in *Astrea*. Every character that hath appeared at *Hali-farm*, since her time, she has brought into her book, under romantic names, and described them and their transactions, with great exactness and a fine fancy, as people of the fabulous times. Her great benefactress especially, Mrs. *Benlow* with whom she lives, she has celebrated in a just and beautiful way, under the name of *Florisbella the Good*. The ro-

whose religion is of no more obligation upon us than the religion of *John Pig*; which is written upon a high stone pillar by the way side near the borders of Scotland. And if this *christian liturgy* was received into our churches, there need be no more talk of what particulars we are to reform in; no more disputes between free and candid disquisitions and their opposers; the bishop of Clogher and his enemys. All would be well: and thousands of *banished* christians from our churches, by the *anticristianity* of *Athanasius*, would return to them, and attend the public worship. I am one of them. But as this will not be this century, we must continue to live in a state of *segregation*. — The great and good old *Whiston*, author of this *primitive liturgy*, was born Dec. 9, 1667 — and dyed Aug. 22. 1752. aged 85. He entred in Clare Hall, Cambridge. He succeeded *Sir Isaac Newton*, as mathematical professor in the university, A. D. 1701, by the recommendation of *Sir Isaac*, who then resigned. Some years before his death, he became a member of Dr. Foster's baptist meeting. He outlived his cruellest enemy, old *Ashton*, late master of Jesus College, Cambridge.

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mance is entitled, *The history of Florisbella the Good, Queen of the Northern hills*. This thing may appear one day, when the actors in those sheets are all layed low.

One would hardly think such a head had much care about a right and a wrong in a religion: that it would ever think of quitting a country, a family, opulence and admiration, for despised truth, obscurity, and bad fortune. This was however the case of miss *Fanson*, and her behaviour proves that, the brightest imagination is consistent with solid thinking: that the finest fancy but perfectionats sound reason. We owe more than we think we do to imagination. This made *Fontenelle* say of *Malbranche*, who censured this faculty, that the philosopher had a strong and lively fancy that assisted him ungrateful as he was, without his knowledge, and adorned his reason without seeming to appear.

The fancy of *Elise* does indeed appear upon all occasions, but then, she has ever kept it the servant of reason, and made its principal business be, to light her understanding on, in the investigation of truth. She had somehow or other got a little glimpse of the cheat in the holy Roman catholic religion she was carefully brought up in by her zealous parents, and having noticed that several religious follies were covered under the incomprehen-

prehenfibility of fupreme wifdom, fhe thought it her duty to inquire into thefe matters, and be cautious of doing wrong, in her thoughts, to the oppreffed party, which had already the powers of the world (where fhe then was), and the current of opinion, againft it.

To this purpofe, when fhe went up to Paris with her mother, fhe collected as many books in defence of the religion of Proteftants, and againft the corruptions of Rome, as fhe could find in that city, and amidft all the gayetys of her life, fet apart fome hours of her time every day for reading the pleadings againft the Romifh faith. She began with *Paoli Sarpi*, and was quite charmed with that glorious work. She had before read the two jefuits (a), and as they told her

(a) The two jefuits who writ againft *Father Paul* are *Pallavicini Sforza*, who was made a cardinal by Alexander the 7th in 1657; and *Henricus Scipio* of Meffina.

*Pallavicini's* hiftory of the council of Trent is an elegant apology for the vices of the court of Rome. The cardinal attempts to prove that, what ferved the church in its infancy, will not do now for the fupport of the *holy monarch*, but it requires ftronger food, and motives that prevail more on the appetites and interefts of frail men. It is grown older and wifer, and muft have the emoluments of the datary, its privileges, indulgencies, difpenfations, exemptions, plurality, and non-refidencies; all that greatnefs and power, which the factious

her, believed *Soave's* history to be a slanderous libel, made up of malicious forgerys; but she was now satisfied, that the *Council of*

and discontented *Father Paul* designed by his history to beat down. In this manner *Pallavicin* insinuates and dictates. The work is thought excellent at Rome, tho it is too ridiculous to be confuted. There was a fine answer published to *Pallavicin*, intitulé, *Nouvelle Evangile du Cardinal Pallavicini*. And in 1678, an English translation of this ingenious and witty performance was published in London; with an excellent historical preface by the translator. This treatise, in French or English, is hard to be met with now. You will find an account of it, and some remarks on the *Trent-Council*, in a note, at the end of my letter. — As to *Scipio's* book, it is called, *Censura theologica et historica*, and consists of two parts. In the first part, we have a history of the council of Trent made up of those good things which the jesuit could find in *Soave's* work: — And in the 2d part, five sections of what the jesuit calls *tares*, which he tells us he gathered out of *Father Paul's* history, and bound up in order to their being burnt. But then we have only his own word for it, that the things taken from *Soave*, which make *Scipio's* second part, are, *tares*. He does not attempt to prove them lies. He only calls them so. And, as to the two thirds of *Father Paul's* history, which make up *Scipio's* first part, he allows so much to be the *wheat of catholic faith*, as he expresses it, and therefore lays it up in the *granary of Christ*. It follows then, that the jesuit's *Censura*, where nothing is proved against *Paul*, and the greatest part is praised, is really a confirmation of *Soave's* history of the council of Trent. And as *Pierre Francois le courayer* observes in his preface to his translation of this history, there is reason to believe, that *Scipio* only added his second part, *Pour donner le change au monde*, to screen himself, and make it look as if he had

*of Trent* was a mere management of political arts, to establish the power of the *sovereign cheat*, and advance the interest of the supreme

had written against *Father Paul*, tho that was far from his thoughts. For, in a book afterwards published, under the feigned name of *Aquilinus*, the author, in reporting his judgment of the three histories of the *Council of Trent*, to wit, *Paul's*, *Pallavicin's*, and *Scipio's*, not only gives the preference to *Soave*, but praises his work in a high manner. And this same *Aquilinus* was *Scipio* himself; as hath been discovered since. So that take the matter any way, it is ridiculous for a catholic to mention the book of *Scipio the jesuit*, against *Father Paul's history*; as I have heard some Romanists do. This jesuit was an honest fellow you will say. The order, *Jesuits*, is as bad as bad can be: but, there have been friends to truth and goodness in it. There is a jesuit now living, with whom I am well acquainted, a learned, upright man, who is just as much a Roman catholic in his heart as I am. Nor is this so odd a thing, as some people think. Many great professors have their *inward* and their *outward* doctrine. *Maldonat* the jesuit was a great writer for the Romish faith; and yet *Baluze*, a catholic, who writ the *History of the popes of Avignon*, informs us that, this jesuit in his last agony, confessed he then was, and ever had been a *Jew*.

N. B. The popes who sat at *Avignon* were seven, to wit, *Bertrand de Got*, archbishop of Bourdeaux, called *Clement the Fifth*, who removed the chair from *Rome*, A. D. 1305. John XXII. Benedict XII. Clement VI. Innocent VI. Urban V. and *Pierre Roger de Maumont*, called *Gregory the Eleventh*, who, in the year 1377, restored the see to *Rome* again; after a translation of seventy-two years. And upon the death of *Pope Roger*, alias *Clement XI*, a schism of two popes at a time ensued for fifty years. For this period, On y-voit tout ce qu'on peut imaginer de plus horrible, des meur-



preme pontiff, in opposition to the spirit of *Christ*. She saw that, the immortal writer

tres & des brigandes de toutes fortes, says a catholic historian. Les deux pades s'excommunioient l'un l'autre, & se disoient leurs veritez ; car, ils s'appelloient reciproquement ante-christs, schismatiques, heretiques, voleurs, traitres, tyrans, enfans de Belial, toutes trop bien fondées : chaque parti aiant de grands personages, des saints, des miracles, des revelations ; dit Mezerai. And so the schism went on till the *Council of Pisa*, A. D. 1409, deposed *Peter de Luna*, called *Benedict XIII*, and *Angelo Corario*, called *Gregory XII*, and elected *Peter Philargi*, who took the name of *Alexander the Fifth*. You observe, to be sure, *Jews*, that this act of the *Pisan council* knocks up two pontifical topics, to wit, that none but the bishop of Rome can call a general council—and that, the bishop of Rome is above the censure of a council. For, this council, consisting of 180 archbishops and bishops, 300 abbots, 120 professors of divinity, and 300 doctors, did meet contrary to the minds of *Luna* and *Coriario* : And they gave a definitive sentence against the two popes ; tho one of them, to wit, *Coriario*, *Gregory XII*. is allowed by the church of Rome to have been a true pope ; and pursuant to the sentence so given by *Pisa*, the cardinals immediately elected *Alexander V* ; and neither *Coriario* or *Luna* were any longer considered as popes ; tho they continued to plague the church while they lived. There were three acting popes at once, *Peter of Candia*, *Coriario*, and *Luna* ; tho *Candia*, who came by the *Pisan Council*, was called true pope. And so we have done with the popes.

N. B. Though I have mentioned but two writers against *Father Paul*, yet one *Philippe Querli* appeared first, in what he calls a confutation of *Soave's history* : but this despicable thing is scarce known in the world. La réputation même de l'ouvrage qu'il attaque n'a pu lui procurer la gloire que les auteurs médiocres tirent ordinairement du nom des adversaires qu'ils combattent.

might

might well call the Trent conventicle *l'Iliade de Notre Siecle* (H).

From the history of the council of Trent, she turned next to *Claude, Pajon, Jurieu, the character of France intirely catholic, Les plaintes des Protestans, and the general criticism of Bayle*. These noble works soon satisfied her, that the church of Rome had apostatized from the holy doctrine of Christ, was full of abominable corruptions, and of consequence, not built upon the rock she pretended to stand on. With astonishment miss Janson saw that, the holy Roman catholic religion was a detestable imposition, that wrested the plane meaning of holy writ, and intirely perverted the genius and natural tendency of christianity itself: that her pietys are the most sinful innovations; and her crueltys not only a scandal to the religion of Jesus, but a reproach to human nature. These considerations inspired Elise with a due and pious indignation against the Romish communion: she resolved to renounce a religion, whose fury and malice, and superstition knew not any bounds; and was determined, as soon as it was possible, to fly to that land of liberty, where the magistrate does not interpose for the defence of christianity, but within the shelter, and under the security of law, men enjoy the right of examining freely, and of thinking and acting agreeably to the dictates

tates of natural reason, and the nature of that blessed religion, which breaths an universal love to all mankind, and forbids its preachers to lift up the rod of persecution against such as differ from them in their sentiments of revelation, Chacun tranquille à l'abri des loix, (says Monsieur le Courayer, to the honor of our country) peut suivre au gré de sa conscience ce que ses lumieres lui representent de plus raisonnable & de plus vrai; & que sans craindre la violence d'une autorité arbitraires sur les consciences il peut servir Dieu dans la simplicité de son cœur, & s'acquiter des devoirs que lui dictent la raison & l'évangile (I).

But how to get to England with a few jewels she had of her own, and her cloaths, was the question. *Elise* knew if she was taken, as there would be strict enquiry made after her, or was even suspected, before she stirred, of a design to turn Protestant, she would be lodged in a convent for life, such zealous Catholics were her parents, and all her friends. This perplexed her for some time. But at last, by the means of a Protestant lady, with whom by accident she got acquainted, there was contrived a safe way to escape. She went with Mrs. *Norris* from Paris to *Geneva*, and from *Geneva* to *Rome*, and several parts of Italy. From Italy she  
came

came with her to London, and for one year after, that that lady lived, enjoyed all the happiness she could desire. Then death came, and made a sad change. Her good friend Mrs. *Norris* dyed so suddenly, that she had not time to finish a will she intended in Miss *Janson's* favor. She dropt just as she came to the intended beneficial article. She had written, — And whereas *Elise Janson* hath been my friend and companion for two years, and hath merited my affection by the services she hath done me, and by her great worth, for—— but could say no more. And to compleat this young lady's bad fortune, she lost every shilling of four hundred pounds, being money she had got for her watch and jewels, and presents Mrs. *Norris* had made her at several times. The gentleman she had lent it to failed. She was obliged upon this to go to service, and till she was afflicted with a heavy sickness, had much better luck in the world than Miss *Chawcer* found. A violent fever however ruined her quite. Almost all her things were sold, and when she began to recover, she must have starved, had not poor *Carola*, out of her small store, supported her. She got acquainted with *Elise* a little before the Sickness came on, and did every thing for her that friendship in her circumstances was able to perform.

As

## The HISTORY of

As soon as Miss *Janson* was able to stir, she again looked out for bread, and was hired by a Scotch lady, as I have related, and proceeding with her friend to *Kranford*, when we saw them. The malady she had labored under, obliged her still to complain, and in such a case, to be forced to take so tiresome a journey, to live by being a slave, was what made her express the impatience and lamentations she shewed in her conversation at the inn. While her health was good, she told us, she did not dread an adverse world; but when pain and weakness pressed her, and her pulse was low, she could not help wishing her race was at an end. In this sad moment, Mrs. *Benlow*, as I have said, generously interposed, and brought these ladies to her home. Miss *Chawcer* soon gained her whole soul, and became her bosom friend. Miss *Janson* she affectionately regards, and keeps her as a companion, in all the happiness she can desire. Mrs. *Benlow* has in her will provided for their support, if she should be called from them. They are no more to trust to the mercy of an un pitying world.

Reflections  
on the  
cases of  
Miss *Chaw-  
cer* and  
Miss *Jan-  
son*.

These two cases, *Jewks*, in all their circumstances, are perhaps as extraordinary things, in middling life, as have happened in what is past of the eighteenth century. To see

see a fine young creature fly from the *religion* of *Athanasius*, and renounce the *rattling inventions* of our *topping monks*, which crowned her life with peace and plenty, and the honors of this world; to embrace the *holy unitarian religion*, that *pure Christian Deism*, which the Lord of life and glory preached to the world, and established by his precious death and blood; and with it have no other fruit to reap in this life, for any thing she could see to the contrary, but poverty, hard labor, and contempt; this is wonderful in these times. While the *monks* not only sin against the light of nature, but express revelation, in paying divine worship to *more than one necessary spiritual Being*, and corrupt the glorious gospel, by preaching *three divine, self-conscious minds or beings*, of the *same unlimited perfections*; which enables them to ride in splendor, and batten in the costly things of the earth, and its fulness from every corner; this girl, gloriously stands out, against the *dreadful innovation*, and forsakes all, because her divine Lord ordered her so to do, when the truth required it. Though misery and slavery are to be her lot, with the pure religion of *Christ Jesus*, she is satisfied. That terror, poverty, cannot frighten her to continue in a religion she sees abominable and false. Let the wheel go over her, she will *only worship God the Father*

*ther Almighty, and implore the comforts of his sanctifying Spirit, through Jesus Christ, the ever-blessed Son of his love. Is not this lovely, Jewks? Yes, my friend, it is to the last degree beautiful and charming! May we imitate this fair ensample, if by any changes of fortune, we should be brought to a like tryal.*

And when we turn our eyes from *Carola* to *Elise Janson*, how amiable does her conduct appear! She flies from the realm of popery, where she was obliged to *bow her knee to Baal*; and that she might no more adore the *breadden God*, gives up her fortune, family, and friends. She found, upon enquiry, that *Rome* had subverted the simplicity of the gospel, both in faith and worship, and in every age, since the apostacy, had encreased her errors and tyranny: that her *doctrine* and *discipline* were the *greatest corruptions*, and her *superstitions* and *crueltys* the *reverse* of *pure Christianity*: that the *Protestants* had *reason*, and the *sacred writings* for their religion; but *Rome* had only *bulls*, *councils*, *calumnys*, and *Persecution*. She renounces therefore the *antichristian religion* of this church, and determines to embrace the pure gospel of Christ; though by leaving that damnable and bloody faction, she could expect little more than adversity and sorrow; such as she experienced in years of servitude  
and

and tribulation ; though at last both she and Miss Chawcer were so strangely delivered from every evil that oppressed them. Amiable character ! We cannot enough admire her ! And if ever, by the changes and chances of this lower world, the question should be——*the religion of Rome*——Or, *Poverty and Misery* ? Let us imitate her. If we could gain the whole world, by turning to the *Romish* communion, and ride lords of the creation by professing the *execrable inventions* of the *Latin faction*, yet, we must be deplorable losers, in the end, for rejecting the *gospel of Christ*. Never approve them, let what will happen. Adhere to the *faith and practice* of *Christ* and his *Apostles*, and you will secure a title to the most glorious recompence, when this fleeting scene of mortality will be vanished. This is most certain. Reason and revelation declare it. From both it is evident, that however a *Bossuet*, or *Michael, bishop of Mantauban*, may varnish over their synagogue, and by *falsehood and oratory*, endeavour to render the *outside fair and plausible* ; yet, *within*, is every thing *detestable and horrible*. The *altars of Rome* are *idolatrous* : Her *doctors*, the *promulgators of error* : And by the most dreadful *prophanation*, she *sacrates* her *temples to Satan*. Her *chief worship* is the *work of the baker*, and a *dead woman*. The

human

Mandate  
on the re-  
cantation  
of that  
mean cow-  
ard the  
Abbe de  
Prades.



*human race she barrows ; and has the amazing impiety to offer human victims to heaven in her Autos de fe. Such a church cannot with justice be called Christian. It is blacker than the blackest institution of paganism ; because it speculats and acts more basely ; and its speculations and Actions are under the light of the gospel (K).*

1740.

With these ladys I left Mrs. Benlow, the latter end of September 1740, and she writ me word soon after, that they made her life compleatly happy. Their good sense and behaviour delighted her, and their management of affairs, without and within doors, so intirely freed her from every trouble, that she could give all her time to books, music, and painting : That being so circumstanced, she sat down once more to study the doctrine of *fluxions*, in which her father had taken great pains to instruct her, and was now satisfied, she could form clear and distinct conceptions of the principles on which the arithmetic of infinites is founded ; though my *lord of Cloyne* has been pleased to declare to the world that such a thing was impossible ; for the doctrine of fluxions is defective. I find, (continues this lady in her letter) that the doctrine is so far from being defective, that it is easy to deduce the method of it from a few self-evident truths, in the strict manner of the ancients ; and to prove that, Sir *Isaac Newton*

A remarkable letter written by Mrs. Benlow, in relation to fluxions, and the right revd. author of the *Analyst*.

*Newton* has fairly and truly determined the fluxion of a rectangle under indeterminat quantities. Nor is this all. It came into my head, that it was possible to demonstrat, without the assistance of *time, velocity, or motion*; or any considerations of *infinity*; and I am now producing a little specimen of the practice of fluxions, intirely independent of these things. What then could cause this prelate, to abuse the mathematicians, and misrepresent fluxions, in the manner he has done? What could tempt a man of his understanding to affirm, in the 9th section of his *Analyst*, that the true increment of the rectangle  $ab$ , is  $aB + bA + aB$ ; when it must be  $aB + bA$ ; as *Sir Isaac* found it? — and to say that, the indirect way used by *Sir Isaac* is illegitimat; when, in reality, it is rigorously geometrical, and the way my *Lord of Cloyne* would have proceeded, if he could have found out, that the velocity is that which the flowing rectangle has the very instant of time that is  $AB$ ; and not the velocity that the rectangle has, while it is greater or less than  $AB$ ? — Shall we ascribe this procedure to his lordship's *ignorance* in the *New Analysis*, after all his boasting that no man understands it better? — Or shall we say that *vanity*, and a *zeal for orthodoxy*, incited him to write so *abusively* and *falsly*? In my opinion, the latter was the case.

Remarks  
on bishop  
Berkley's  
conduct, in  
respect of  
the mathe-  
maticians,  
and the  
doctrine of  
fluxions.

This is admirable, *Jewks*; but as you have made but little progress yet in this fine part of the mathematics, I must give you a little explication of the bishop's behaviour in this article, that you may the better comprehend Mrs. Benlow's letter.

Doctor *Berkley*, bishop of *Cloyne*, published a thing called the *Analyst*, in the year 1734, and under pretence of some abuses committed by mathematicians, in virtue of the authority they derive from their profession, does, in the *Libel* aforementioned, declare them infidels, makers of infidels, and seducers of mankind in matters of the highest concernment. These men (continues his lordship) assume an authority in things foreign to their profession, and undertake to decide in matters whereof their knowledge can by no means qualify them to be competent judges. They treat the principles and Mysterys of religion with freedom. Sir *Isaac Newton* has presumed to interpose in prophecys and revelations. He decides in affairs of religion. And yet, it appears upon an enquiry, that the object, the principles, and method of demonstration, admitted by the mathematicians, are difficult to conceive, or imagine distinctly. Their notions are most abstracted incomprehensible mataphysics, not to be admitted for the foundations of clear and accurat science. Their principles are  
obscure,

obscure, repugnant, precarious. Their arguments are fallacious, indirect, illogical; and their inferences and conclusions false and unjust. The inventor of fluxions, Sir *Isaac Newton*, is dark and false in his reasonings on the subject; and to make his false reasoning pass upon his followers, he uses deceitful artifices. He obtains his ratios by means illegitimat; nor was it in his power to give a consistent account of his principles. This, and a great deal more to the same purpose, this right reverend author says in his *Analyst*, and defence of it; and by *blackening* Sir *Isaac Newton*, and *lessening* the reputation of *mathematicians*, attempts to serve christianity.

How far the credulous and injudicious may become infected by this uncommon way of treating mathematics and mathematicians, is not easy to say: but from a short account of the nature of fluxions, and of the objects about which the method is conversant, it will appear that this author did not understand the metaphysics he would refute; and that it is not difficult to defend the principles and their demonstrations, from any imputations of fallacy or repugnancy. And if, after this, we review the other writings of this prelate, we shall find that, however *orthodox* the bishop was in his religion, and *transcendental* in his philosophy, yet he was far from being an able writer. For these things see

A specimen  
of a practice of  
fluxions,  
written by  
Mrs. Ben-  
low.

note L, at the end of this *Letter*. I shall say no more of him here than to observe, that in Mrs. *Benlow's* specimen of the practice of fluxions, *independent of time, velocity, motion, &c.* (the little MS. she mentions in her letter, and now in my possession) she intirely knocks up this mighty analyſt, and makes a reply impossible. For, if *time, velocity, and motion*, in fluxions, really were what the biſhop calls them, a reproach to mathematics, (tho in truth they are not); yet, if we can demonſtrat without them, all my lord of Cloyne's reasonings are nothing in a moment. His call is answered at once (a).

In this uſeful manner, Mrs. *Benlow* was employed for ſeveral months after I left her, and ſhe ſpent a great part of the next year, 1741. to wit, 41, in writing a thing ſhe calls, *A*

(a) I call (ſays this right reverend doctör) on the celebrated mathematicians of the preſent age, to clear up thoſe obſcure analytics, and concur in giving to the public ſome conſiſtent and intelligent account of the principles of their great maſter; which, if they do not, I believe the world will take it for granted that they cannot. *Defence of free-thinking in the mathematics.* You will aſk me perhaps, if Mrs. *Benlow* was the only diſcoverer of this method of demonſtrating? I aſwer, No. The late ingenious Mr. *Roger Paman*, who was out with lord *Anſon*, and dyed lately at *Jamaica*, found out the ſame method. But as his *Harmony* was not publiſhed till 45, Mrs. *Benlow* could not poſſibly have a notion of his invention in 40. Nor did ſhe hear of him, or ſee his book, till laſt year, 53, that I ſent her one.

*memoir*

*memoir relating to the life and writings of Mr. Locke.* A letter she received from me put her upon this work. I told her, I was once more reading over, with all my attention, that book of extensive and universal use, the essay concerning human understanding, but must confess to her, that what the great author says of *innate ideas, abstract ideas, a solid thinking existent, and power*, did not satisfy me. There must be *some innate ideas*, I said; and how can *matter think*! The word *free-will* Mr. Locke represents as a nonsensical term, and endeavours to prove the will of man not free, even while he is defending the liberty of the agent. Then, as to abstract ideas, is it not an odd description he gives us? "Ideas of mixed modes, wherein any inconsistent ideas are put together, cannot so much as exist in the mind: and yet the general idea of a triangle is an idea, wherein some parts of several different and inconsistent ideas are put together. It is neither oblique nor rectangular, neither equilateral, equicrural, nor scalenum; but all, and none of these at once; and, in effect, something imperfect that cannot exist." What can we make of this? Does not the truth seem clouded with words and distinctions, that are often false? Your opinion on these subjects will oblige me very greatly; that if error be not propagated under the sanction of

A piece called, A memoir relating to the life and Writings of Mr. Locke: written by Mrs. Benlow.

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a great name, I may ask the philosopher pardon.

In answer to this Letter, Mrs. *Benlow* told me she would send me the memoir aforementioned, and imagined it would answer all my objections. It did so effectually. It is a series of remarks upon every thing this great man writ; and, in respect of the essay, contains an examination of every obstacle supposed to be in that work. She reviews every thing objected to by Dr. *Butler*, late bishop of Durham (a), in his dissertation at the end of

(a) Dr. *Butler* died in 52. He succeeded Dr. *Chandler*, who died in 50. *Chandler* the author of the defence of Christianity against the great Mr. *Collins's* Grounds, and a vindication of his defence, in two volumes more in 8vo, in answer to Mr. *Collins's* scheme. The bishop's first volume, called the Defence, is weak: but the vindication is a fine performance. He is a conqueror to be sure. Read these volumes, and Mr. *Collins's* Grounds and Scheme, at the same time, and you will be nobly entertained with the most useful and valuable learning. Take them together article by article, and see how each particular is considered by these two great men. As to Dr. *Butler's* analogy, it is in the main an admirable thing. Some fancies there are in it, which I shall have occasion to shew you, before my Letter is at an end. And what he says against Mr. *Locke* is nothing but Words.

N. B. What Mr. *Masson* says of Dr. *Lardner*, at the end of bishop *Chandler's* 3d volume, in relation to *Macrobius's* account of the slaughter of the children in Bethlehem, is mere stuff. Dr. *Lardner* in his 3d edition of the Credibility of Gospel History, has illustrated what

of his analogy; by Dr. *Isaac Watts*, in his philosophical essays (a); by *Jeremy Collier* in his

what he sayed of *Macrobius* in his first edition. See *Credibility*, vol. 2. p. 762. *Macrobius* lived towards the end of the 4th Century. He was *Chambellan* to *Theodosius*, and a man of erudition. His *Saturnalia* is a useful, agreeable medly, in which he has collected many things of the ancients: but his Latin is execrable: that of the age he lived in. He was a *Pagan*: and his mentioning the *slaughter of the infants*, is thought to be a confirmation of *St. Matthew's account*. But the dispute is, whether he transcribed the *jest of Augustus*, and the *occasion* of it, from some old author; or, the *jest only*, and collected the *occasion* from the common discourse of the christians of his time. The *jest* or saying of *Augustus* was, *It is better to be Herod's hog than his son*. And most certainly, *Augustus* might have sayed this, without any regard to the slaughter of the infants, as *Herod* had put three of his sons to death at mens estate; to wit, *Alexander* and *Aristobulus*; and *Antipater*, who, by false informations, occasioned their Death. (*Alexander* and *Aristobulus* were sons of the excellent *Mariamne*, who was of the *Asmonean* family, and grand-daughter of *Hircan the pontiff*. This amiable queen that tyrant did likewise put to death, before Christ, 29 years.) But then, *Macrobius's* mentioning the fact, shews that this *cruel action* of *Herod* was not contested in the latter end of the fourth century. It was then known to be a truth.

(a) This is *Watts* the dissenting minister, whom I mentioned before. This great man dyed November 25, 1748. in the 75th year of his age. The philosophical essays, above mentioned, are the weakest things he writ. What he says of *Space not being a thing really existing ad extra*, is very weak; as despicable as any thing in the *author of the notes*, on the same side of the question, that is, against the *necessary existence of space in infinitum*;



## The HISTORY of his fine recommendatory preface to a book called

*infinitum*; I mean by the Author of the notes, archdeacon *Law*'s notes on bishop *King*'s essay on the origin of evil\*: to which I add what the archdeacon produces from his eminent writer, as he calls Dr. *Waterland*. And as to Dr. *Watts*'s objections against Mr. *Locke*, there is neither reason nor reflection in them.

N. B. Mr. *Jennings* preached Dr. *Watts*'s funeral Sermon, on these words, — *By it, he being dead yet speaketh, Heb. xi. 4.* and I recomend this sermon to you, because you will find in it a fine explication of the *sacrifice of Cain and Abel*: the best I have seen. There is at the end of this sermon a *funeral oration* spoken over the grave of the doctor by *Samuel Chandler*. It is a beautiful little thing. This *Samuel Chandler* is the gentleman, who translated into English, for the service of Christ's church, *Limborch's history of the inquisition*; and

\* The piece on which Mr. *Law* writ his notes, came out first in Dublin, in 1702, 8vo, and is called, *De origine mali*. *Bayle* and *Leibnitz* writ against it, and Mr. *Edmund Law* has not been able to defend it. Besides this piece, Dr. *King* writ many books: but none of any great value, excepting his *State of the protestants of Ireland under James II.*—and, *Three answers to Peter Manby, dean of Derry, who turned papist.*—Old *King* died in Dublin May 8, 1729. aged 79 years and 7 days. He was a very good man in the main; but a severe enemy to the dissenters. He and *Narcissus Marsh*, primate of Ireland (who dyed in 1714) not only gave all the encouragement they could to the prosecution of that illustrious sufferer, Mr. *Thomas Emlyn* (who dyed July 30, 1741.); but at his tryal, sat on the bench by lord chief justice *Pine*, and like true *fiery ecclesiasticks*, would not suffer the rules of natural justice to be observed,

and writ that *glorious introduction concerning the rise and progress of persecution*; which is prefixed to the history. This introduction, *Jewks*, you cannot read over too often. It is the finest thing on the subject that ever was written. It is of such vast service to the *religion of the Son of God*, that it must for ever merit the *most grateful acknowledgements* from all true christians: tho' it drew down upon him the *wrath and indignation* of some *right orthodox doctors*. See *Berriman's* review of *Chandler's* introduction—his remarks, and defence of his remarks, on the introduction:—and *Chandler's* three letters; one to bishop *Gibson* in answer to the review; and the other two to *Dr. Berriman*, in reply to his remarks, and defence. They were printed in the year 1733. This controversy will afford you a fine entertainment, and let you see what a poor thing an *orthodoxy* is in the hand of an able defender of truth.

This *introduction* by *Mr. Chandler*, is a very different thing from a piece on the same subject that appeared in the year 1747, and is called, *A succinct history of ancient and modern persecutions*, by *Daniel Lombard*. D. D. an octavo. D. D. is *orthodox* up to the chin of him, and in *succinct history*, does his best to serve the *truly orthodox* and catholic church, as the reverend *Mr. Smith*, aforementioned, calls the church of England. D. D. attempts to shew the unreasonableness of dissenters separating from his church; but cannot shew it: and he strains every nerve to prove, that the Arians were butchering heretics; but has not been able to prove it. The truth is the very reverse of what D. D. took upon him to maintain. The *orthodox catholics*, under *Gratian* and *Theodosius*, A. D. 380, were the *butchers*, who massacred the *eastern christians*, called in contempt *Arians* by the *western tritheists*; as their *successors*, the *modern papists*, in contempt, now call all the protestants *Calvinists*. And all the persecution the *westerns* suffered from the *easterns* was that, *Constantius*, under pain of banishment, restrained his *western* subjects from *unchristianing* his *eastern*, after their signing the famous formu-

called, *Human souls naturally immortal*: which was written by *Thomas Mills*, bishop of Waterford, against *Dodwel* (a). She likewise

formulary at *Ustodizo* in *Thrace*, dated October 10, 359. The words of the restriction shew a peaceable, not a persecuting spirit—"Do not however send above fifteen into banishment:" very different words from the laws of *Theodosius* and *Gratian*; which laws, contrived by the blessed *Saint Ambrose*, were put in execution by a *dragoon mission*; by general *Sapor* at the head of an army: Here *Lewis XIV.* the most christian king, had a precedent in the church, for his cruel edicts against the reformed; and for executing those edicts by a mission of the short robe; dragoons, galleys, and dungeons. Must it not be glorious to act for the defence of the church as the orthodox *Gratian*, the orthodox *Theodosius*, and so great a saint as *Saint Ambrose*, acted? alas! even too many protestants think so. Is it not amazing to see the authors of the universal history call those laws against the Easterns excellent, and on account of them, excessively commend *Gratian*, *Theodosius*, and *Ambrose*?—But as to *Dr. Watts*; tho several pieces in his 6 volumes 4to, (price in sheets 3l. 12s.) are of no worth, yet there are many excellent tracts in them: And what is weak in his writings is sufficiently overbalanced by many good things which he has written, and by the good spirit with which they are written.—At the end of his funeral sermon, there is a catalogue of all his writings.

(a) *Collier*, the author of this preface, is the non-juror, who writ the ecclesiastical history of Great Britain, 2 vols. fol. and solemnly absolved *Sir John Friend* at the gallows; who was hanged for the assassination plot. His history is beautifully written; but, to the vilest purposes; to abuse the reformers, and demolish the supremacy of our kings in spirituals; to compromise differences between the churches of England and Rome, and

wife reviews the objections of Mr. Baxter, in his fine *inquiry into the nature of the human soul*; and those of the right reverend Dr. Peter Brown, bishop of Cork, in his *Procedure of the human understanding* (a). She

and establish *hereditary right* and *passive obedience*. Those *base, romish* notions he mentained to the end of his life; which was April 26, 1726. aged 76.

As to *Mills*, bishop of Waterford, he dyed lately. His book against *Dodwel* is not worth much. I knew the man well. Tho a protestant bishop outwardly, he was a thorow papist in his soul. As to *Dodwel*, and his doctrine, see note (M).

(a) I was well acquainted with this doctor. Bishop Peter Brown was a man of vast learning, exemplary piety, and great goodness to the poor: but *orthodoxy* and *Jacobitism* had deprived him of judgment, and thrown him into an occasional frenzy. In hatred to king William, he writ the book against drinking to the memory of any one; which he calls a *profanation of the supper*: and had so great an aversion to the *whigs*, that he could not speak of them with any temper. *Locke* and *Clarke* he considered as *two Devils*, and ever mentioned them with a *malice* and *bitterness*, that was astonishing. My friend, worthy John Toland\*, used to

\* I say worthy John Toland, from my own knowledge, in opposition to the *misrepresentations* the bigots have given of him; particularly, the late reverend Mr. Blomberg in his life of Dr. Dickinson; Coetlegon in his dictionary; and that mean abusive writer, the reverend author of *Ophiomaches*; who has the falsehood to tell us, that Toland was, exclusive of his speculations, so unprincipled a wretch, that he once stole a silver spoon at a gentleman's house. Detestable untruth. Such a fact has

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She remarks on the two writers Mrs. Cockburn  
writ against, to wit, Dr. Thomas Burnet, au-  
thor

to say he made him a bishop, tho the doctor returned the favour by a hearty hatred : For, it was by writing a bad book against *Toland's Christianity not mysterious* (an excellent piece), that Dr. Brown was removed from being provost of Trinity, Dublin, to the see of Cork.

As to this prelate's two famous books—*Procedure, extent, and limits of human understanding*.—And, *Things divine and supernatural conceived by analogy with things natural and human*.—They are a monstrous composition of scholastic confusion ; and the design of them for ever to efface and extinguish reason in religion ; to establish an *anticristian tritheism*, and settle the *absurditys* and *impietys* of *popery*, in the place of *common sense* and the *mind of the Lord Jesus*.—If I mistake not, this right reverend dyed in 1736. He published the letter against *Toland* in 1697, when he was Mr. Peter Brown, senior fellow : and therein, not only gives the *foulest language* and most *opprobrious names* to *Toland*, but calls upon the civil magistrate to destroy him : and destroy him the said magistrate would have done, if by sudden flight he had not escaped from their impious vengeance.

has existence only in the writer's malicious heart. *Toland* had a soul too *honourable* and *honest* to do such a thing, if poverty had made him a spectacle to men and angels : nor had he ever occasion to do such a thing for bread. He had true friends among the rich and good. Never wanted a purse of gold in his pocket.—And as to his speculations, sure I am, that he was in his belief a much better christian than this *reverend Blackner*. To prove it I appeal to *his confession of faith* in his posthumous works ; and to the *tritheistic dialogues* in *Ophiomaches*, where this priest miserably labours to support the *dreadful heresy* of *three Gods*. It was not *Toland's* faith was bad. He believed all that the apostles of Jesus Christ believed.

thor of that beautiful romance, the *Theory of the earth*; and Dr. *Holdsworth*. (N.) She answers the malicious accusations of Dr. *Edwards*, and replys to the severe observations of bishop *Berkley*. This extraordinary piece will be published one day. In the mean time, as a new and curious thing, I give you her preface to it.

When learning was reduced to mere words, and men were little acquainted with their own understanding; when even the endeavours of the ingenious and industrious were cumbered with uncouth, affected, unintelligible terms, and vague, insignificant forms of speech, and an abuse of Language, and misapplied words, were mistaken for knowledge and height of speculation; when bigotry upon custom, numbers, and human authority prevailed, and the abettors of fines, imprisonment, tortures and death, on account of religion, were so many, that even the bench of protestant bishops, to a man, voted against the repeal of the statute for burning of heretics; when *Laud*, the evil genius of *Charles*,

Mrs. Benlow's preface to a MS. called a memoir relating to the life and writings of John Locke, Esq;

believed. Nor can the least mean action with truth be brought to hurt his fame. Honor and honesty were the laws of his life. What *Toland* was culpable in is this; he was too fond of a girl. In this article, he was, till his last sickness, indiscreet. And so have been, and so are many reverend men I can name. *Toland* dyed at Putney, March 11. 1722. aged 51.

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*Charles*, was in the zenith of his power, and the *furious conduct* of this *big archpriest* had thrown the *nation* into *panicks*, and *puritans* were *crushed* under his *lordship's chariot wheels*; when *moderation* was *deserted* by *all the clergy*, and churchmen thought the golden time was come, that they should manage all the important concerns of peace and war; then *Locke* was born. This was the year 1632. The 23d of August he came into the World.

This *mighty sage* was sent by heaven to serve the human understanding, assist the sciences, and oppose that insatiable and remorseless monster, persecution: to expose to human view the sanctuary of vanity and ignorance, and shew mankind the way to knowledge. He made compulsion fly, and opened the prison doors to truth in confinement. He brought in religious liberty, and fairly proved its usefulness and excellence in the christian world: that it is the right of every man to think for himself, and to avow his thoughts, if he thinks honourably of God, and, to the utmost of his power, would, in every respect, forward the happiness of his species. In a word, he laboured to make us *wise*, and to bring us back to that *love* and *toleration*, which *Jesus* the *Redeemer* preached. When this glorious work was done, he left our world. Aged 73. He dyed the 28th of October, 1704. He expired

pired at Otes-Hall, in Essex, the seat of lady *Masbam* (a); with whom he passed the last 14 years of his life. He was buried in the church-yard of *Harlow*, a village three miles from Otes. His own inscription is on the wall of the church.

The life and writings of this great man I purpose to review, and, so far as I am able, will endeavour to vindicate him from the misrepresentations of wilfulness, weakness, inadvertence, and prepossession. I shall consider the merits of his logic, philosophy, and religion, and attempt to prove, that he hath not only written with a strength, vivacity,  
and

(a) Lady *Masbam* dyed April 20. 1708. in the 50th year of her age, and was buried in the middle isle of the abbey church at Bath. She was daughter of the famous *Ralph Cudworth*, D. D. who writ the *intellectual system*; a book of the greatest value, on account of its curious, various learning, and much fine reasoning; tho there be many odd, defenceless notions scattered through it. He died in 88, in his 71st year; and, by a labored education, so happily cultivated the fine Genius of his beautiful and pious daughter *Damaris*, as to render Lady *Masbam* an honour to human nature, an ornament to the christian religion, and illustrious for learning of many kinds.—We have two fine pieces of her writing, to wit, *a discourse concerning the love of God*, London, 1696. in 12mo. — and *occasional thoughts in reference to a christian life*. London, 1705. in 12mo.—In the piece first mentioned, she opposes and confutes Mrs. *Astel's* senseless Notion, that *any love of the creature is sinful*.



and fineness, very much above what is common; but, hath treated all his subjects with so much truth and justice, that it is amazing how such great men, as *Burnet*, *Holdsworth*, *Edwards*, *Watts*, *Butler*, *Berkley*, and *Brown*, could think of printing against him. Had the drummers and trumpeters of the writing army, such as *Carrol*, the popish priest (a), in his octavo, made a noise against him, there had been nothing strange in it: but to see such admirable genii as *Burnet* and *Butler*, not only oppose him, but use him rudely; this is one of the astonishing things in the republic of letters. Why they did so, I shall shew in the course of my examination. I am to prove that judgment and an equity of mind were not concerned in the objections produced against Mr. *Locke*; but, the writers have thought ill on the points, and concluded him defective, and in error, because what he writ was not what they would have it to be. My examination shall begin with the Essay on the human understanding; that noble essay, which serves the interest of truth, natural, moral, and divine; and from thence I shall proceed to the other writings of this great man. — Here Mrs. *Benlow* ends her

(a) *Carrol* was Mr. *Pope*'s father confessor: and to him he inscribes the finest of his poems.—To thee, O *Carrol* . . . &c.

her preface, and at note (O), you will find an extract from the memoir, in answer to the four objections I made to Mr. Locke; relative to *innate ideas*, *abstract ideas*, a *solid thinking existent*; and *power*.

At this work I found the daughter of my 1741.  
 friend employed, in the month of May, 1741, May 27.  
 The arrival  
 of Mrs.  
 Schomberg,  
 and Miss  
 West, at  
 Hali-farm.  
 when I called at her house, to see how they all did, as I journeyed to *Scotland*, to visit the antient monuments of that country, and trace the *wall* of *Antoninus Pius* from *Clyde* to *Forth*: And about an hour after my arrival at *Hali-farm*, two ladys came in by accident, who gave a turn to her literary situation, and took her into the world. These were Mrs. *Schomberg*, and Miss *West*. They were riding to *Crawford-dyke*, near *Dunglafs*, the place I intended for, and by a wrong turn on the road, came to Mrs. Benlow's house instead of going to Robin Toad's, where they designed to bait. It was between eight and nine at night, when they got to her door, and as they appeared by the richness of their riding dress, their servants, and the beautiful horses they rid, to be women of distinction, Mrs. *Benlow* invited them in, and requested they would lie at her house that night, as the inn they were looking for was very bad. Nothing could be more grateful to the ladys than this proposal. They were on the ground in a moment: and we all sat

G

down

down soon after, with the greatest cheerfulness, to a fine dish of trouts, roasted chickens, tarts, and sparagras. The strangers were quite charmed with every thing they saw. The sweet rural room they were in, and the wild beautys of the garden in view, they could not enough admire ; and they were so struck with Mrs. *Benlow*'s goodness, and the lively, happy manner she has of shewing it, that they conceived immediately the greatest affection for her. Felicity could not rise higher than it did at this table. For a couple of hours we laughed most immoderately. So much good sense, good sayings, and the best, good humor, these agreeable women put together, that I do believe, if *Diogenes* had come into this company, we should at least have seen him grin. But at last, from conversation they went to music, and performed two pieces, as a conclusion to the happy evening. Mrs. *Schomberg* and Miss *Chawcer* sing with the greatest judgment, extremely fine. Miss *West* plays well on the *Violoncello*, the little bass violin : and the matchless fiddle of Mrs. *Benlow* being added, they formed a harmony the most excellent and perfect.—— A whole month those ladys stayed at *Hallifarm*, and then we all set out together for *Crawford-dyke*. From that place, Mrs. *Schomberg* and Miss *West* were to go to the *western isles*, to see Miss *West*'s brother ; who has a  
fine

fine seat on one of them, and had sent his own beautiful sloop to wait for them in the *strtb of Clyde*. When this visit was payed, the same ship was to take them to *Bretagne* in France, to pass some weeks with Mrs. *Schomberg's* mother at *Vitré*. They would go from that to *Paris*. From *Paris* to *Avignon*. Then to *Italy*; and so home. This Tour they represented to Mrs. *Benlow* as a most charming thing. It would confirm her health, and add very greatly to the happiness of her life. She would see the world; and have a double relish for her fine retirement, when she returned. This, and the company, and the manner of going, was enough to an inclined mind. But before we leave *Hali-farm*, I must give you a description of these two Ladys, as there is something extraordinary in their history, and their merits are worth your knowing.

Mrs. *Schomberg* is the daughter of John Boffuet Esq; a man of great fortune in the west of England, who left his whole estate to this lady, chargable only with a dower to her mother. She was married at eighteen to the reverend Dr. Schomberg; a man of great riches, and great deformity, both of soul and body. I knew him well. He was my school fellow, and went to the same college. He made a devil of a husband, and would have been the death of her, had not an ac-

A description  
tion of Mrs.  
Schomberg.

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cident carried him off, and delivered her from him before she was one and twenty.

At the time I first saw her at *Hali-farm*, she was about three and twenty. She was tall, well shaped, and extremely handsome. Her eyes were large, black as night, and bright as diamonds. Her hair was of the same color, and curled naturally in the most graceful manner. She has a charming mouth, and when she laughs or smiles, is beautiful as *Lalage*.

This lady has a clear understanding, and a sound judgment; has read the polite books, and is a delightful speaker. She has a large share of social wit, and with equal strength and propriety, can express the whole series of the passions in comic characters. The pliancy of her disposition can raise and keep up a pleasurable sensation, and give a succession of Joys to a company. She has what *Tertullian* somewhere calls the *vis colubrina*, and in the most various representations, can make her action as bewitching as the discourse of the serpent who seduced the first woman. She can suit her face and person to any attitude, and so perfectly conform her words to her gesture, that she lifts a character at once into the loudest laughter. I have seen nothing like her even on the French stage, in the article of transition from passion to passion in comic life. She is, without

out all peradventure, the finest actress in the world, in comedy.

Some pious people of this lady's acquaintance will not allow her to be a christian, because she thinks, religion is no more than a moral constitution ; and believes every thing else, rites, ceremonys, and holy orders, to be the schemes of the cunning, and the dreams of the visionary ; that she despises all human inventions in religion, and with all her *sensibility* and *promethean fire*, ridicules the *high flown ecclesiastics*. She does abhor the *monks* to be sure most heartily. She does make free with the *high church doctors*. 'She is perfection itself, when she plays Moliere's *Tartuff*, or Cibber's *Nonjuror*. She likewise takes off *Warburton* to the greatest exactness ; his very voice, and the mine of his visage, as he contemplates, and as he predicats ; and when she brings him on with a bit of his *legation* in his mouth, or some scraps of his controverfy with Stebbing, or Tilliard, or Sykes, or Jackson, one cannot help screeching again with laughter. You see all the *vanity* and *self-sufficiency* of this gentleman in her face and manner, when she is drest as a parson, and then, like him, she dictates his fancies, and pronounces all the world, except himself, *crude writers*. Gregory Nazianzen, a *crude writer* ; Bayle, a *crude writer* ; Spencer, a *crude writer* ; and a thousand more

besides them. I really believe, if the Doctor saw her at this work, he could not forbear laughing. She sets this *cynic* and his odd arguments, his raillery, scurrility, and abusive phrases, in so droll a light, that one must want sentiment, who is not pleasantly moved.

But all this notwithstanding, her Enemies wrong her much in saying she is no christian. She reveres the gospel, and very often, in the soft, silent hours of the night, sits up to read the sacred volume. She has extracted from it a heavenly religion. She has acquired, by this study of the inspired writers, the best and evenest temper that ever mortal was blessed with; a heart the most benevolent; and a rectitude of mind and life that is lovely and glorious. She has the highest and most honourable opinion of *Jesus Christ*, and glorifies him continually as the *chosen servant* of God almighty; the *ambassador* of the *Deity*; sent to promote *purity of heart*, and *rectitude of manners*; *virtue here*, and *happiness hereafter*, by his *preaching* and *miracles*, his *virtue* and *obedience*. Such a religion in the heart must make any one a christian. It is more excellent than the constitutions of councils, convocations, and fathers. The best christianity is, when our practice is a comment upon the religion of *Jesus*.

The thing that gave Mrs. *Schomberg* so great a prejudice against the *doctors*, was the hard usage she received from the *monk*, her husband. I will give you his picture, and then tell you their story. He was in his figure the very counterpart of *Evans* the conjurer. He was short in stature, pot-bellied, humpt behind, beetle-browed, and squinted dreadfully. He was flat nosed, splay-footed, and had prodigious thick lips. All this however had been no reflexion upon him, if his percipient had been a jewel. Where the mind of a man is *wise* and *bonest*, the deformity of the case it is lodged in, signifies little, in my opinion. But where the mind is bad, it renders deformity shocking.

My school-fellow, *Duncan Schomberg*, was rancour itself in his temper; cross, dark, obstinate, and for ever contending. He was positive, stingy, and headstrong from his cradle; had a soul the most unrelenting, and was, even while a boy, a zealot for orthodoxy. In the university, he had read all the *fathers*, and all the *school-men*. He had the works of *Daniel Waterland* by heart: and *Sherlock* against *South* flowed from his mouth like water. *Mystery* and *tradition* were, in his opinion, most sacred things; and to excel in formalities and trifles his labours were endless. His zeal for the religion of *Athanasius* was a furious fanatical fervour. It deprived

A description  
of Dr.  
Schomberg.

May  
1741.



prived him of all regard to truth, and of every tender sentiment of pity and humanity. With an infernal hatred, he abhorred all who contemned the symbol. This made him detest me in college, tho I saved him from drowning, when we were school-boys. In mentioning my name, he never omitted the epithet, *that atheist (a)*. In short, *positive precepts*, and *no reason*, in religion, were with him, as with father *Canaye* the Jesuit, *O heavenly ! (b)* The fathers were all an-

(a) The word *atheist* is frequently cast by the *orthodox* men as a term of the greatest reproach on their adversaries. *Hickes* calls *Tillotson* the gravest *atheist* that ever writ : and it is not long ago since I heard a gentleman of the university of Oxford maintain, at a club of substantial citizens, that Dr. *Hoadley*, bishop of Winchester, was an *atheist*. An atheist, one of those gentlemen replied ! O Sir, do not say it. I say it, says the *hot ecclesiastic*, and proceeded, with foam at his mouth, and a demon in his heart, to abuse this great, excellent man. — O *Jesus*, thou brightness of our Father's glory, and godlike friend to the humane race, can such priests be the ministers of thy law of love ? No, most glorious Redeemer, the votaries of reason and virtue dare not think so. These theologers disgrace thy heavenly religion, and are the ministers only of those laws they have made themselves ; the *codex-laws* they have *statuted* to undo mankind. They have faggots ready, and if they were permitted by the civil power to kindle them, they would soon burn up the little flock. The bishop of Winchester would quickly be committed to the flames for opposing the *ecclesiastical* tyranny of his time.

(b) Evremond's lively account of the conversation between father *Canaye* and the *Marechal d'Hoquincourt*, is worth turning to.

gels :

*gels* : and doctor *Samuel Clarke* the devil. With a malignity of heart, his undistinguishing head was for ever abusing that amiable man. In this bad work, he outdid all the bigots in the world, except *Miraculorum contra Middleton*, who is for ever blackening the great author of the scripture doctrine of the trinity, as he lectures to his pupils. With a temper unworthy of a man and a christian, this doctor of divinity misrepresents and abuses the most glorious defender of natural and revealed religion that any age has seen ; and strives to make the rising generation, within his sphere, detest the very *name* of *Clarke*. Yea, he has the front to tell the young gentlemen, that Dr. *Clarke* was a despicable writer, exclusive of his bad principles ; — had neither genius nor learning. *O faction ! orthodoxy what art thou ? Woe, woe, woe*, where-ever thou appearest.

But as to *Duncan* ; not long after the fine creature I have described, was obliged by her father to marry him, he began to suspect he had got a *beretic* in his bosom. His lady sayed some humorous things, that pressed a little upon the doctors, and spoke of the blessed *Athanasius*, as if she had no great opinion of his confession and sanctity. In mentioning the *saints* one day, she made use of some comic expressions, and begged of  
*dear*

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*dear* to inform her, what reasons the church had for rejecting the absurdity of transubstantiation, when it received a more strange thing, a creed derogatory to the *Unity*, and *supreme majesty* of God, *the one God and Father of all*? And, if the said creed be truth, why do not you *doctors* support it by rational means, by argument, learning, and charity; but, in defence of it, apply to, and use misrepresentation, falshood, calumny, railing and abuse; and call out for the secular arm and violence. It looks, my *dear*, as if something was imposed upon the consciences of christians, that is against the laws of God and nature. Explane these things to me, *Duncan*. I really know not what to make of my religion.

The *doctor* squinted at her for some time, and then observed, that she spoke too freely, and too ludicrously, of the great mystery of our faith, and he was afraid she was inclined to an evil heart of unbelief: but as he hoped the best, he would explane things to her conception, and shew her the true nature of our religion; so as to remove all doubts for the future, in respect of the awful mystery, and make her sensible, it was the duty of a christian to believe implicitly that system of faith, which orthodoxy has summed up in the creed of St. Athanasius. He then produced *substance, essence, person, and nature*, and made them

them rattle for a long time, while he talked of what he knew nothing of, and concerning which the scripture has declared nothing. The *fathers* were next brought in, and as St. Chrysostom says in his fifth homily, St. Athanasius in his 4th book *de Trinitate*; St. Basil, book the 2d; and St. Ambrose *de Fide* in his 5th chapter; *Irenaeus*, book the 2d; and Tertullian, *adv. Prax.* in his 7th chapter, *etc. etc.* took the doctor up near another hour. From this he passed to Churchism's explication of scriptures, and to the sayings of *Bull* and *Bennet*, *Stillingfleet* and *Bingham*, *Mayo*, *Knight*, and *Nelson*, *Waterland*, and all the worthy *moderns*, who have contended so *ingloriously* for *tritbeism*. This is the sense of the church (continued *Duncan* to his *Julia*) and by way of conclusion to his fine oration, he breathed hell and damnation against all his innocent brethren, and fellow-christians, who would not subscribe to the scholastic vanities, (the orthodox truths, as he phrased it) but obstinately persisted in worshipping the *one only true God*, through the alone Mediation of his only *begotten Son*, by the joint aid and assistance of the *blessed Spirit*, in hope of an immortal crown and kingdom of glory. You must *believe* the *creed* of *St. Athanasius*, or you must sink into *eternal perdition*.

Here

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Here the *doctor* finished, and Mrs. *Schomberg* burst into an excessive laughter: thrice she screeched, and at last cried out, My dear *Duncan*, you astonish me. How could you *priests* ever take it into your heads to invent a thing so *corrupt* and *incomprehensible*? — You, who should be as the *salt*, and *light of the world*, to preserve religion both from darkness and corruption! You have talked near two hours, and oppressed me with words and fathers, to prove a *scholastic trinity*; a trinity that is not once named in the New Testament of your Lord; and that has not the least relation to the great end of his coming; which was, to give mankind *one high priest*, instead of *priests innumerable*, a *spiritual lamb* instead of a *brutal lamb*, a *spiritual temple* instead of a *sensible one*, *remission of sins*, and a *state of righteousness* in this world, and a *glorious metropolis* above, for the *wise*, the *brave*, and the *honest*, to reside in for ever and ever. This is a christianity worth our turning to. A *religion of regeneracy*, and *holy spiritual life* from the *Son of God*; and by this means, *immortal glory* and *happyness*, is the greatest blessing to all rational nature. Adored be the goodness of God for *sending his Christ* on such an errand. But to come on with your frigid and frivolous subtilties, and bring St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, St. Augustin, and a whole

whole posse of artificial saints, with their books and chapters of pious nonsense, to make me swallow the *Atbanasian jumble* ; or, if I do not, pronounce the sentence of damnation against me ; this is quite ridiculous, my dear Duncan. I am sorry to hear such stuff from the lips of my *priest*.

Consider, *Duncan* ; my love, consider, if we will judge of religion in the general, by reason ; and of the christian religion in particular, by the New Testament, these *vanitys* you have put yourself into a sweat by repeating, can neither be reveled law, nor the rule of nature. The *despicable scheme* is the *invention* of *schoolmen* and *fathers*, and among a number of other abominable errors, hath been handed down by a venerable tradition. This tradition the *monks* have admitted into a partnership of authority with scripture, and it has got the ascendant so far, as to eclipse the credit of the sacred records. It will not be the handmaid. It acts the mistress. It takes the lead, and brings the *monks* from the *written word*, to *visions*, *rites*, and *incomprehensibles*.

Away, then, *Duncan*, with these *vanitys* and *fables*, your *incomprehensibles* and *mysterys*. The *absurditys* of your *fathers* are not more sacred, nor less glaring and extravagant than those of the *rabbies*. Think for yourself then. Think freely, my comfort,

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*fort*, and be no longer the *wretched tritheist* ; but, the *rational deist*. No longer predicator of a *scholastic trinity*. Put it not in the power of men of sense to say my *Duncan* is a poor creature — a despicable bigot.

Let your work, for the future, be, as a good minister of *Christ Jesus*, to call us to *repentance*, *compunction*, and a *sensibility* of our *follys* ; to live *unspotted lives* from the world, and to obtain every height of *holyness* and *heavenly affection*, which becomes those who are called to be *sons and heirs of God* with our *mediator* ; that so we may be *pardoned* by *God, our father*, be *renewed* by his *holy Spirit*, and *cleansed* through the *sanctifying power* of our *Redeemer*. This will be rational, just, and heavenly. Men and angels, the prophets, the apostles, and the *great mediator* will applaud you.

Poor *Duncan* was quite confounded with this free and rational answer, and for several minutes after it was ended could only squint with rage at his beautiful lady. He had never before heard his *creed-makers*, and his *incomprehensibles* so treated. He did not think there was a mortal would dare to talk in such a manner ; and that the wife of his bosom should be such an enemy to the *orthodox confession* ; and declare only for a *religion of moral perfections*, and the *worship of God the Father*, through one mediator ; should

re-

receive nothing as religion but what beared the signatures of reason, and visibly conduced to the moral rectitude of the creature ; this provoked him out of measure ; and as soon as he was able to speak for passion, he began to abuse his *Julia* in the grossest manner. You *Samaritan*, you *apostat*. You *woman-devil*. Yea, he would have thumped her most unmercifully, but that it was her good fortune to be greatly his superior, not only in strength of mind, but of body. This saved her from blows ; but in every other respect he was, to the utmost of his power, her tormentor. The charms of her mind and person had no effect on this miserable bigot. He was an unrelenting tyrant to this admirable woman. He lived only for the *destructive theology of Athanasius*. It was his *Venus*. It was his *beatific vision*.—This was the thing that gave Mrs. *Schomberg* so great an aversion to the *monks*. It did likewise give her such a surfeit of wedlock, that she changes colour at the very name of a *domestic heroe*.

*Juliet West* is the next beautiful figure. A description of Miss West. She was born with every charm to please, and is the happy mistress of every virtue under heaven. She was just two and twenty at this time I first saw her at *Hali-farm*, and then, so vastly pretty, that I should have been strangely perplexed, to whom to assign the golden



den apple, were I constituted judge, and Mrs. *Benlow*, Mrs. *Schomberg*, and Miss *Chawcer*, had disputed the prize of beauty with her. Her person was quite faultless, and her face all harmony : Her eyes a deep delightful blue, well slit, sweet and even : Her lips and teeth are to this day what the correctest fancy could require.

She is the daughter of Mr. *John West*, who was a merchant that traded for many years in his own ship to the East Indies, and by a return of spice and precious stones, acquired a vast fortune, which he divided equally between this lady and her brother. The old gentleman resided on one of the western islands, when he was not on a voyage, and raised there a delightful seat, in which Miss *West's* brother lives at present. In that remote part of the world, *Juliet* was born, and by the ablest masters her father could for money get in Europe, she was educated in the same manner as her brother, and taught the learned and modern languages, philosophy, mathematics, music and painting.

She is lively and rational, for ever gay, ingenious and engaging ; and as reading has been her passion from her infancy, she talks with freedom, grace and spirit, upon a vast variety of subjects. She talks without the  
least

lest ostentation. Her vivacity is always pleasing, and her sentiments often surprise.

*Milton* and *Shakespear* are her favorites. She has them in her hand night and morning. It is a fine entertainment, to hear her read, or repete those authors. The judicious writer of the *actor* says, Mr. *Quin* is the best reader of the *Paradise Lost* now living; but, well as he reads it, I believe, yet, if I may form a judgment from his speaking the part of *Comus* on the stage, and from Miss *West's* reading and repeting the finest things in *Milton*, he is not equal to her in this particular. You remember the night we saw the amiable and judicious Mrs. *Elmy* play the part of *the lady in Comus*, and how she failed, tho' endowed with the sweetest voice, and a pleasing deportment. The poet was admired, but the actress forgotten, when she spoke the following inimitable lines, without any heat, and with all the temper of a philosopher.

——To him who dares

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,  
Fain would I something say :—Yet to what purpose.  
Thou hast not ear nor soul to apprehend ;  
And thou art worthy that thou shou'dst not know  
More happiness than this thy present lot ;  
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd.  
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth  
Of this pure cause, wou'd kindle my rapt spirits  
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things wou'd be mov'd to sympathize,

H

And

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And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake  
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

These lines I have, with vast pleasure, often heard Miss *West* speak, and almost forgot the poet, while I admired the actress. She accompanys them with all the transport and vehemence the author intended, and affects her hearers in the manner the poet designed they should be affected, which was, to be sure, in the strongest way, when he introduces the immortal being, to whom they were addressed, trembling with terror as he hears them.

———— As when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
To some of Satan's crew.

Nor is she less delightful in reading or repeating the tragedys of *Shakespear*. She has the gesture, the cadence, and the pause, in perfection. Not a syllable too long: not a syllable too slightly does she dwell on. She raises every effect of the passions which the poet intended.

In religion, Miss *West* is a strict unitarian, and never could be brought to conform to the system of the moderns, tho the greatest pains have been taken to that purpose by a very learned orthodox clergyman, her uncle;  
who

who has a sweetness of temper, not often found in his row, and always argues with great modesty and tenderness. I have seen many of his letters to this lady. They are well written, and breath a gentle, christian spirit. With the best temper, he says all that can be said for the defenceless cause he stands by. But it is all to no purpose. She would sooner die than subscribe to the *religion of Athanasius*. The last letter she writ Mr. York, is as follows.

“ I thank you, dear Sir, for your last labored letter, and for all your former pains in striving to make me what you call an *orthodox christian* ; and I am the more obliged to you, as you have done it in a way so kind and gentle. My faith however is not to be altered by all the learning in the universe. I read the Bible for myself, and to my own privat judgment things appear the very reverse of what you have represented them.

Miss West's letter to the revd. Mr. York, containing her reasons for not subscribing to the religion of St. Athanasius.

Your explications of the texts you have mentioned are strained and unnatural : Reason paraphrases them in another manner. Your authoritys from *fathers* are worth nothing : their imaginations are of no moment : they are no more to me than the splendid fancies of Bunnyan the tinker. And as to your argument, that there are a thou-

land things in the works of nature which we are not able to comprehend, and yet believe them ; this is a mere sophism. What I cannot comprehend, I believe nothing about it. What is beyond my understanding, cannot be the object of my faith. I might as well pretend to see what is beyond my eye-sight.

That matter gravitates, and a mind informs the human frame, I believe, because my reason and senses convince me that this is the truth of the case. It is impossible, I see, that it should be otherwise : but how gravitation is performed, or spirit acts on body, I know not, and believe nothing about it.

That a supreme Spirit, who is the universal Father, should, from the highest degree of love, send a divine messenger to save the world, by enforcing the law of reason, and bring his rational creatures to eternal glory, I can believe, because my reason tells me, it is agreeable to the attributes of the Deity : But that, this *one supreme universal Spirit* consists of *three spirits*, minds, or agents, *equal in power and all possible perfections*, as you tell me ; this is quite beyond my comprehension, and I believe nothing about it. It appears likewise to my reason impossible. In the last place, it is not in my bible.

It is to no purpose then to make any farther attempts, in order to bring me over to the religion of *Athanasius* and *Waterland* ;  
for

for I am determined to adhere to the *religion of Jesus*. My belief is for ever fixed, that the *divine nature or essence is one person*, the *God of Christ, our Father*; and that *Jesus*, the son of the blessed *Mary*, and the *messenger of the Deity*, was an *extraordinary person for miracles, gifts, and spiritual wisdom*; the brightest pattern of every excellence and every perfection; that he is our mediator, and a propitiation for sin, as he is the declarer of God's propitiation and forgiveness to mankind; that is, of what we are to expect from a *propitious God*, the all-wise and almighty Creator of the world; who looks upon *repentance and amendment* as the *best satisfaction*. This is the faith of *Juliet West*. She can never believe, that the great Being, who *ministred to the Will of the Father*, in the case of redemption, is the supreme God himself. She abhors the notion. She renounces for ever the *theology of Athanasius*."

Such were the Ladys, with whom Mrs. Benlow went into the world, and proceeded in the first place to the *western islands*. We set out the beginning of June 1741, and towards the end of the month, arrived at Crawford-dyke; having stayed a few days by the way, at the house of a lady in Scotland, who was Mrs. Schomberg's friend. We were received with the greatest civility and goodness by Mrs. Howel, and spent a most

June  
1741.

agreeable week with her. She is one of the worthys of her sex, a young widow, vastly handsome, and since she lost her husband, had never stirred from her solitary seat, but passed away her life at books, and the education of a little charming daughter, who was a wonder of a child, and is now a young lady of very extraordinary accomplishments. They live in the same sweet solitude to this day, and find more solid pleasure in that still life of letters and religion than the greatest ladies can ever sense in the world. But I believe, *Maria*, Mrs. *Howel's* charming daughter, will soon be married to a very worthy man; who is as fond of retirement, and as contemplative as themselves; for, upon my describing her to our friend, *Charles How*, the philosopher, he told me she was the woman he had been looking for, and went down last week, to offer his fine fortune, and a plane honest Man; so that I expect very soon to hear of the union of this pair, and a most happy couple they will be, I am sure.

Miss  
Howel's  
character.

Miss *Howel* has not only all the charms of body that the hand of nature could put into one human frame; but, a soul so bright and luminous, knowing and comprehensive, so good and gentle, divine and spiritual, that she seems, in the perfections of her understanding especially, to be a specimen of the vast capacitys the human mind is capable of

acquiring; and, as a christian, to have received all that can be given by regeneration and the grace of the holy Spirit. This lady was but eleven years old in 41, when I first saw her, and had then made not only as surprizing a progress in all sorts of literature, as the famous *Jean Philippe Baratier* did at the same years (a); but had a much better judg-

(a) *Baratier*, un de ces prodiges d'erudition que l'on ne cessera d'admirer, & que l'on auroit peine à croire, si les monumens de son sçavoir ne subsistoient point, was born January 9, 1721, and dyed at *Halle* the 5th of October, 1740, aged 19 years, 8 months and 17 days. The following epitaph is over him.

Juveni  
 Magnæ quondam spei,  
 Joanni Philippo Baraterio  
 Ante ætatem puberi,  
 Ante pubertatem Majorenni,  
 Vix pueri Magistro  
 Quarto ætatis anno latinè locuto  
 Græcè legenti  
 Cujus valde singulares ingenii dotes,  
 Pietatem, sapientiam, Doctrinam,  
 Legum, Patrum, Doctorum varias lectiones,  
 Imò et prælectiones,  
 Rex, Populus, Civitas, Academia  
 Mirabantur,  
 Majora sperabant.  
 Hunc titulum sepulchri  
 Posuit  
 Fridericianæ Mærentis  
 Prof. Public.  
 Simon Petrus Gaffer jurisconf.  
 H 4

*Baratier*



judgment. She astonished me with her answers to many questions I asked her.

Seeing

*Baratier* was but eleven years old, when he finished in French a work called, — *The Travels of Rabbi Benjamin, in Europe, Asia and Africa, from Spain to China, in which many curious things occur in history, geography, and particularly in respect to the state of the Jews in the twelfth century. Translated from the Hebrew, and enriched with notes and dissertations historical and critical on these Travels.* 2 vols. in 12mo. — The first volume contains the itinerary, and the translator's notes: The second, the young author's eight dissertations. The notes and dissertations are learned and fine. It is most amazing to see such things the product of 11 years of age. *Rabbi Benjamin* lived in the 933d year of the 5th Jewish millenary, which answers to our year 1173, and we find in his book many extraordinary and curious passages relating to that dark age, the 12th century; but whether the *Jew* ever travelled over the country he describes is a question among the learned. *Baratier* thinks he did not, and that he never stirred out of *Tudele* in Navarre to collect the things in his *Itinerary*. This may be. But I think with *Buxtorff*, *Biblioth. Rabbin.* p. 127; *Scaliger*, *Epist. ad Buxtorff*, which letter you will find à la tête de son *Instit. Epist. Hebr. & Kircher*, *Oedip. Ægypt.* tom. 1. p. 378. apud *Wolf*. that he was one of the *travelled*, and voyageur très digne de soi. But however this be, it is certain, this extraordinary *Itinerary* (which I recommend to your perusal) was written by the *Rabbi* to console his brethren with notions of imaginary *dominion* he makes the *Jews* have in unknown parts of the world; and to elude the great objections Christians bring against them from Gen. lxi. 10. Non desistet tribus a *Jehuda*, neque legislator è medio pedum ejus, usquedum venturus erit filius ejus, & erit ei obedientia populorum. — Or, as *Sebastian* translates it;

Seeing in her hand one day, at this time, the translator of archbishop King's Essay on the

Observations on Archdeacon Law's notes on archbishop king's essay on evil, by a lady of 11 years of age.

it ; A *Juda sceptrum non recedet, nec de ejus inter-feminio rector, donec veniat sospitator, cujus erit populorum congregatio*. If the scepter is not yet departed from *Juda*, as this *Hebrew* traveller affirms, then of consequence the *Jews* may yet expect the promised *Messiah*—he is not come, as the Christians pretend.—It is against this imaginary *dominion* and *empire* of the *Jews*, asserted by our *Rabbi*, and to prove the fulfilling of the text just mentioned, that *Baratier* writes his eight dissertations ; and he has a number of fine criticisms upon various subjects. The best edition of this curious work by *Baratier*, is that of Amsterdam, 1734. Get likewise the Latin translation of this book by *Arius Montanus*. Anvers. in 8vo. 1575.—and l'Empereur's edition, Latin on one side, *Hebrew* on the other, Leyden in 8vo. 1633. L'Empereur has some curious notes at the end of his translation.

When *Baratier* was 14, A. D. 1735, he published in Latin, in 8vo, *An answer to Artemonius* ; that is, *Samuel Crellius* : And in his 20th year, the year he dyed, came out his great work ; called, *Disquisitio Chronologica de successione antiquissima Episcoporum Romanorum*, etc. Ultrajecti, 1740. 4to. pag. 314. There are several observations to be made in relation to these pieces, as this young critic strained every nerve of him to serve the cause of *modern orthodoxy*, but after all, has been of more use to the *unitarians* ; truth compelling him to write for the religion of heaven, notwithstanding his *vehemency* and *bitterness* against the *gospel-theists*, who profess it, and therefore, see note (N).

It is on account of *Baratier's tritheism*, that I have sayed, Miss *Howel* had a much better judgment than he, at eleven years of age, as she then had the finest conception of the *divine unity*, and at that time, was sensible, there was not a tittle of *modern orthodoxy* in the bible.

# The HISTORY of

the origin of evil, I sayed to her, pray Miss tell me, If you think the ingenious and learned writer has, by his arguments in his notes, shewn it impossible to prove the *unity* of God *a priori*? Far from it, Sir, *Maria* replied. The *note-maker* might as well attempt to blow out the sun with the nozzle of a bellows, as with his abilitys to shake that *rock*, the *unity of God*; or, if he had the strength of all the orthodox men in the universe. All religion, natural and revealed, is founded on the *unity*, and if that could be removed, they might give you a

*bible*. Her mother assured me, that as she asked her daughter the meaning of any text relating to this matter, on reading the New Testament, the reason of the child always explained the *sacred words* in favour of pure *gospel-deism*, and never had any previous information of this sense of them.

Another thing very surprizing is, that as it happened I had among the few books in my portmanteau these *Voyages de Rabbi Benjamin*, I made this young lady a present of them, and told her, that as *Baratier* made the version, and writ the notes and dissertations when he was but eleven; it would be as extraordinary, if she, at the same age, would make an English translation of this performance, and add some observations of her own on the *Rabbi* and *Baratier*, as she saw occasion. She promised me she would. She sat down to the task not long after, and before she was twelve, had finished it. She has made many fine remarks on the *Jew* and his *translator*. She vindicats the *Rabbi* in several places, and often shews the too great *hastyness* of *Baratier*. This MS. is in my possession.

thou-

thousand, as well as three supreme agents, in the place of *one, independent, infinite, and eternal first Cause*.

And how, I sayed, do you prove the *unity* from the argument *a priori*? To be sure, Sir, this young creature replied, from the *actual existence* of *time and space, eternal and infinite*. As sure as these are, there must be an *eternal and immense Being*: and two Beings of immensity or omnipotence is impossible.

But, *Miss*, the learned tell us, that *Space* is absolutely nothing, or a mere idea, or only a relation between one thing and another. They will not allow it to be a real existence without the mind, nor grant that it is a real and positive property of God.

They do not (answered *Maria*); the *note-maker* is positive that both *space* and *duration* are mere *abstract ideas*, or *ideal images arbitrarily set up in the mind*. This he labours to prove, because he is prejudiced in favour of *tritheism*, and would confute that proof which contradicts his scheme. But in vain he strives. *Space really exists*, and is the *property* of the *first Cause*. It is one of his *necessarily existing propertys*, *necessarily so in itself*: And it is as much to be presupposed to the existence of the Deity, as the Deity is to be presupposed to the existence of it.—This astonished me: and my wonder encreased,

creased, as she proceeded, at my request, to prove the reality of *space* and *duration*. She did it with an amazing ease, conciseness, and perspicuity. It was beautiful to see how much she had at heart the *peerless Majesty* of our God. Well tutored to be sure she had been; but without an extraordinary and fine genius, she could never comprehend the whole of this intricate subject, at the age of eleven years, and, without difficulty, speak of any part of it.

Observations on Mr. Chubb's Works, by the same young lady.

Another day, during my stay at her mother's house, at this time, 1741, I found her reading *Chubb's true Gospel asserted*, and asked her, how she liked that book? I think, Sir, *Maria* replied, that he writes beautifully, and I take him to be a wise and good man: but in some things I apprehend he has gone too far, and asserted what he could not prove.

What is it, *Miss*, I said, that you dislike in Mr. *Chubb*? He is greatly esteemed in England by the wisest Men: they think this book has done some service to true religion.

It is valuable, this charming young creature answered, in many respects. But, Sir, is he not wrong in confining the *good tidings* to a small part of the gospel only, without regarding the prophecys of the Old Testament; and in order to a right understanding of the writings of the apostles, should he not take in

in the whole canon of the New Testament? Our Lord says, the spirit should abide with the holy penmen, lead them into all truth, and teach them things they were not able to bear in his life-time, but would be able to bear after his resurrection, and the effusion of the spirit ; when their understanding was enlightened, and their faith established ; and after this, to doubt the credit of the apostles in some things, and suppose they might anywhere write their own fancies instead of the doctrines of heaven ; does it not tend to a subversion of our religion ? It appears so to me. It makes Mr. *Chubb* seem an inconsistent *christian*. I likewise think, that this gentleman does not lay stress enough on the *Messiah's being come*, and that *Jesus is the Messiah*. To be a christian, is it sufficient to have a persuasion of this writer's doctrinal propositions ? — Is not something more required from us, than to believe we are obliged by the gospel, to conform our minds and lives to the eternal and unalterable rule of action, which is founded in the reason of things ; to repent and reform, if we have violated this law ; and to expect a day of judgment, for rewards and punishments, in proportion to our having, or not having conformed to this rule of righteousness ? These propositions are, to be sure, the main part of  
of.

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the true gospel. They are not the whole of it, as I apprehend.

These just remarks on Mr. *Chubb's* book, made by this fine young creature, amazed and charmed me, as her mother assured me, she had never hinted any thing of the kind to her daughter ; and I then proceeded to ask her, what she thought of this gentleman's other writings, as I saw they were all lying about the house ? Think, Sir, *Maria* replied ; as I conceive, he was a bright man, but as often out as in. What he says in his other writings of *inspiration*, the *resurrection of Christ*, and the *case of Abraham*, in being commanded of God to offer his son, is what I cannot assent to. He is wrong, if I think right. Here she proceeded to lay before me his notion and her notion of *inspiration* ; what he sayed of the *resurrection*, and what she thought of that matter : She came to *Abraham* and *Isaac* next, and to my admiring mind, not only confuted my sage friend, the excellent Mr. *Chubb*, but, layed before me many new and fine things upon the occasions. This is no place to mention them, and therefore I refer you for an account of them to note O, where you will find a review of Mr. *Chubb's* writings.

It is now time to go on with my history, and so, as I was telling you, we arrived at *Crawford-dike*. Here we found the beautiful

Mrs. MARINDA BENLOW.

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ful sloop before mentioned waiting for us, and wind and tide favoring, we immediately went on board. They hoisted up all their sails the instant we came on deck, and as the golden God of day was making a glorious set, we sat down under an awning to enjoy the charming prospect and the breeze, and to participat of an excellent cold repast the captain had provided for us. Our company consisted of the following souls ; Mrs. Benlow, and Mrs. Schomberg, Mrs. Howel, and her charming little daughter, Miss West, and Miss Chewcer, Rinaldo Tunstall, Mrs. Howel's half-brother, a fine, sensible fellow, and your *servant*, whom the ladys pressed on board ; for I did intend to have taken my leave of them at the water-side, and have travelled eastward in tracing the Roman wall. They would not suffer this. Mrs. Schomberg told me, I could be no courteous knight, if I left them in the dangerous adventure they were going on. As to Miss Janson, she stayed behind at *Hali-farm*, at her own request, to take care of the house and concern. She had seen enough of the world, and did not chuse to venture into it, to France especially, any more. Thus did the company muster, beside the ladys women and the footmen : the captain and his crew. We were a fine social set as ever sailed in one bottom, and tho' we met with some misfortunes in the



## The HISTORY of

the voyage, yet, in the main, it was a delightful, improving scene. *Jack Scarlet*, our captain, proved an entertaining, valuable man; and as he was as good a trumpet as *Granno*, he added greatly to the music the ladys obliged us with every day on deck that the weather served; while we sailed among the *western islands*, and many leagues beyond the extremitys of them. We met with things the most surprising in this course, and had discoveries new and curious every day. What many of them were, Mrs. *Benlow* relates in a journal she kept the whole time, and therefore, it is fit I should lay her account before you. The remarks I made you will see in another place.

### Transactions and observations in a voyage to the western islands:

In the year 1741.

Mrs Ben-  
low's jour-  
nal.

1741.  
June 20.

**I**N the year 1741, I was persuaded by some ladys to go with them to the *Hebrides*, to pay a visit to a relation of theirs, who lives in a charming retreat on one of these western islands, and with a fair gale of wind at north-east, our ship was unfastened the 20th of June. At nine in the evening we began to sail from the firth of *Clyd*. We passed by *Arran*, and *Ila*, and endeavored to

to gain the last of the *Æbuda* to the north-west, without calling at any other place by the way : but this was not in our power. A furious wind was up the second day, and drove us to the north through many perils by the way. We had the *Vists* and *Harries* on our *larboard*, as seamen call the left-hand side of the ship, and on the right-hand side, which they call *starboard*, were *Mull* and *Skie*, and hundreds of little islands. We had a frightful race for about sixty leagues. I wished myself among the hills of Cheviot a thousand times. At last however the wind changed, and ceased to be outrageous or a storm. Yet it was still a strong gale, and tossed us for many hours towards the Norway coast: then veering about, it brought us back again to the western isles, and we landed on *Troda*. 1741.

This island is two miles and a half in circumference, and surrounded with vast rocks, excepting one opening to the east, which forms a little bay. It lies to the north of *Skie*, at the distance of a league. It is a very beautiful place. The land is a scene of fine inequalitys, rising grounds and pretty vales, sweetly coped with various evergreens, and watered with several fountains, which form the brightest streams. Many beautiful birds were on the cliffs; the sea-pye, sea pheasant, and St. Cuthbert's duck, in

great numbers; and on the water, near the rocks, there were thousands of lummes and razor-bills, swimming and diving for food. We saw two flamingos within the bay, wading up to their long mid-legs. One of them a gentleman with us shot. On the land were rabbits with long tails.

The sea-pye.

The *Sea-Pye* is what *Gesner* calls the *bi-mantopus*, and it is named the *sea-mag-pye*, because its feathers are a mixture of black and white; that is, the head, neck, half the back, and upper part of the wings, a deep black; the breast, belly, etc. a bright white; the tail white feathers, variegated with black. This bird is eighteen inches from the extremity of its bill to the end of its tail: Its head very small: Its eyes very large and bright: its beak an inch long, of a beautiful red. Its wings are very long and large, and the principal feathers black. Its legs are likewise very long, the finest scarlet, and its three toes of the same colour. It has no toe behind. We found it true what an excellent poet says of this bird, and the *Fulmar*, on a rising storm——

—— ——— The *sea-pye* ceas'd  
At once to warble. Screaming from his nest  
The *Fulmar* soar'd, and shot a westward flight  
From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,  
Invading night, and hung the troubled sky  
With fearful blackness round. Sad ocean's face

A curling undulation shivery swept  
 From wave to wave : and now impetuous rose  
 Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,  
 The raging south, and headlong o'er those seas  
 Fell horrible with broad-descending blast.

Thrice were we in these dismal circumstances on those tumbling seas, and each time we observed the *sea-pye* ceased to warble, and the *fulmar* in vast flocks came from the islands to the westward sea. The seamen are then sure it will be a storm.

The *sea-pheasant* is the *anas cauda acuta* of Willughby, and is called a *pheasant*, on account of its forked tail, which distinguishes it from all other ducks. It consists of twenty long ones, and the two middle ones project into points several inches beyond the rest. The body is black, the neck white, and the head white, with two black spots on each side. It has very large bright eyes, and is bigger than a widgeon. Its beak is something sharper than the wild ducks, and for one third in the middle is a bright red. It is a very fine bird. The gentlemen who were with us shot many of them, and we found them delicious eating.

St. Cuthbert's duck is the *anas plumis mol-  
 lissimis* of Bartholine and Willughby. It is a beautiful bird, and of all birds has the softest feathers. The male is milk white, excepting its tail, which is black, some black

St. Cuthbert's duck.

feathers in its wings, and a black spot on the top of its head, which looks like a hat. The female is the colour of a woodcock, with one vein of white running over the wings. This duck is excellent eating: and their eggs the most delicious morsel I believe in the world. We got many hundreds of them. The plover's egg is poor to them. There are amazing flocks of this bird, and the pheasant aforementioned, and scarce any one to eat them.

The lumme      The *lumme* is an extremely beautiful bird, in bigness equal to the common wild duck.

1741.      The breast and belly are as white as snow,  
June 24.      and the back and wings a shining black, finely marked with spots of white of various forms: but most of them are square. The neck and head are a glossy blueish grey: the eyes large, bright, and penetrating. It has a feathered ornament on its head that resembles our hoods: And on the inside of the neck, a large beautiful black spot, that is on some of them oblong; on others round: Their beak is black and shining, two inches long, and at the extremity sharp: their legs black, short, and strong, and placed so far behind, that with difficulty they walk: they were made for swimming. They are web-footed, and exceed all birds in diving. They continue half an hour under water. This bird lays but one large egg, and it is fine eating, tho not

so rich as the St. Cuthbery-duck-egg: the flesh of this creature is better than the wild-duck. This bird Ray calls *Colymbus Arcticus*; and Bartbolin, *Anas Aquatica*. Dr. Hill says it is only to be found on the coasts of Norway and Sweden, and towards the north-pole: but in respect of this bird, and several other articles in his Natural History, he is mistaken.

The *razor-bill* is what Ray calls the *Alca* The razor-bill. *boieri*. It is about the size of a teal. The upper surface of it is black: the under white; excepting the throat, which is a beautiful red. The legs of this creature stand as far backward as those of the *lumme*, which renders it as unable to walk; and its wings very short, and so made as to assist it in moving swiftly on the water. The flesh of these birds is fine eating: their eggs delicious: as good as those of the Cuthbert duck: and tho the bird lays but one egg, yet the eggs are to be had in great plenty at *Troda*, so numerous are the flocks of them at that place.

The *flamingo* is not a common bird at the western islands. It is very tall, but its body not large. The legs are almost two yards long, and the neck in length about a yard and a half. It wades as far as it can, and with that neck very easily takes up the fish: its bright piercing eyes behold at the bottom. The large head, neck, and body of the The flamingo. bird

bird, are white: the long feathers of the broad short wings, are black; but the covering feathers of them are a glowing scarlet, with a few intermixed of the finest green. The beak is about a foot long; strong and broad, but terminating in a point: its colour a fine blue, to a couple of inches at the end, which are a burnished black. Its three toes are linked by a membrane; and it has a small one behind, which seems more for ornament than use. The flesh of this bird is not good.

The long-tailed rabbit.

The rabbit with a long tail is larger than our common rabbit, and the fur very valuable, exceeding fine and long: the colour is a beautiful grey, with streaks of black. The tail is half a yard long, which makes it seem a very different creature from our rabbit and hare; tho it resembles them in most other respects; excepting that its ears are as long again as the hare's; and that its fur is very fine. These things excepted, it is more like the rabbit than the hare. Its flesh is white as the rabbit, but wild, and higher than the hare. These rabbits are not to be found on the other western islands, and as they are common in *Russia* and *Tartary*, I suppose they have been left at *Troda*, by some ship that was obliged to stop, or perhaps was wrecked there.

1741.  
June 24.

As

As to the inhabitants of this sweet place, The inhabitants of Troda. we found only four poor familys, who till the ground, sow seeds, gather eggs, and catch fish; and one convent of nuns of the poor clares; with two old franciscan friars. A Roman Catholic nunnery. The natives speak Irish only, which is the language of all the western islands; but the nuns talked English and French well. There were twenty of them in all, and they seemed very sensible, well-bred women. They were *Irish* and *Scotch*. They were exceedingly glad to see me and the ladys, my friends, who were with me. They invited us to their cloyster, which is a plane, convenient house, and made us lodge there the three nights we stayed on the island. They behaved with the greatest goodness and civility. They entertained us in the kindest manner, and in the best way they could, tho they knew we were hereticks.

These recluses were drest in the *plad* and *kerchief*: the white *plad*, that has a few narrow stripes of black, blue, and red. It was pleated at top, and came down almost to the ground. They tye it round their waste with a blue silk sash, and fasten it on the breast with a strap and silver buckle. The sleeves were of the same stuff, and buttoned on the wrist with silver studs. A little silver crucifix hung upon their breasts and they had on each arm an embroidered silver cross. Their



kerchiefs was of the finest linen, and hung tapering down their backs.

The superior of this house was Mrs. *Mack-Lean*, a Scotch lady, and next to her in seniority and priority were Mrs. *Mack-Duff*, Mrs. *Mack-Leod*, Mrs. *Mack-Pherfon*, Mrs. *O-Neal*, Mrs. *O-Fervill*, Mrs. *O-Congbyr*, Mrs. *O-Kelly*, Mrs. *O-Tototbill*, Mrs. *O-Hickie*, Mrs. *O-Morgbe*, Mrs. *O-Connor*, Mrs. *O-Hanlen*, Mrs. *O-Dwiny*, Miss *O-Rork*, Miss *O-Shagbenessy*, Miss *O-Callagban*, Miss *O-Molagbelin*, Miss *O-Brene*, and Miss *Ferguson*.

Very extraordinary and handsome.

Of these ladys Miss *O-Rork*, and Miss *O-Shagbenessy* were as agreeable women as I have any where seen. Miss *O-Rork* in particular, had an understanding—a behavior the most charming; and as she seemed to take a pleasure in talking to me, I asked her one day, as we sat together in the hollow of a rock, that hangs over the Atlantic Ocean, how she ever came to think of so vastly remote a solitude; and how her fine conception could swallow the gross things of popery?

The history of Miss *O-Rork*, one of the nuns in the monastery of *Treda*.

My dear Mrs. *Benlow*, the beautiful *Maud* replied, I cannot refuse you any thing you ask me, and will lay before you my case.—My father is one of the most illustrious families in Ireland, but through the revolutions of time, in that conquered kingdom, our house was brought low. This  
made

made me resolve for a cloyster, as soon as I was able to think ; and having been informed by a travelling fryar of the poor monastery on the westward island, *Troda*, I found it suited my circumstances and temper, and that in this lone, silent, solitude, I could disengage myself from all affections to a world I was not born to enjoy ; that on this remote verge of the earth, in the midst of the watry waste, I could best acquire that devotion and heavenly life ; that recollection, that easy quiet spirit, which heaven seemed to assign me for my portion in this first state. With my father's leave then I withdrew, and turned the little he could spare me, into a few books and linnen, the fee of the cloyster, and some necessaries wanting. I have been here two years, and am quite happy. All my sisters in the house are excellent women ; and as the little country affords us plenty of fish and fowl, and wild-birds eggs, the finest water, and corn for bred and mault-drink ; as the fulmar gives us oyl, and the goats supply us with milk, some butter, and candle-light, we are really happyer than strangers to us would think. Our situation is delightful. All we wish for we have.

In religion most of our hours are spent, and in laboring only to acquire the divine life, and recover the lost talents of our progenitor, we pass from satisfying object to satisfying object,

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The nun's account of her religion.

ject, and in this proper exercise of our intellectual powers, feel that real felicity which grandeur and dissipation can never give to the great in the world: Ce monde, madame, qui selon l'écriture, est entierment opposé à l'esprit de Dieu, s'opposé aussi a tous ceux qui veulent vivre selon les regles de l'evangile: ce monde, qui les corrompt par ses pernicieuse maximes, par d'inutiles affaires, de folles passions, & d'amusemens frivoles, & leur persuade que les biens, les honneurs & les plaisirs, font la felicité de la vie. Mais icy, dans cet tranquille lieu solitaire, les ames touchées du desir ardent de s'unir a dieu, s'en approchent pour etre les hosties vivantes; vont detruire au pied de l'autel toutes les imperfections qui peuvent lui deplaire, en lui sacrifiant jusqu'aux dernieres restes de leurs passions, & jusqu'aux moindres inclinations de leur amour propre; l'adorant en esprit & en verité, & observant jusqu'aux moindres circonstances de ses loix, & de la sacrifice du Jesus Christ. Voila, madame, les avantages de cet paisible solitude, & de la profession que les religieuses embrassent en cet lieu. Tranquillement nous adorent le grand Dieu, & le seigneur nous nourrira de la manne de sa parole; il nous éclairera des lumieres de sa verité; il nous rafraichira des eaux de sa grace; il nous couvrira de la nuë de sa protection; il nous fortifiera contre les

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ennemis de nôtre salut ; & enfin, d'ici il nous fera passer dans la terre promise ; dans le royaume des cieux, qui, selon l'évangile, appartient à ceux qui sont pauvres, qui sont patients, & qui sont humbles.

The piety and beauty of this discourse, and the correctness of the nun's French, gave me prodigious pleasure ; and as she thought so justly in what she had said, I told Miss *O-Rork*, that my admiration was the more increased at her being among the Roman Catholics. How could she get down a number of things I mentioned : and in particular, how could she worship the *wasfer god*, and pray to *saints* ?

The amiable *Maud* replied ; my dear Mrs. *Benlow*, I conceived an affection for you from the first hour I saw you, and I will therefore lay before you my soul. In the sanctuary of my heart, I am no more a papist than you are. I consider the things of the Roman religion as figurative and spiritual ; and you may believe me, this is the case of many within the pale of Rome ; of many great doctors ; tho the language of the church, for political reasons, is strong for the letter.

As to what you call the *wasfer-god*, it is to me only the august sacrament of the altar, and I consider it only as the appointed symbolical presence of our glorious mediator.

As

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As such I honor it, as being a sacred thing by consecration, and thereby differing from common bread ; and in it I adore the universal spirit, who resides there in a special manner, to notice what we say ; as he formerly did in the shechinah, or luminous glory in the temple. He is every where present ; but in this new instituted symbol, as I conceive, he is in his place of audience : He hears us every where ; but here more especially is ready to bless the followers of Jesus, from this visible representation of his mercy-seat, the Christ of God.—And as to saints, I think they may be invoked as advocates with the mediator, tho not as mediators with God. Jesus only is our mediator with God : but he is set at such an awful distance from the miserable worms we are ; so far above even the highest angels ; that I imagine, if saints can hear us, it must be just to request their interest with this great and glorious Being ; and if they cannot, that the humble intention of such worshipers may be acceptable. However, for myself, I am like *Montagne*, and in the chapel, and out of the chapel, I only say the *Pater-Noster*, and hail Mary full of grace. When I bow down before the *host*, I worship only the most glorious of immortal beings, the *most perfect intelligence*, whose attributes are *omnipresence* and *immensity*, and say *Our Father*.

Every

Every thing we ought to ask for is in that prayer. There is no need of any other. The rest of religious service is the most perfect, when we sing the praises of the Almighty, contemplat his perfections, thank him for his goodness, and, in the august sacrament of the altar, offer up to him the *worthyness* of *Jesus*.

This account of the nun's religion surprized me very greatly, and I told her the notions were fine and spiritual, tho I thought she took away too much from religious service, when she reduced all our prayers to *Our Father* : but, my dear Miss *O-Rork*, tho this may be the religion of a nun in this unvisited western island, yet it would not do in a Roman Catholic country. You must there confess, as *Trent* expresses it, that there is existent in the sacrament, truly, really and substantially the same body of Christ, which was born of the Virgin Mary, consisting of flesh, bones, and sinews, together with his soul and divinity : and in respect of saints; there must be a great deal more than *Hail Mary* ; or the tortures of the inquisition would bring you to a bloody doom. Beside, even in *Troda*, your sisters are far from being of your way of thinking ; I believe you dare not discover yourself even to them ; and as they worship the *Host*, and *pray to saints*, according to the directions of *Trent* ;  
your

your seeming to them to do so too, is a visible approbation of error, and a denial of truth by action before men : and therefore, if you really are, what you say you are, a friend to truth, you ought to appear among the friends, and not seem to countenance what your conscience and understanding condemns. You are sensible the *church of Rome*, as *made up* by *councils* and *fathers*, could not bear a strict examination by the rules of the gospel ; that as soon as this church possessed the unhappy privilege of a chair in the imperial city, she set up herself as a kingdom of this world ; and finding the Holy Bible would not serve her political purposes, she altered her faith, her worship, and her manners, and took the articles of popery from church authority, scholastic storys, and adulterated gospels : and of consequence to appear a member of such a church, even in this extremity of the world, is to live on the side of falshood, and deny Christ, that is, his truths, which is the meaning of denying him.

Miss O-Rork replied, that what I had sayed of the *church of Rome*, was too true ; but as to her denying Christ by seeming a member of it, this she was not yet sensible of. For if *Rome* had *her errors*, *England* had little pretence to *infallibility*. The English established notion of *three supreme agents equal*

*equal in power*, and all possible perfections, was as bad as any thing in the Romish communion; and the doctrine of the trinity worse explained by the orthodox divines of England than the catholic doctors did explain it: For, the *doctors of Rome* teach, that there is but *one numerical infinite understanding in God*, which has three distinct ways of subsisting in three divine persons: A sentiment far more satisfactory than three distinct infinite understandings in three persons; which is shocking. And therefore, since all churches have gone astray, it is as good be in one circle of mistakes as another.

Besides, as it is not the being called a protestant or a catholic, can give any one a title to salvation, but that exact rectitude of mind and life in which alone true christian perfection can consist; that self-purity, humility, benevolence and devotion to the almighty father of the universe, which were the bright criterions of the life of the holy Jesus; it follows, that an obedience to the precepts of Christ, through the course of any one's life, will prove a sound faith, and obtain the divine acceptance; tho such a member should be mistaken in respect of his nature and essence, or take no side in the controversy relating to the designed extent of his death, or the decrees of God concerning particular persons. This must and will be the



the case, if God is a perfect Being, which he is known and allowed to be. Christianity is not an arbitrary institution. Where the true end and purpose of the gospel is answered, salvation is secure, whether we be members of the church of Rome, of England, or Geneva. And the true end is answered, when, in obedience to the call of Christ, we repent and turn to God, and make our reasoning faculty the director to and guide both of our judgment and practice. We may be assured, that when the scene of action is over, as to this life, we shall be greatly rewarded in another, if we have employed our power and abilities in promoting the general happiness, and have been as virtuous and useful as possible in this first state of imperfection.

All this was undeniable. But I observed, that very few within the Romish communion made use of such fair means of obtaining the divine favor; and that, in the nature of things, it was, for the generality of people, impossible; because popery, in its constitution, was a great corruption, and the people were brought by the doctors of the Latin church to false grounds of obtaining God's mercy. Therefore the salvation of Roman Catholics is exceeding hazardous. Such as determine their judgments and practices by the laws of this church, the decrees of her councils, and the teachings of pontificalian

tifician theologers, can have but a bad title to the kingdom of heaven, according to the gospel. The gospel is the religion of eternal and unalterable reason. Popery is a compound of falsehoods and nonsense, and persecution, of pretended miracles, extasies, and inspirations. It is an erroneous and despicable religion: and tho she did not go into its sentiments and doctrines, yet to continue of that church a public member, is a thing defenceless and culpable. It is denying before men the truth as it is in Jesus. And has not the great minister of God declared, that such he will deny before his Father? Come out of *Rome* then, Miss *O-Rork*, I sayed, and appear on the side of protestants. You shall be my friend, and I will be yours. You shall be welcome to me, and my house, while I live; and if I am called away first, you shall find in my will a comfortable provision. In short, I reasoned the nun into the proposal, and when we left *Troda*, we brought Miss *O-Rork* away with us.

There was another very extraordinary young lady in the cloyster of *Troda*, who deserves to be mentioned particularly. This was Miss *O-Brene* of Ireland; an exceeding pretty woman, and a thorow mystic. She had visions frequently, and conversed often with the Virgin Mary. She fell into extacys every day, and they left a joy and

An account of Miss O-Brene, a beautiful visionary, in the nunnery at Troda.

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sweetness, what the Mystics call *les ravissements*, on her countenance. She seemed in strange transports at mass, and as she fantasied, saw *our lady*, and felt what was heavenly.

In one of the sober hours of this young nun, I discoursed her upon the subject, and told her that, in my opinion, the whole of her affair was the product of constitution, and a powerful imagination: that reason is the appointed *recognizer* within us, and must be the *canon*, the *corrector*, the *standard universal* for rational beings; but reason tells us, the Deity can produce no prodigys to support the worship of the Virgin, and thereby corrupt that pure religion, which the savior of the world promulgated, and by miracles confirmed: that this pure religion, as delineated in the *sacred Testament*, teacheth only the *worship of Jehovah*, through *one mediator*; and a proper, moral perfection of spirit: therefore, extacys, and such like operations, are disregarded by the calm and temperat, the wise and good. They only value that sublime pleasure which arises from reflecting on what is fair, what is laudable and honest, and which flows to a mind from a consciousness of its own rectitude.

When I had done, the beautiful *visionary* looked earnestly at me for some moments, and then answered, with tears in her eyes, in the following manner: Alas! dear madam,

dam, I fear you are not only an alien to the holy Roman catholic religion, but too much inclined to the prevailing infidelity of this unhappy age. We must allow, to be sure, that an exact rectitude of mind and life is one of the noblest performances of christianity; but it is far from being the whole of the christian religion: Reason must prostrate itself before the mysteries, and never dare to examine, because it implies a suspension of conviction: the application of the test of reason to religion, must be a series of repugnancies through the mysteries of the gospel, because the gospel is a representation of his will, who thinketh not as man thinketh; and therefore, for their being absurdities, because they cannot be scanned by the inadequate scale of reason, the true christian is firmly persuaded of the truth of them. The wisdom of man is foolishness with God and his servants. Divine faith shines forth in breasts unadvantaged with human acquirements. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

Then as to visions and revelations, continued this charming votary, tho the protestants can have no such things among them, yet the catholic church never wants them, and they are known to be genuine, truly heavenly and real, by what St. *Bonaventure*

calls *illumination experimentale*, and the *fa-veur intime*.

And as to the queen of heaven, since the holy virgin was impeccable by grace, was marked with the seal of the divine perfections of Jesus, and must have in proportion what was given to Christ in plenitude; since Mary was exalted to that vast degree of sanctity which the grace of the mother of God requires, and is now seated on a most resplendent throne of glory in heaven, invested with the immense attributes of the maternity, and with all the perfections so copiously by providence dispersed amongst creatures here beneath, the stars in the firmament, and the angels in glory, it follows of consequence, that it is so far from being a corruption to address ourselves to her as our queen, supreme governess, liege lady, and advocate, that it is her inherent right, to be the admiration of angels, and to receive the adoration of men; and therefore we may well expect revelations and visions for securing her worship, and advancing her glory. To this purpose the church hath apparitions, extacys and visions. We are assured thereby, that every gift bestowed upon us by Jesus, is obtained by the power and mediation of Mary.

This speech was finely fanfied. I embraced the young charming visionary, and  
assured

assured her, that I was no enemy to Revelation. But if religion has not a foundation in the nature of things, as immutable as the truths have, which even the divine mind cannot be conceived to alter, then I knew not what to make of it. I could not distinguish truth from human report or fancy. I could not tell what divine authorities are real, and what are pretended. I might swallow the wild extravagancies of superstition or enthusiasm for the religion of heaven, if I might not try the holy propositions by the test of reason.

And as to infidelity, that I worshiped almighty God through our mediator, Christ Jesus; whom I believed to be the only infallible man, a man approved of God among you, by miracles, and wonders, and signs, as we read in the Acts, ii. 3. I believe he was filled with wisdom, because St. Luke says so, ii. 40. And that he is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, since it is so affirmed in the first epistle to the Corinthians, i. 24.—In a word, I expect to be saved *through Jesus*, not pretending to believe unintelligible and contradictory propositions, but by imitating, to the utmost of my power, his spotless virtue and perfect obedience.

As to the queen of heaven, that there was not in the Bible one syllable of the account she had given me of her; not the least particular

ticular relating to any veneration due from us to her, as our advocate and liege-lady ; no injunction for any kind of worship being given her ; but, so far as I could see, commands to the contrary : For which reason, every thing in the religion of the church of Rome concerning her, was what the Holy Ghost did not require from us. If it was proper, the holy spirit would have inserted it.

To this the ingenious and learned recluse replied in defence of mysteries, and attempted to shew the reasons why Mary and her dignity were not taken notice of in the scriptures, nor presently delivered in the time of the apostles, yet were reveled by God to the later ages. She attempted to prove from St. Gertrude, the royal maid, St. Bridgid, and a great number of modern saints ; from Bozcius and Theodoret, and the bulls of canonization, from general councils, and the canon law, and the legends in the Roman Breviary, that miracles and revelations were not ceased in the church, but that they still had, as St. Bonaventure says, *des visions divines & des revelations privées, & quelles doivent durer jusqu'à la fin des siècles*, and that they would continue among the faithful, till time shall be no more. She concluded with advising me to renounce, hate, and annihilate myself and my reason ; to sacrifice all that was with-  
in

in me to the empire of divine love, and to think of nothing, regard nothing, but *inward abnegations* and *abandonings*. It was to no purpose to reply, and our conversation here ended, after I had returned her thanks for her advice; which was very good, I confessed, in respect of divine love, abnegations and abandonings. And as I am satisfied the cast of this lady's heart is that of piety itself; and her intentions towards me were generous and noble, tho she looked upon me as an infidel, I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to her, as I hear she is still living. But at the same time, in regard to truth, I must declare that, though I honour and esteem this catholic lady for her goodness, and admire her genius, yet her discourses were so far from answering her purpose, that they removed me farther than I was before from a regard to mysteries, and gave me a higher value for human reason. I saw in her notions, that by flying from the human understanding, and prostrating common sense before what is unintelligible, we drop into a religion dark and deplorable, dreams, nonsense, and fantastic vision; and that the sole of the foot can only be rested on that christianity, which is older than the creation. What reason cannot comprehend, does not concern rational creatures.



1741. The 28th of June we unfastened our ship  
 June 27. again, and with a fair gale of wind, sailed north-west, round the island of *Lewis*, and then stretching due west, we ran twenty leagues beyond the little *Flaman Islands*, called the North-hunters, and came to a vast rock, like the *Bass-Island*, within the Forth, in Elginshire. As the sun was setting, and the sea smooth as a mill-pond, and there was a creek into which our vessel might safely put, it was resolved to go in there, and as we had no wind, pass the night on that spot. We immediately landed, and the tents were struck up.

A vast rock in the Atlantic ocean, like the Bass-island in the Forth,

This rock is an exact square, more than a quarter of a mile every way, and its superficies is one deep valley, which secures it from the surf and storms, and makes it able to produce the finest shrubs, and flowers of a thousand kinds. It smelt like a spice island; and as one fountain bursts from the middle of it, and wanders many ways, till it falls into a swallow, and disappears, it looks so very odd and beautiful, that we could not help wishing for an easier way to it, and it should be visited every year. It is a charming little retreat in the midst of the vast watery waste. When the south-wind rages, and the Atlantic roars, and falls in mountains round it, in that soft valley, one may live quite snug, and sleep secure.

We

We thought at first, that it had no inhabitant but the *fulmar*, which sat in flocks on the cliffs, but had not been long on land, before we discovered one of the human race. One solitary is lord of this isle, and tho quite alone in this amazing place, is as happy a mortal, I believe, as we could find within this lower hemisphere. I will give my reader the history of this wonderful man, when I have described his surprising, charming cave.

At the eastern extremity of this vast rock, which is covered with the finest earth, for many feet deep, there is within the rising side of the valley a suit of rooms, the walls of which, and the arched roofs, are crusted over with the most beautiful hexangular crystals, that are tinged with various colors of the gems. The first apartment you enter is fourteen feet by fourteen feet; and at the farthest end of it you pass through an arched entrance into another chamber that is nine feet by twelve; and on either side of this, is a room eight feet by eight. The hand of nature has formed large alcoves in the first and second chambers; and in those separated places in the outward room, the solitary had his books, some mathematical instruments, and a pair of globes. His bed was in an alcove in the second room. There did he lye fast asleep, when we walked into the first  
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Descrip-  
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the Atlan-  
tic ocean.

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apartment ; nor did he awake for a considerable time, while we were admiring the natural wonders of the place, and looking at his books, and some artificial curiosities that were on the walls of the chamber. From the center of the arch, there hung a large silver lamp, figured as the ancients had them in an animal form, and it had three strong burning lights in it, which displayed the lustre of the apartment, and enabled us to see the curious things in the room. Over a fire-place, which art had made, there was a gun and case of pistols of admirable workmanship ; and a scymitar, extremely rich in its handle. A gold repeating watch, with a woman's chain, and a silver watch, hung under the arms : and between the watches was a little picture of a woman in a curious gold frame. The face was astonishingly fine. There was an admirable marble bust of the same face on a round writing table that stood under the lamp ; and by the side of it a gold box, on which were these words—*The heart of Belvidera* — Many Indian curiosities were hanging on the other side of the chamber, and among them, a *talisman*, in which were several precious stones.

The appearance of the hermit of the rock.

These things surprized us very greatly, and we began to wish for a sight of the owner of them, when, to our admiration, we saw one of the handsomest men in the world, for his years,

years, come from the dark entry I have mentioned, and with the genteelest deportment, welcome us to the *solitude*, as he called the rock he lives on. Such a visit from the fair (he sayed) was what he never expected from unfriendly fortune, and he would now excuse her many of the untoward things she had done him, since she felicitated his last days in so delightful a manner. You are thrice welcome, ladys, to the hermit of the rock. He then turned to the gentlemen, who were with us, and after he had saluted them in the kindest manner, made us all sit down on stools, that were placed round his charming room. His dress was like a Turk, and on his head he had a small turban of blue silk, wrapped round the cap.

After we were all seated, he went to his store-house, and in a few minutes brought out a clean, fine cloth, two prodigious lobsters he had taken that afternoon, some extremely good pickled salmon, quite high in spices, delicat white sea-biskets, a flask of oyl, a decanter of fresh water, two bottles of Madeira, vinegar, salt and pepper. He placed them all on the table, with china-plates, and handsome knives and forks. He then requested us to approach, and participat of the best supper his rock afforded: But before he touched any thing on the table, he pulled off his turban, and lifting up his hands sayed,  
Give

The entertainment  
the Solitary  
gave us.

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*Give us this day our daily bread.* He then helped us in the most plentiful manner to his meat and drink, and shewed a politeness and goodness, a chearfulness and an understanding, that we little expected to find on the amazing spot. He talked as one that had been well acquainted with men and things, and books, and that had always delighted in doing good. He spoke many serious pleasantrys, and with humour was pleased to make me an offer of his kingdom. I should reign with him, and be the *queen of solitude*. When supper was ended, he again took off his turban, and standing up, with lifted hands he sayed — *Hallowed be thy name*. Then filling the glasses bumper high, he made us drink *Great George the Second*, and that the august house of Hanover may ever flourish, for the defence of the reformation, and the downfal of popery. And now, ladys, (the solitary continued) to make my entertainment as agreeable as I am able, I will give you my strange story. I see in your faces a desire to hear it. I know you are amazed at every thing you have seen. You wonder who I am, how I came to this solitude, and how I continue to live so well in it. Here begins then the history of *Alvarez the Solitary*.

My name, ladys, is *Alvarez Duroure*. I am the son of a priest, the grandson of a priest,

priest,

priest, the great-grandson of a priest, and I was once a priest myself, for some years of my life. My father made me a *parson*, and to add importance to the indelible character, not only purchased for me a rich living, but left me a hundred thousand pounds, when he descended to the grave. For two years after, I was as orthodox an apostle as you can find in any of the cathedrals, and in a clamorous manner, for many a Sunday morning, did my best to confirm the people in the religion of St. Athanasius, with all the train of *absurditys* in reason, and the *impietys* in *worship* attending it. Instead of preaching honesty and charity, a holy severity, and sacred purity, and telling the flock, that they must ask of the *Father*, as the *Son* directs, my sermons were a defence of the mysterys; and my conclusion evermore, there is *one in three*, and *three in one*, of *equal majesty, power, and glory*.

But at the end of the time mentioned, it happened, that by accident, I was confined to a place where I had nothing to read but the learned men on the other side of the question, and by their divine writings was convinced, that I had been a senseless fellow, and a great sinner, for defending the creed of the bishop of Alexandria. I saw, ladys, in the glorious works of the unitarian authors, that the thing called the *theology* of *Athanasius* is inconsistent with common sense, and with

The history  
of Alvarez  
the Solita-  
ry.

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with the doctrines of our holy religion ; that it is against the light of nature and revelation, and had not a text or testimony for it, that was *authoritative* and *cogent* : that the *sacred letters* were *plane*, *clear*, and *strong*, for the *supreme divinity* of the *Father*, and affirmed *Christ* to be the *first Being God created*.

And now, ladys, being sensible, that I had been imposed on by church-leaders and commentators, and that I could not, with a safe conscience, continue longer on the side of those people, who had the general light of nature and common sense, and the voice of *Jesus Christ* against them, I determined to comply with the plane demands of conscience, and sincerity, and become a *theist*, as I must answer it to our common Lord another day, when political, prudential, and temporal regards will not be admitted as plea. For this reason I sold my living immediately, and then tore off my canonicals. I put myself into a military dress, and went to travel. I visited all the courts of Europe, even the Pope's and the Grand Seignior's. From Constantinople I passed to the east, and from thence journeyed to the center of Afric, to see Prester John. This rout took up seven years, and cost many thousand pounds. I was twenty-seven years old when I left England.

land, and in the last month of thirty-four, when I arrived at Marseilles in the south of France. All this time I had no thought of marrying. On the contrary, I had resolved against the matrimonial state, and determined to live as *St. Paul* advised me, that is without a wife.

But beauty is stronger than man. Les graces sont eloquentes, & les charmes tous puissans que le ciel a placés dans vos yeux & dans votre bouche. I became acquainted with a French lady, in my way to Paris, who equaled the delicacy of the Medicean Venus in every charm of body; and so far as any mortal can reach the greatness of the perfect moral character, was without weakness and imperfection. All that is just in society, or lovely in our system, whatever is decent in company, or beautiful in arts, *Belvidera Dellon* was mistress of. She had learned from philosophy the order of nature; from breeding, the order of human life; and upon every useful, every agreeable subject, she talked so perspicuously, and beautifully, that it was the most delightful entertainment to hear her. She was likewise of my own religion, a *pure theist*, and in agreement with the voice of natural, the patriarchal, the Jewish, and the original christian religion, worshiped only *one eternal Being*, the *one eternal God*, the *Father of our Lord Jesus Christ*. The decrees

Mifs Dellon's character.



*crees of councils, the dreams of Fathers, the inventions of schoolmen, mystery, vision, and obscurity, Miss Dellon despised, and in justice to the omnipotent Being, believed that he speaks candidly and intelligibly to his creatures ; that his chosen servant, the holy Jesus, statuted and enforced the lost religion of nature, and taught mankind to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil ; to be the excellent of the earth, and followers of them, who thro faith and patience inherit the promises ; but never had it in his intention, to produce swarms of ecclesiastics by a gospel, and put it in the power of turbulent spirits, to oppress and distract us with voluminous and contradictory ravings and declamations. Such were the perfections of Belvidera Dellon. I mention her religion to you, ladys, because I think it will be your interest to imitat her in that particular, if you now are what I suppose, of the *orthodox faith* : a faith that is neither *rational* nor *scriptural* ; but the reverse of genuine christianity : a *sacerdotal speculation*, that was unknown in the primitive state of the gospel, and like a worm in the bud, preys on the perfection of the christian settlement. Be *theists*, ladys. Govern your belief and your lives, like Miss Dellon, by the original standards of christianity, and worship the *Father* of the universe alone, as the *disciples, subjects,**

*jects and dependants of his Christ*, if you desire to come off with honor at the divine tribunal.

But as to *Belvidera* ; to this fine creature I made my addressee, in a short time succeeded, and a place was appointed for the ceremony. But before the day came, I was obliged to leave her for a week, and on business stay about thirty leagues from her. One *Raumur*, who was passionately in love with her, in the mean time, carried her off, and the better to secure her to himself, hired some ruffians to assassinate me. They left me for dead in a wood, as I was returning to my charmer, and it was more than three months from that misfortune, before I was able to stir abroad, tho the gentleman who found me in that deplorable condition, had the ablest surgeons in France to attend me. I was stabbed in several places, and had six balls in my body.

At last however I took my leave of my generous benefactor, and set out in search of Miss *Dellon*. For a year I travelled over the country; and made all possible enquiry for my heart's fond idol: but the only information I could receive was, that *Raumur* had been killed by a friend of mine in a duel; who had heard of the transaction, and by accident had met the villain: that as to *Belvidera*, no one could tell what was become

of her ; but all supposed she had perished by Raumur's severe usage. This gave me inexpressible torment. I fell into a deep melancholy, and had I not been invited by a friend to his country-house, within a few miles of Avignon, where there was good company, and many rural diversions, I should have been gathered to my forefathers many years ago. This put a stop to my consumption, and saved me from death, tho it could not make me forget Miss *Dellon*. With tenderness I reflected on her dear image. I could not help sighing sometimes for the amiable *Bekvidera*.

At this place, six months of my life passed away, and during that time I frequently diverted myself, when my friend was obliged to be from home, by walking some miles up the banks of the Sorgue, with a gun in my hand, to shoot the game with which that fine country abounds. In pursuit of pleasure, I chanced one day to go much farther than I was wont, and as the scenes became more charming and romantic as I wandered on, had gone near twenty miles before I thought of a return. I came at last to an antient wood, and as the paths cut through it were very fine, I sauntered on till I arrived at a small mansion, that was beautiful as art and nature united

united could render it. It stood in the center of the forest, and all the charms of wood and water were displayed round it. Thousands of the sweetest birds were in melody on the trees. The softest zephyrs fanned the leaves: and such a delightful calm universally reigned, as filled my soul with strange pleasure.

Here I stood for some time, in a deep reverie, on the outside of a fossée of running water, which surrounds the house and gardens, and was thinking, that some happy pair perhaps were the owners of this enchanting retreat, and lived in that high felicity, my *Belvidera* and I should have enjoyed in such another solitude, if adverse fortune had not separated us for ever. This sat powerfully on my spirits, and by the weight of perplexity, I sunk down on one of the seats that were placed round the mote for rest. There was scarce a remaining sign of life in me. I was as one of the dead.

Being found in this condition by some of the servants of the house, they had orders to bring me in, and do every possible thing for my recovery. Nothing that could be thought of was left undone, and at last I opened my eyes, to behold Miss *Dellon*. In a blaze of charms, she was weeping on my breast, and calling *Alvarez*.

What followed, ladys, it is impossible for

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words to describe. There is not a power in language to paint the transporting passions we sensed on the occasion. To have my *Belvidera* in my arms, whom I imagined in the grave, and to recover her in so strange and unexpected a way; this doubled the prodigious bliss, and rendered it almost too much for human condition. Miss *Dellon* gave me the history of her sorrows from the time we parted, which was near two years, and the conclusion of it was, that when she was delivered from the curst *Raumur*, upon his being killed by my friend, and was informed how I had been murdered by that villain's directions, she determined to retire with a female friend to the seat I found her at, which came to her by the death of a relation, and in regard to my memory, pass her remaining life in solitude. She bid adieu to the world for ever. She vowed never more to go into it.

To conclude, ladys, a neighbouring priest was immediately sent for, and before we sat down to supper we were married. That heavenly union made us happier mortals than former times have seen, or posterity will know. We lived for ten years in that green retreat, in the most perfect, unmixed affection, and had such a continued desire to please each other, contrary to all the married people I have seen, that we connected a reciprocal

ciprocal deference and condescension with our love, and made them perpetual fuel to the tender fire. We had one heart, one will, one soul. Matrimony and nature could not require more of mortals than we were.

But see the end of the brightest mortal scene. Death came between us when least we dreamed of him, and snatched *Belvidera* from my arms. He hurried her to the realm of night, and I was left most dismally alone. The sad misfortune affected my senses for some time, and till the corps was forced from me, I would sit the day and night, like melancholy itself, speechless, motionless, gazing at it, and only start sometimes, to call out in a frantic way, *Belvidera awake*.

And now the beautys of my country seat were all withered in a moment. Its charms to me seemed horrors. I could not even bear being in France : but with my *Belvidera's heart* in this gold box you see upon the table, according to her own last request to take it with me where-ever I went, and keep it in my chamber while I lived, I took my leave of that fine port of the world for ever, and went to Holland to dispose of what money I had in the funds of that country ; purposing to live in that free, friendly land, and purchase some pretty country-house in the neighbourhood of the Hague ; that I might enjoy retirement, or be able to chuse

*The HISTORY of*

the best company upon earth, as my mind was inclined to either. But there, by my weakness in the disposition of my affairs, and the wickedness of men I had to deal with, I lost in a few months time above fifty thousand pounds; and as *Alvarez* had not many hundreds remaining, but a couple of thousand pounds; he thought of this fine rock, on which he had been many times, and determined to make it as habitable as he could; to bring every necessary of life there, and in that wild, lone retreat, prepare for his latter end; having fully seen and known the world; and no longer being fit to be an actor in it.

All the obstacle in the way of this project, Mr. *Durour* continued, was some occasional Assistance from the brethren of my race, and fresh things I might want now and then; and to make this bear, I agreed with a sensible man of one of those islands to call upon me sometimes, and bring or send me by his boat the particulars I required; but not to mention me to any one, lest the people of the isles should come to visit me as a sight. This man hath acted very prudently and punctually ever since; and by his assistance, and the large quantity of every thing I brought with me to the rock, I am enabled to appear and live in the manner you see. In the latter end of my forty seventh year, I  
settled

settled in this place, and have been here almost four years. In constitution, I am as young and strong as ever, and have only a heavy hour now and then, when I think of the unutterable happiness I enjoyed with my *Bekvidera*. My time is spent in reading, fishing, shooting, and prayer. When the water is fine, I put out to sea in my *nevoqe*, that is, a little boat of wattles covered with a horse-hide, which is swiftly rowed with two paddles, and cannot easily be wrecked on the rocks: the seasoned hide bears many a thump that would break a man of war, and if it cracks, we stop the leak with wool. In this kind of bark I frequently go several leagues: I could land on any of the isles with it: and I generally return to my rock with fowl and fish sufficient for twenty men. I gather drift wood enough in the summer for my winter firing, but nevertheless take in some turf in the season. So that every thing considered, I am very far from being miserable in this absolute solitude, and find more true pleasure in being thus alone, than I am sure I could have, if I were to hum among the swarm.

But I must observe to you, ladys, that my present felicity is principally owing to that folio N<sup>o</sup>. I. in my alcove. It is the *Bible*; and were I to live a thousand years upon this rock, it would afford me a noble and delightful entertainment. It is a never-failing



fund of the most sublime satisfactions to all who are desirous of worshipping God, and forming their religious notions, according to the instructions of divine wisdom ; and not by decrees of erring mortals, who have corrupted the christian religion with three supreme conscious spirits, and a number of other shocking impietys. In the *Bible*, ladys, there are no mysterys to stare at, and perplex the human race ; no ground for doctors to erect their tyranny, and babel-fabricks on : but we are ordered there to *pray to God the Father in the spirit of Christ's doctrine*, and to take care to walk continually as in the divine presence : that tremendous presence, before which the smallest actions, and most secret performances cannot go unnoticed. The rules and discoverys in this most sacred volume give us peace in this first station ; and by the law of grace, so excellently accommodated to our state of infirmity, and guilt, we are assured of life and immortality, in some better sphere of existence. Let the *Bible* then be your principal study, and by observing its heavenly precepts, tho now we part, we shall meet again in the boundless realms of glory. There I shall find my *Belvidera. Alleluiah.*

Here the *Solitary* ended, and we thanked him for his story. We could not enough admire the goodness of the man, the amiable

Miss

Miss *Dellon*, and especially his laudable zeal for the *Bible*, and *original christianity*. We retired full of the relation, to our tents, and as the night was quite calm, were lulled into the soundest sleep by the charming murmur of the ocean on the cliffs. Next day we did intend to depart, but such a tempest arose, as made us thankful we were on the rock. The storm we had been in was almost a trifle to this, and in safety I had the pleasure of beholding the most tremendous, grand watry scene all powerful nature could produce. The whole Atlantic was in mountains that reached to the clouds, and broke in such wild uproar, and with such mighty thunders in its dreadful fall upon the rock we stood on, that I could not enough adore that amazing power of the Deity, which rendered the little spot superior in strength to the astonishing exertions of his Almighty arm on the vast deep. The tempest lasted twenty four hours ; and as our ship was quite secured in the creek, we lived very contentedly with Mr. *Durour* in his charming cave, and passed the hours away in music and festivity. The whole was fine. And if I had been told of such realities, I would with pleasure have gone from Cheviot-hills to see only this rock, this Solitary, and this storm from so safe a place.

The

June 30.

1741.

Our departure from the rock called Solitude to Lewis.

The 30th day of June, we took our leave of the *Solitary*, and sailed as the sun was rising, to the northern extremity of the *Long Island*, called *Lewis*, to see an acquaintance of one of the gentlemen on board with us; who had made him promise to call upon him, if ever fortune brought my friend that way; and as we had passed by it, from *Tro-da* to the *Solitude*, this promise was intirely forgot. So back we ran again with a pleasing gale, from west to east, and as the day was vastly fine, we spent it under our awning. In music and fishing we passed the hours delightfully away, and at night sat down to cod and salmon, and several other kinds we had taken. But we had like to have payed dear for our fish, by the means of a formidable creature the hands drew up, and let fall very near us.

An account of a sea-wolf.

This was a *wolf-fish*, or *sea-wolf*. It was six feet long, four feet thick, and had a vast flat head, which opened in a tremendous manner. The distended mouth was wide enough to take in a child, and its teeth sufficient to break any bones in an instant. It had not only double rows of strong frightful tusks in its jaws, but its palate, and part of its throat was full of those great teeth. Each eye was as big as my hand, prominent, and fierce in the look, beyond all the creatures in the world. Its strength and activity prodigious,

glous, and where-ever its jaws fasten, destruction ensues in a moment. It is a dreadful figure. I was sure my head was gone, as I happened to be the nearest to it. It was too much for the sailors, and they cried out to us, run away, run away, we cannot manage it. But this was not in our power, and if Mr. *Scarlet*, our captain, had not by a fortunate blow of a hatchet split its head, as it advanced, I must have perished, and very probably several more of the company; as its head and jaws were intirely at liberty, and the great hook or harpoon in its side only, with a rope about its middle. We had a great deliverance. Even when it lay dead, it was shocking: but its body was beautifully variegated with the finest colours.

The first of July, at seven in the evening, we landed on *Lewis*, at the north-east point, where there is a little convenient bay, and from thence we walked through a pleasant country to the next village, where we found a very tolerable public-house for the use of voyagers. They had good mutton, good bread, and ale that was extraordinary. Here we passed the night, and had the following account of the island.

Arrival at  
*Lewis*.  
1741.  
July 1.

*Lewis*, as separated from *Harries*, by a loch, is forty miles from north to south, and its greatest breadth fourteen: but in some places,

A description  
of  
*Lewis*.

places, it is only three and four miles broad. The land is meadow, arable and pasture, with some mountains and bog, and produces as good corn and turf as any part of the world. They have sheep and cows, and rabbits, hares, and deer in great plenty. There are rivers of the finest water, and by the great plenty of sea-fowl, and fish taken in the lochs, and on the coasts, could provide for many thousands more than inhabit this land. The air was, as we found it, refreshing and fine in the summer-time, and in winter moist and cold; which they corrected with good fires, and a plentiful glass of *whisky*. Whisky is a malt spirit, which they make of various degrees of strength, and when a company sits over it, they burn it a little, and put a small lump of salt butter into it as it flames. We had some of it served up to us in this manner; and tho it seemed to me very odd drink, yet I cannot say it was bad; and in the winter there, it must be comfortable enough.

*Lewis* is at present a very different place from what it was in Mr. *Martin's* time, that is, the latter end of the seventeenth century, when he published his description of the western islands: a description very valuable, in respect of its being the first, and the only account we had of those countrys; but otherwise, as to full and accurate description,

scription, a very poor and imperfect piece. I was only on four or five of those islands, and I am sure, even the natural history of those few, and all the curiosities and wonders belonging to them, would make several volumes of the size of Martin's book. Were I to print all I observed in *Lewis* it would make many sheets; but this is not within my design. Some of the most extraordinary particulars, and especially in the moral way, are the things I relate. 1741. July 1,

The inhabitants of *Lewis* are reckoned to be 2000 souls, and are a tall, strong, handsome people; not all red-haired, as Mr. *Martin* says of the people on it in his time; for I saw several with black hair and eyes. The natives are extremely sprightly and sensible. They have a surprising understanding for such poor people. They are likewise courteous and generous to a wonderful degree. Many of them are bards, that is, natural Irish poets, and compose extempore the prettiest songs relating to the heroes of former times, who lived in those isles; and to the bravery of the present race in climbing rocks for eggs, and such like feats; and their own chaste amours. They sing those songs extremely well, and many of them play on the fiddle by the ear. They have not the least notion of art in music, but some of them per-

perform in a very wonderful way. I believe they had never heard any one that played by notes till I came among them, and they were so transported with such music as I could make on the fiddle, that they seemed as it were distracted with ravishments. My croma had the power of magic on the minds of these poor, musical people.

In religion the natives (and the inhabitants of *Harries*) are all protestants: not one papist is there among them: blessed country! And as every village is a parish, and they have some worthy, pious ministers of the church of Scotland to instruct them, and perform the divine offices, they really have very excellent notions of piety and virtue. And to the everlasting honor of the three or four clergymen that were settled among them, I must farther declare, that the poor islanders never heard of the creed of Athanasius. Those worthy ministers, and to be sure, their predecessors have only preached *God the Father Almighty, his son Jesus*, and the *grace of the holy spirit*, to comfort and aid the just and pious. No impious monk has poisoned that simple region with the horrors of *tritbeism*. Strangers to the dreadful doctrine of *Waterland*, and all the shocking defences of a *triple Deity*, they worship the *great Father of mankind* only through Jesus, and indicat that plane conduct

duſt which the goſpel requires, by keeping the commandments, and acting up to the dignity of human nature. Theft, ſwearing, lying, and the crimes known among other chriſtians, are not to be found among theſe happy mortals: An uniform practice of virtue and benevolence, with the worſhip of the Father, finiſhes the character of this ſimple people.

The 2d day of July, early in the morning, we rid to a place called the chace of *Oſervaul*, to ſee Mr. *Bannerman*, my friend's acquaintance, and had a moſt generous reception. This gentleman exempliſys the moſt amiable and commanding character, and paſſes the greateſt part of his ſtudious life in this diſtant retirement. Like the philoſophical *Marius* \*, he chuſes obſcurity, tho one of the moſt accompliſhed among his contemporaries, and deprives the public of the moſt valuable abilities. He not only holds in juſt contempt, what the generality of the world ſo abſurdly admire, but, through a wrong ſelf-diſſidence, and paſſion for retreat, will not appear to the honor and benefit of mankind. *Oſervaul* is his delight. From this fine ſolitude, he looks down upon the world, with reflections, I ſuppoſe, like thoſe the poet has imaged in the following charming lines.

\* Mrs. Benlow means Marcus Marius, mentioned in the 2d book of Cicero, ad familiares.



Here, on a single plank, thrown safe on shore,  
 He hears the tumult of the distant throng,  
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms,  
 And meditates on scenes more silent still.  
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,  
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
 Eager ambition's fiery course he sees :  
 He sees the circling hunt of noisy men,  
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
 Pursuing and pursu'd, each other's prey ;  
 As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles :  
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

An account  
 of a M. S.  
 in defence  
 of original  
 christianity,  
 written  
 by Mr.  
 Bannerman  
 of Lewis.

This gentleman told me he was once in his life as zealous an Athanasian as the world can produce, and had been instructed in religion by no less a man than that zealot of zealots for tritheism, Dr. *Trapp*; but he had changed his opinion, upon better consideration, and since he retired from the world, was engaged in writing a piece he would order to be published after his death. The title was—*A defence of the faith expressed by the Holy Ghost ; or, A plea for the doctrine of Christ and his apostles, concerning the divine unity, and Jesus the Mediator ; containing an essay towards a demonstration of one God Almighty, and one only begotten Jesus ; and, a confutation of that apostacy, which denies the supremacy of the Father, and asserts the supreme divinity of the Son.* He intended it should make one volume in 4to. He sayed farther, that he designed to bestow the best  
 part

part of his remaining life in finishing it. During a few days that we stayed at this gentleman's house, I had the liberty of reading the M. S. and I think, if ever it does appear, it will be of great service to the christian world. The preface which I copied, I here set down as a curious *western* thing.

The *apostles* of our Lord *Jesus Christ* re-  
 present it as a notion common to all men,  
 and more especially received by all christians,  
 that there is but *one God*, one spirit possessed  
 of all possible perfections, *self-existent*, *un-*  
*originate*, the *first cause of the universe*, and  
 the *universal, supreme governor*; whose do-  
 minion must be as extensive as that existence  
 he communicates to his creatures; that  
 through the care and beneficence of this uni-  
 versal Father, the *Son of God*, the *Messiah*,  
 in the fulness of time, was sent to declare  
 the truth and grace of God more clearly and  
 expressly to the world, to exhibit a pattern  
 of the most perfect obedience, and by com-  
 mission given him for his *worthyness*, to raise  
 all mankind from the dead, and fix the vir-  
 tuous and holy in the glorious realms of ever-  
 lasting bliss. This was the christianity of  
 the apostles. Acknowledge the truth of the  
 doctrine and mission of *Jesus*, and profess  
 subjection to his law, and there is a general  
 indemnity: You are intitled to all the pri-  
 M vileges,

Mr. Ban-  
 nerman's  
 preface.

privileges, blessings and promises of his church and kingdom.

But this heavenly religion was soon corrupted. The *doctors* came on from councils and universities, and with a learning misapplied by prejudices and prepossessions, darkened the clear light of the sacred letters. They divided the church into fighting sects and factions, by texts and terms, and modes, and notions. They decayed the use of reason in religion, and they preached and writ, to make the incredibility of a doctrine the very ground of believing it.

They no longer told the people, that *the Father only is God*, and the Father and Son are one only, as christians are one with Christ, and one with another, that is, by an union of affection, agreement and design; — but *proper Godhead* belongs to three persons; and the word *God* does sometimes signify *all the three*; sometimes, *any of the three* indefinitely; and sometimes, one particular person.

In defence then of original christianity I write, and purpose to prove the proposition of the prophet *Daniel*, in which he asserts the *derived dominion* of the *Son*. — “ I saw one like the *Son of Man* come with the clouds of heaven, and come to the antient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him *dominion and glory,*  
and

and a *kingdom*, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him."

This *derived dominion* I shall prove from Christ's own words; and from the Acts and Epistles of his apostles, render it extremely evident, that the Father is *superior* to the Son, and the Son *subordinat* to the Father.

It is indeed a most amazing thing, that the *doctors* should unite their wonderful devices of human art and wit, and employ their persuasive words of eloquence, to subvert and abolish this great and comfortable article of our religion, and substitute in its room such a doctrine of a trinity as is utterly repugnant not only to the nature and reason of things, but to the plain repeated declarations of God in the revealed writings. This continued labor of our *ecclesiastics* is so very astonishing a thing to an impartial and attentive person, who considers the truth and the grace of God as it appears to mankind in the gospel, that I know not how to account for the writings of the *Athanasian doctors*, but by attributing the deplorable change to *internal corruption*. That corruption brought in a *strange counterfeit religion* in the place of a *revelation from heaven*, and changed the *celestial christianity* of our Lord to a most detestable form of tyranny, and a system of the most shocking absurdities. That divine scheme of the most perfect reason, spotless

virtue, and the greatest freedom, which the Savior of the world brought down from heaven to earth to bless the race of mortals, the *priests* converted into an engine of temporal power and sacerdotal dominion, and to confirm the people in their miserable slavery, banished the truths of christianity, and set up their own judgment and sense of scripture in the place of them. *Natural* and *immutable reason*, that plain and obvious principle, whereby to judge of religion, and of the grounds upon which men claim the favor of God, as his true worshippers, was now dismissed, and for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, *mystery* is introduced.

The *fathers* come on with their volumes of inventions, and to post-worship, and demonolatry, add the horrible creed of Athanasius. In vain does the *Christ* of God affirm, — all power in heaven and earth is *given* to me. Thou hast *given* him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as *thou hast given him*. The Father hath *committed* all judgment to the son. And when the devil tempted him to throw himself down from the pinnacle, that he (*Jesus*) *must not tempt the Lord his God* : — When the devil tempted him to worship him, — that *be* (*Jesus*) *must worship the Lord his God*, and, as it is written, *serve him only* : All this goes for nothing, and a thousand other sacred

scriptures. The *fathers* are to determine, and *Jesus* must be the same God with him, of whom he requests to be glorified : He has the same numerical essence ; — all the same perfections. This the *fathers* have the piety to assert ; and the *blessed Waterland*, the *blessed Trapp*, have done their best in defence of them, against the mind of *Jesus*. May the good Lord forgive them, as I hope they knew not what they did ; and, for the same reason, have mercy on the souls of *Webster* and *Delany* ; the soul of *Bate*, the reverend Deptford Bully ; and the soul of *Joseph Edwards*, vice-president of Edmund Hall ; the soul of *Brooks* of St. John's college, Cambridge ; and the soul of *Ophiomaches* ; the soul of *Hodges*, provost of Oriel-college ; the writing souls against the bishop of Clogher ; and, have mercy on all their souls, who are still miserably laboring to *empoison* our holy religion with the *tritbeism* they draw from councils and fathers, and preach and write to graft their *spurious system* upon the genuine stock of the gospel. *Unhappy ministers !* You ought to be the public guardians of the purity of our most holy faith. You ought to be the dressers of the Lord's vineyard. You ought to cleanse and weed it : but you cherish that dreadful weed, the impious *Atbanasius* sowed in it. A doctrine that is anti-christian, and the most palpable absurdity,

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you have the front to make the test of a true catholic. This is such amazing procedure, that I cannot help *wondering with great admiration.*

But in vain; *O reverend men*, are your *wretched labors*. Though you *perplex* our faith, and *adulterat* our worship, yet, *the foundation of Jesus Christ standeth sure*. Your complex mysterious articles are against the honor and interest of christianity, and at last must fail. That religion which bears the evident marks and signatures of reason, wisdom and moral fitness, is the religion that will in the end prevale. The Spirit of God is stronger than orthodoxy, and will support that doctrine he inspired the great apostle to preach. In his good time he will renovat the constitution of his church, according to the principles on which it was first founded, and the whole world will confess what *St. Paul* declared to the Athenians; to wit, "That there is one God, maker and Lord of all things,——that he is not a local Being, nor delighted with external worship; —— that we are all his offspring, depend upon, live in him, and from him receive the daily blessings of his goodness; —— that in compassion to the ignorance of men, he gave them a particular revelation, and designed by the gospel to bring them to repentance, improve the moral perfections, and promote the

the social happiness of mankind ; — that he hath appointed a time of universal judgment; and the man Christ Jesus to be the judge, who will judge all mankind with perfect equity ; — that Christ was slain, sacrificed his life in the cause of truth, and thereby exhibited the noblest ensample of virtue, obedience and goodness ; that he arose from the dead, and his resurrection is the evidence of his divine commission, and authority being given to him ; that his worthiness procured from God the keys of grace and power, to restore life to the numberless dead, and through his consummate virtue, we shall be redeemed unto God, and live for ever in the heavenly world ; if we attend to the rules of truth and wisdom, and in imitation of Jesus, so far as we are able, be willing to sacrifice our very lives and souls to the will of our creator, and the happiness of his creation.

This was the religion of the *great apostle*, as we read it in the sacred writings ; and tho it is not at this day the religion of our *orthodox ecclesiastics*, yet it will be the religion of the whole world, when the *doctrines* and *distinctions*, the *mysteries* and *practices* of our *doctors*, are sunk in the *black abyss of non-existence*.

In the mean time, till those glorious days do come, when the purity of religion, and



the universal peace, freedom, and virtue of the christian world will be restored, it is the duty of every one, whose breast is filled with a true christian spirit, to prosecute this great end, to the utmost of his power, and do his best for the interest of true religion. My mite is therefore contributed, and the best I have is offered to the reduction of religion to its genuine purity and excellency; to oppose, so far as I am able, those schemes which bear the signature of superstition and enthusiasm, or of knavery and imposture; and shew at large what those conditions are which entitle mankind to the great gospel-promise of a resurrection to eternal life. By scripture I shall prove, that christianity is what I have described it to be in the recited summary from the apostle,

To conclude my preface: Let *scripture* be the *rule of Judgment*, if we have a mind to be *good christians*. If we have a mind to be *fools and madmen*, let us take the *invented system* of the *orthodox doctors*. *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope.*

The natural history of Lewis.

A description of Oservaul.

As to the natural curiosities of *Lewis*, they are too many for my journal, but a few particulars I took notice of. *Oservaul*, (in the center of which Mr. *Bannerman* lives) was once a forest, tho now but coped with underwood

derwood and ever-greens. This is evident from several vast roots of old trees still remaining in the ground. It is a scene of mountains and valleys as beautifully romantic as the eye can find in any part of the world, and is seventeen miles in circumference. You see the ocean at the end of many of the narrow vales, and the hills arise in such charming horror, that it is wonderful and delightful to wander through the winding mazes, by the clearest purling waters, which flow among the shrubs and greens in various shades. This is retirement. The forming quill of poets could not make so silent and beautiful a scene. How Mr. *Martin* could be on this spot, and not be *nature-struck*, or describe any of its beautys and wonders, is really very strange, especially as he was a physician, and ought to have had a more than ordinary taste for the works of nature.

In one of those mountains there are several  
 sinous grottoes, which cannot be enough ad-  
 mired. You enter the rocky hill by an arch  
 that opens eight feet wide, and ten high,  
 and through the first chamber, pass to a  
 narrow place, which leads sloping down for  
 thirty yards, and then ascends threescore.  
 This way is three feet by five, that is, three  
 broad, and at the end of it we find a most  
 magnificent room. It is thirteen yards wide,  
 and

An account  
 of some  
 sinous  
 grottoes in  
 one of the  
 mountains  
 of Lewis.

and five yards high. The stone of this chamber is a veined green marble, the veins black, with some spots and clouds of purple ; and its arched roof and sides covered with the finest combinations and protuberances of the most elegant and beautiful spars. In an undisturbed state of formation, the most various and charming figures have been produced ; trees and statues, the most perfect pyramids and pillars ; as if made of the purest, whitest marble ; and as if finished by the hand of the finest artist. On every side of this solemn dome, there are hundreds of rooms of the same kind, opening into each other, and all as beautiful as the grottoes in the Archipelago.

A vast cave  
of space  
and horror.

In another of the great hills there is a vast cave of black rock, a dismal frightful place, which looks like a scooped mountain, and strikes with horror. There is a hideous and hollow noise within it, that seems as if the ocean had entrance, and beat about its foundations. We went more than four hundred yards into this cave, finding the bottom hard and even, and by an accident, had like to have perished in it. By some unguarded turn we lost sight of the day that appears at the entrance of the cavern, and knew not how to proceed one way or the other. Out of curiosity we had foolishly gone too far, without looking behind us, and did not think

think of returning, till we dared not to stir one step backward or forward. We were by this time not far from the origin of the dreadful noise, and to enhance the terrors of the abyss we were in, the two lights the servants had, went out suddenly, by a vapor, that rises so far within this dismal space. It was frightful. In vain we looked for the light of the entrance. Not the least ray could we see to minister any comfort. For several hours we sat in an unspeakable horror. But at last some lights appeared, and we heard human voices; This was Mr. *Bannerman* and my friend, who came in search of us: For they had been engaged in an experiment of another kind, and we had no other men with us than Mr. *Tunstall* and the two servants. I never was so thoroughly frightened. There was a joy in our deliverance, that may be a feint image of a happy resurrection. Our case was, that instead of going right onwards, we insensibly went to the left, and would have been lost for ever in a labyrinth of caves, if we had attempted to find our way back in the dark.

At the bottom of another mountain in this country, there is a warm sulphur spring, which Mr. *Bannerman* told us was signally beneficial, and surprisingly successful in the rheumatism and scurvy, stoppages, obstructions, and stiffness of the vessels; in the gravel,

1741,  
July 3.

An account  
of a mine-  
ral water  
in Lewis,

gravel, gripes, St. Anthony's fire, and various other disorders.

A petrifying spring in Lewis.

On the top of a little hill of coarse limestone, we saw a petrifying water, which exceeds the well at *Knareborough* \*, in the petrefactions it has produced, and sends out more water in a minute. It has turned a little wilderness of shrubs and flowers into stone, at the bottom of the hill, and generated as it falls many beautiful figures of pure spar. This water does not always stream, but boils up impetuously for several weeks at a time, and then fails. The ground becomes quite dry. There is no certain period for the return of the stream: Nor has it any connexion with wet or dry weather. It is sometimes five weeks, sometimes for seven, without water; and the same way when it boils.

Of fossil plants and shells.

Note, I do not mean by turning shrubs and plants into stone, that the water changes the nature of wood into the nature of stone: But that the least or original minims of a *solid matter*, called *spar*, which is *invisibly* suspended in all water, and greatly more so in those petrifying waters, gets into the cavities of the fibres and vessels of wood and

\* *Knareborough* is in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, thirteen miles from York. The spring there sends out a hundred and twenty gallons in a minute, and a pint of it is twenty-four grains heavier than a pint of common water.

vege-

vegetables, wastes their substance, and assumes the exact figure and order which the wooden and vegetable matter had in vessels and fibres. Thus does a sprig, plant or flower, become a fossil, and seem a stone. The intire plant hath perished by slow degrees, and the sparry atoms concrete in the perfect form of it. The case is the same in those heaps of fossil shells we find in valleys, and on the highest hills. By the deluge, the shells and bones of fish were scattered every where, and when they perish from their surfaces, the entred spar appears exactly and regularly of the internal figure. To this is owing the fossil teeth of sharks, called *Glossopetra*: — and the fossil teeth of the wolf-fish, the beautiful *Bufonitæ*; which we wear in our rings.

As to the animals of *Lewis*, I have mentioned their sheep and deer, horses, cows, and goats, and saw not any thing uncommon there of the quadrupede kind, excepting that their horses are the smallest in all the world. But as to birds, beside the common wild-fowl, duck and teal, etc. which they have in the greatest plenty, we saw some *popes*, *pelicans*, and *shovelers*, the *golden-eye*, and the *spoon-bill*.

The *pope* is as large as the wild duck, and of a bright black in its head, neck, back, and wings: the breast and belly the purest white;

The animals of Lewis.

A bird called the pope.

## The HISTORY of

white ; excepting only a circle of black on its throat ; which looks like a necklace. The eyes are blue and large : the legs red and short, and placed so far backward, that it appears almost on its tail, when it stands. The tail consists of sixteen short black feathers. The bird was made for skimming swiftly on the surface of the water, and has little short wings which assist it in its rapid progress. This bird will not sit on more than one egg, and never lays more than six, in case five be taken away. The egg is of the size of a duck egg, and an excellent morsel. They are to be seen all winter, on some of the western islands ; and Dr. Hill must have been misinformed in the account he had of them. *Gesner* calls them *Puphinus Anglus*. *Clusius*, *Anax Arctica*. The flesh is fishy, but eats like a fine herring.

The pelican.

The *pelican* is as large as a swan, and its plumage a fine silvery grey. The wings are large and long, and have a few black spots towards the ends of them. The head is large. The eyes big, and of a bright grey. The beak is fourteen inches long in the full grown, and several inches thick : the under chap is ribbed ; the upper, broad and flat : the color of its ledd ; but it has a yellow tip. The head is naked on both sides, but has a crest of feathers on the crown. The legs are short and strong, the same colour of the bird ;

bird; and the feet are very broad. They are webbed thick and strong. This bird flies with the greatest strength and celerity; but is seen more frequently, like the swan on the water. Dr. Hill hath not had the best information as to this bird. The gentlemen who were with us shot several of them, as they did of all the kinds I mention, and this enabled me to be exact. The flesh of the pelican is not good.

The *shoveler* is as big as our wild duck, and, in color, like the common drake, excepting a broad circle of white at the bottom of the neck. The wings are very large, and the beak more than as long again as the duck's. The beak of the duck is broadest at the base; but the beak of the shoveler is twice as broad at the extremity as at the base. It is all over fat, and delicious eating. This bird is the *Anas Platyrinchos Major* of Gessner. 1741.  
July 3, 4-  
The shoveler.

The *golden eye*, so called from the Iris, which looks like burnished gold, is the *Clangula* of Aldrovand. The golden eye. The back of this bird is black; its breast and belly the purest white: and its head and neck black, mixed with a bright prevailing green: The leg is orange: the claw black. It is a beautiful creature, while living: and roasted, rich and fine. It is of the size of our wild duck: but the foot as large again, and deeply webbed. Some



Some people have named this bird the *four-eyes*, because at the angles of its black beak are two round spots, which resemble the eye.

The spoon-  
bill,

The *spoon-bill* is a milk white bird, bright and elegant as the swan, but not so large. It is of the size of the wild goose, but shaped like the stork. The head is large, and the eyes small; the neck and legs are very long: the beak is a foot in length, has an appearance like the bowl of a large spoon towards the extremity, and from that bowl the beak, for two thirds, is like the narrow handle of a spoon to the angles. It is for this reason called the spoon-bill. It is the *Leucoradius* of Aldrovand. This creature is not eatable, but beautiful to look at. It keeps on the lochs in *Lewis*, and feeds on fish and frogs, and every animal it can take up with its great spoon. It has a strange and loud cry, as it stalks along the shores, and as it swiftly flies from bank to bank of *Carlway* waters. The Ornithologists say, it builds its nest on the highest trees, contrary to all other water-fowl: but I doubt this very much, tho even Dr. Hill says it. There are no high trees in *Lewis*. It makes its nest in that island, at the bottoms of some low birch, and hazle-trees, which cople the sides of *Carlway* loch.

On the shores of *Carlway*, and of *Loch-grace*, there are some surprising caves; and one of them exceeding in wonders and beauty,  
the

the sinous grotto I described in the mountains of Oservaul: Yet all Dr. Martin says of it is, "the cave in Lochgrace, hath several pieces of a hard substance in the bottom, which distil from the top." The case is this:

A beautiful natural grotto, by the side of Lochgrace.

In the side of a range of cliffs by the loch, in the midst of a little grove of dwarf yews and hollys, there is a sloping descent that winds intricatly for a hundred yards, till it brings you to a spacious cave of a bright glittering stone, which is full of entrochi \* and fossil shells; amassed in the substance of it. In this cavern, which would hold several hundred men, the pure stalactical spar, which separates or disengages it self from the drops of water that fall from the fine arched roof, hath formed figures more beautiful than those in the caverns of Harts forest in Germany †. There are pillars, pyramids, and statues, which look like parian marble from the hand of the ablest artist. These adorn the room in a wonderful manner, and as the vault and

\* *Entrochi* are fossils of parts of marine *crustaceous* animals, crabs, etc. but principally of the star fish and sea-hedge-hog. The oyster, scallop, etc. are *testaceous* marine animals.

† These caverns are the mines in the mountains of Hartz, which was part of the old hercynian forest. The mountain is fifty miles from Hanover. The grottoes in the archipelago mentioned by Mrs. Benlow, are in one of the *Cyclades* called *Antiparos*.

N

walls

walls are decorated with entrochi and shells, various and beautiful in their colors, the whole has an effect that is charming and fine. It is by candle light a surprizing room.

There is a warm spring in the corner of this apartment. They told me it was thinning, drying, sweetning, cleansing and healing : admirable where the vessels are abraded by salt humors, or with slime loaded ; or when the blood is too strong and coherent, and its state too fizy and mucous.

An account  
of some ro-  
man monu-  
ments in  
Lewis.

That the *Romans* were in *Lewis*, is extremely evident from several Roman monuments Mr. Bannerman dug up near his house; urns, altars, coins, and sacrificing instruments. In digging the foundation for an octogon open summer-house, this gentleman has in his delightful gardens, he found several sepulchral stones ; some sacrated to the ghosts of the deceased ; some to the infernal Gods ; and others to the genii they supposed to attend mortals from their birth through this world into the next. He shewed us one that pleased me much. It is a small marble stone, and has this inscription on it :

1741.  
July 5, 6.

Dis manibus Juliæ Soranæ. Consensu naturæ. Vixit annos 24. Julius Florus Tribunus cohortis dicavit. Imp. Domitiano. Corn. Dolabella consulibus.

that is,

This monument is sacrated by Julius Flo-

I

rus

rus, a military tribune, to the illustrious shade of Julia Sorana; who was an ornament of humanity; virtuous and pious. What is laudable and honest, she ever preferred, and made her whole life one just, decent, and natural performance. She lived 24 years, and died in the year of Rome 838, when the emperor Domitian and Cornelius Dolabella were consuls. The urn containing the ashes of this Roman lady was found under the stone, and are both in the octogon summerhouse. Her character is glorious. She lived up to nature, that is, according to reason, which is the superior nature of man \*.

Happy were it for christians, if they did so A reflexion.  
too. Then would they rest their all upon a rectitude of conduct, and superior to the world in its best and worst events, acquiesce in the consciousness of their own integrity. But few there are, who arrive at this pagan state of virtue. The principal question with our divines is, are you a *believer*? If the people are well settled in a persuasion of the mysterys, and confess that, three distinct

\* Tho Mrs. Benlow hath construed *consensit natura* into five lines in English; yet it is most certain that the two Latin words do not only justly signify so much; but might express many more. The words are used by Tully, (*de finibus*), and in him signify the most perfect virtue and piety. Cicero took the sentiment from the stoics, who say, *a consistent disposition*, and mean thereby, *an exact rectitude of conduct*.

selves, or intelligent agents, are one in a common nature or essence; then they secure the benefit and reputation of orthodoxy, and they are to mount to Abraham's great hall; tho' their religion, in reality, is little more than impious absurdity, and insignificant sound; and their virtue so far from being such sterling Roman worth as *Julia Sorana's*, that it does not come up to the veracity and sobriety of a Turk. But they *believe*, and of consequence, are the elect. Unhappy doctrine! Surely, one supreme being, of absolute, infinite perfection, who is the first cause of all things, and worshiped under a thousand names; and a virtue that commits a man wholly to *justice* and the *universal nature* \*, is a religion preferable far, heathenish as it may be, to the *invented piety* of some christian priests: that piety they dare, with a gigantic boldness, to call the religion of the son of God. Unhappy teachers! The son of God did not

\* Mrs. *Benlow* takes this sentiment from the wife and good emperor *Marcus*. The *perfect* man commits himself to *justice*, as to those things which are done by himself; and in all other events to the *nature of the whole*. Let what will happen, he is even contented, and fully satisfied with these two things; *to do justly* what is at this and every instant doing; and to *approve* and *love* what is at this and every instant allotted him. A glorious sentiment, *Jewks*. Here is, *thy will be done* — and, *the integrity* recommended by the gospel. M. Ant. l. 10. and see l. 7. and l. 12.

come

come down from heaven to teach the world to worship three infinite, independent, supreme beings, under the names of father, son, and holy ghost; and to order us, in respect of *moral* and *positive* dutys, to give the preference to what is *positive*, and consider them of far greater valuableness; as our theologers preach these matters\*: but the savior of the world was born of a pure virgin, and took our nature upon him, to shew us how to worship the most glorious of immortal beings, that *self-existent, all-perfect spirit*, whom the scriptures call the *blessed God*; and to subject us intirely to the original, primary law of reason. He came to excite and lead us to the practice of moral duties, and to direct us by what steps we may approach towards the perfection of our nature. The god-like mediator appeared, that we might view ourselves

\* As to *moral* and *positive* dutys, it is a most amazing thing, *Jews*, that learned men should think of making christian excellence consist in paying a greater regard to *positive* precepts than to *moral* dutys; when it is to common sense so extremely plane, that *positive* dutys can no farther render us valuable, or pleasing to God, than as they are means to bring us to moral perfection. It is, to be sure, the subjecting our affections and actions to the law of reason, that can render us the proper objects of God's approbation, and therefore, the means to the end, that is *positive* things, cannot possibly be preferable to *moral* duties. In truth, the things *positive* are of small importance in respect of things *moral*. The main point is *obedience to the original and primary law of nature, or reason*.

## The HISTORY of

in the glass of the gospel, and fill our minds with sound knowledge, and useful notions. In such a view of christianity, we see the *excellency* and *suitableness* of *Christ*, in all his offices. He is a *heavenly light* that produces a *real inward holiness*.

1741. Another Roman monument I saw at Oser-  
July 5, 6. vaul, was an altar of speckled marble that had this inscription—

Fortunæ Conservatrici  
Pro Salute  
Imp. Carausii P. F. Aug.  
Et  
Oriunæ. Aug.

that is,

To Fortune the Protector for the Conservation of the Emperor *Carausius*, pious, happy, august : and of Oriuna, august.

*Carausius* is not named in the Roman history as one of the emperors : but it is extremely evident from several medals in my possession, and in the possession of many others, that he shared the empire with *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*. In the legend of those medals, there is *Auggg.* which signifies three in the supreme administration. By his victorys he compelled the two emperors to consent to his putting on the purple. After his great naval victory, in which he destroyed the vast fleet  
of

of the two sovereigns, in the year 289, that mighty naval force described by *Mamertin* the orator \*, *Dioclesian* and *Maximian* came to

\* *Mamertinus*, the orator, lived to a great age. His famous panegyric on the emperor *Maximian* he pronounced, A. D. 288. and A. D. 362. the second year of *Julian*, he was *consul* with *Nevitus*, and one of the Chalcedon judges, who condemned to death the wicked ministers of *Constantius*; who died Novem. 3. 361. *Constantius* was the second son of *Constantine the great*; who dyed A. D. 337, in his 64th year: having reigned 30. —The eldest son *Constantine*, declared war against the youngest son, *Constans*, and was slain in the battle of Aquileia, A. D. 340. —*Constans*, the youngest son, was murdered by the tyrant *Magnentius*, A. D. 350. Such was the end of the great *Constantine's* sons: and, as his nephew, *Julian*, who succeeded *Constantius*, perished in the Persian war, A. D. 363. of Rome 1161. in the 32d. year of his age; there was a total end of the family of *Constantine the great*; after they had ruled the world 57 years; from July 25. 306, when *Constantius*, the father of *Constantine the great*, died at York, to the 26th of June 363, when the great and excellent *Julian* fell; and the empire passed away to a *Mæssian* man, *Flavius Claudius Jovianus*. No means were spared by *Constantine the great* to aggrandize himself, and secure the empire of the world to his great house: and in half a century, the whole family is extinct. Beautiful is the reflexion of the poet upon such occasions——

From God all human actions take their springs,  
The rise of empires, and the fall of Kings.  
A while they glitter in the face of day,  
Then at his nod, the phantoms pass away;  
No traces left of all the busy scene,  
But that remembrance says, — *The things have been.*



to an agreement with him, that he should be emperor in *Britain*. Cum Carausio tamen,

I mention the years of those emperors here, on account of some of their medals Mrs. Benlow speaks of.

Note, *Jews*, though I say the *great and excellent Julian*, where I mentioned this emperor, yet I am far from thinking his *apostacy* a little spot in his character. He is culpable indeed in this article. It is impossible to excuse his fine understanding in that transaction; as it was easy for it to distinguish *the Christ, the son of the living God*, from *that Christ* the *athanasian priests* had invented in their horrible confession of faith. *Julian* had done gloriously to reject the *Jesus* of those fathers of the church, who made our Lord to be equal in power, and all perfections, to his God and Father: But as it is so extremely evident in the sacred writings, that the true *Jesus* was a most perfect pattern of all kinds of virtue, and of the most steady abstinence from all kinds of evil; his whole life a continued course of piety and goodness, and his sole concern for the honor and glory of the universal father; — that he was at all times ready to do, or to suffer, the *boy's* will of the blessed God; — that his doctrines, precepts, and promises, are admirably adapted to reform the life, to purify the heart, to exalt the affections, and restore the will to its true liberty; that the gospel enjoined the greatest simplicity and spirituality of divine worship; and the whole system and claims of our Lord were supported by great and numerous miracles; — criminal was *Julian* in renouncing christianity. In this respect, he is culpable indeed. But this excepted, he was, without all peradventure, as upright and excellent a man as ever honoured human nature. “Faites pour un moment abstraction des verités révélées; cherchez dans toute la nature, & nous n’y trouverez pas de plus grand objet que *Julien* meme. Il n’y a point eu après lui de prince plus digne de gouverner les hommes. Laying aside for a moment

tamen, cui bella frustrà tenata essent contrà  
virum rei militaris peritissimum, ad extre-

moment reveled truths, let us search through all nature, and we shall not find a nobler object than *Julian* himself. There has not been a prince since his reign more worthy to govern mankind. *Julian* was a *Stoic*: And if I could for a moment cease to think that I am a christian, (says the baron de Montesquieu) I should not be able to hinder myself from ranking the destruction of the sect of *Zeno* \*, among the misfortunes that have befallen the human race.

\* *Zeno*, the founder of the *Stoic* sect, died in the 1st year of the 129th olympiad, before Christ, the year 264. His philosophy enabled him, and his disciples, to look upon riches, human grandeur, grief, disquietudes, and pleasure, as vanity, and intirely employed them in labouring for the happyness of mankind, and in exercising the dutys of society. It carryed to excess only those things in which there is true greatness; the contempt of pleasure and of pain. Glorious philosophy! True philosophers. They placed the *sovereign good* in *rectitude of conduct*——in the *conduct* merely, and not in the *event*;——in *just, complete action throughout every part of life, whatever be the face of things, whether favorable, or the contrary*. Their true and perfect man, without regard either to pleasure or pain, uninfluenced equally by either prosperity or adversity, superior to the world and its best and worst events, does fairly rest his all upon the rectitude of his own conduct; does constantly, and uniformly, and manfully maintain it; thinking that, and that alone, wholly sufficient to make him happy.——Few individuals it may be have ever arrived at this transcendence: Yet all may follow the beautiful exemplar; and in proportion, *Jewks*, as we approach, so we advance proportionably in *merit* and in *worth*.

mum

mum pax convenit : which *Genebrier* thus translates——Craignant que *Carausius* ne vînt a faire quelque plus grande enterprise hors de la Grande Bretagne, & qu'il ne vînt leur enlever les toutes Gaules, ne trouvent point de meilleur parti à prendre que de rechercher son alliance. • And if this great excellent man had not been murdered in the year 297, by his treacherous first minister *Alectus*, he would, in all probability, have been sole emperor at last, and in regard to his beloved Britons, might have removed the imperial seat from *Rome* to *London* \*.

Near the altar I have described, there was found an extraordinary fine *urn* of speckled marble, full of ashes, but had no inscription on it. That in this are contained the remains of *Carausius* cannot be affirmed ; tho it is probable enough ; as this emperor was often in Scotland, and in league with the chiefs of the Picts, Scots, and Western Islands. They had the greatest regard for him, while living ; and lamented him greatly, when dead: His ashes might be brought

\* *Alectus*, the usurper, who murdered *Carausius*, was destroyed by *Constantius*, the father of *Constantine the Great*, after he had held the tyranny near three years. *Constantius* was one of the two *Cæsars* chosen by *Dioclesian* and *Maximian* in the year 288: And when *Dioclesian* divested himself of the purple, A. D. 305 ; he yielded his share of the empire to *Constantius* and *Galerius*.

to this country, to save them from the destroying *Aleſus*. This is no more than fancy however. Perhaps that sporting fortune, which often confounds the aſhes of the monarch with thoſe of the ſlave, has given his to the ſcattering winds, and to be for ever unknown even in the field of his triumphs. Pour nous apprendre quelle eſt la vanité des grandeurs humaines, & que la vertu la plus ſolide, & accompagnée de l'affection des ſujets, ne met pas toujours un Sovereign, ni les peuples, a l'abri de plus grands revers.

Ah ! non eſt quicquam tutum, neque gloria,  
Neque rurfum qui ſælix, non futurum infelicem :  
Sed miſcent Dei antrorſum et retrorſum,  
Tumultum imponentes, ut futuræ inſcitia  
Colamus illos \*.

In vain by reaſon is the maze purſu'd,  
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good :  
Why *Socrates* for truth and freedom fell \*,  
While *Nero* reign'd the delegate of hell,  
Why

\* Eurip. Hec.

† The great and God-like *Socrates* fell a martyr for truth, religion, and virtue, by the wonted malignity of falſe placed zeal, and the hands of an idolatrous people, in the year before Chriſt 400. His life and death were agreeable to the dignity of human nature, our duty to ſociety, and religious ſervice to the creator of all things. In youth, he was the ſon of temperance, in manhood the brother of ſocial love, and in age the father of wiſdom. His  
po-

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Why faints and sages mark'd in every age,  
 Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage.  
 But fast as *time's* swift pinions can convey,  
 Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When to the view of all created eyes,  
 God's high tribunal shall majestic rise ;  
 When the loud trumpet shall assemble round  
 The dead, reviving at the piercing sound !  
 When men and angels shall to audit come,  
 And millions yet unborn receive their doom !  
 Then shall fair *providence*, to all display'd,  
 Appear divinely bright without a shade ;  
 In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,  
 And blushing doubt, eternal wisdom own.

By the way, reader, let me observe to you, that the *inscription* on the altar, *sacrated* to fortune for *Carausius*, knocks up the author of the *dissertation* on *Oriuna* ; who tells us, that *Oriuna* on the silver coyn of *Carausius* in the French king's cabinet, signifies *Diana*,

politics consisted in the most uninfluenced patriotism, his philosophy in the most refined humanity, and his religion in the most exalted notions and pure adoration of the only true God. By the first he fired mankind with the most undaunted zeal for the welfare of their country ; by the second, he softened their hearts to the tender feelings of benevolence and universal charity ; and by the last he familiarized their minds to the idea of an all-perfect *Deity*, and taught them almost to anticipate on earth the joys of a glorious hereafter. In each of these he was himself a great example.

or some other divinity, or divinitys whom *Carausius* worshiped. The altar could not be dedicated to *fortune* for the preservation of *Carausius* and *Diana*, or any other divinity, but must have been for the preservation of *Oriuna*, the wife of *Carausius*. That *Carausius* had a wife and son, is not only made very plane by Count *Zabarella* in his *Il Carosio*, printed at *Padua* in 1659; but appears from the medal mentioned by *Genebrier*, p. 31, where the Legend is *Principi Juventut*. To the prince of the youth. The X a young man standing, with a legionary ensign in his right hand, and a spear in the left. This cannot represent *Carausius*. It is mere fancy to say, that *Carausius* thereby would have it thought he had passed through all the degrees which lead to the empire; or, he did it for his favorite *Alectus*; which are the notions of *Haym* the Roman. The title, *Prince of the youth*, was never given to any but the emperor's sons, when they were made *Cæsars*, *les jeunes Cæsars destinés à l'empire*. But *Carausius* was made emperor at once, *Imperator in Galliis creatus*, without even passing through the dignity of *Cæsar*. In sum, from the altar and medal it is most certain, that *Oriuna* was the wife of *Carausius*, and queen or empress of *England*; and that the *Prince of the youth*

Of Oriuna,  
and a silver  
coyn of  
her in the  
French  
king's ca-  
binet.

on

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on the reverse of some *Carausius's medals*, represents their infant son \*.

Another Roman monument in Mr. Bannerman's possession, which he found in *Lewis*, is a beautiful altar, adorned in basso relievo with animals, flowers, and other ornaments, and that has these words upon the plane.

Jovi Optimo Maximo

et

Numinibus Augusti

P. Helvius Pertinax

posuit.

\* Doctor *Kennedy* is the author of the dissertation on *Oriuna*. Mr. *Foot*, has made this gentleman one of his characters in his dramatic Satyr, called *Taste* --- Enter *Novice*. Where's Mr. *Brush*, my dear *Brush*, am I too late? May I lose my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my *Phaeton* the first time I jehup my sorels, if I have not made more haste than a young surgeon to his first labor. But the lots, the lots, my dear *Brush*, what are they? I'm upon the rack of impatience till I see them, and in a fever of desire till I possess them. Here's a curiosity. A medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*, etc. Now upon this I observe, that if the Doctor has a passion for antiques, and hath been deceived in any of his purchases from *Carmine* and *Puff*, yet this can be no ground for ridiculing him; as a passion for the things of antiquity is laudable; and that he might be a very good man, tho he fancies the queen of *England* was *Diana*; or had been mistaken in a bust. *Vice* and *false wit* are the things to be ridiculed in comedy. Any degree of natural weakness is entitled to our compassion. And, as to weakness, or natural folly, a man may have less of it than perhaps Mr. *Foot* has, tho cheated by an auctioneer; or out sometimes in judging of a medal.

Thus

Thus *Pertinax* was afterwards emperor, and the greatest, wisest, and best man of the age he lived in, as *Herodian*, who knew him, informs us. It was for this reason the Prætorian guard assassinated him. As to the time when he erected this altar to Jupiter, and the guardian Gods for the preservation of *Commodus*, it must have been between 186 and 190 of Christ, because he was sent over to Britain in 186, and recalled in 190. This beautiful altar is intire, and has not the least fracture. The letters are exactly and finely drawn, and all the sacrificing instruments and vessel are represented on its sides.

Another roman monument in this country discovered, that I saw, is a marble urn; the hollow of which is eighteen inches, and the diameter, eight. Its body, foot, and cover, are most beautifully formed. The happy in the Elysian fields are finely represented on one side of this urn; and these words on the other,

D. M.

Æmilia.

V. Lupi. F.

V. 22. An. 3. D.

et

Tanti in constantiis

Ut suam ætatem superabat.

That



That is,

To the infernal Gods. The ashes of *Æmilia*, the daughter of Virius Lupus. She lived twenty two years and three days : And so strictly did she observe every relation, natural and adventitious, that she exceeded all her contemporaries in virtue and piety. Admirable character !

A reflection.

Here is another Roman lady that will rise in judgment, I fear, against some christians. We have that vast globe of light, the writings of the apostles, before us, and yet how many fall short of the virtue recorded on the urn I have described ! *Æmilia*, a *beatben*, adjusts her whole life according to *piety* and *justice*, and by the dim light of reason, manifests such dispositions, and practises such dutys, as shew her filled with the fruits of righteousness, to the glory of her creator.— On the contrary, *Æmilia*, a *christian*, my acquaintance, the daughter of Z. Z. hears a sermon every *Sunday* morning, receives the sacrament regularly, and is a zealot for the creed of St. Athanasius, but as to the good benevolent spirit of the gospel, she has very little of it ; and in sloth and idleness, in levity, dissipation, and censoriousness, she passes life away, without one true principle of love either to God or man. She preserves an outward decency of manners, and believes whatever the church hath ordered her to swallow :

But

But as to a holy and heavenly temper, the pious turn of soul which the scripture requires, and that *newness of the spirit*, which alone can make the disciples of Christ more excellent than their neighbours; she is so far from thinking such a divine life the terms of acceptance; and from laboring to introduce the *new and holy qualitys of reveled religion* into her mind, in opposition to the ways and fashions of a vain world; that she can even pass the *Sunday* evenings away at *cards*, and in *visiting*, and waste at *play* and *entry* the hours of the *sacred day*; that day, which ought to be intirely employed in self-examination and prayer, in meditation and the study of *the books (a)*, in forming resolutions against the world and its pleasures, against living in the enchanted circle of enjoyments, and in determining, for the week to come, to double our diligence, in laboring for the graces and virtues of the christian life.

This is astonishing. Can it signify any thing to be separated from others by a new name, how great and excellent soever that name might be, if we fall short of the virtue of a heathen? What can the two ordinances profit us, if we do not aim at the fair principle of honor, and ever strive to act what is fairest and most laudable.—If the *active*

(a) The *scriptures* so called for their excellency above all others.

part of our character be not an *exalted* virtue  
 ——— And the *passive* part, *unmixed* resignation, *trust*, and *acquiescence*? In vain we wear the *christian* name, if we bear not the real, proper, character of christianity in our souls. The appellation is nothing. *Baptism* and the *Supper* are only *means*. The *thing* is the *greatest* virtue and the *greatest* piety. This is christian religion, whatever name we go by. Our *piety* must adore the one supreme spirit, the governor of all the worlds, *our common parent*, and preserve our judgment in harmony with all the causes independent; so as to pass resignedly through this first turbid, fickle period, without bawlings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints: And *our virtue* must give us a *god-like* nature, by enabling us to act up to the *strictest* honor and *justice*, and to be *humble*, *pure*, and *useful*. This appears from the inscription on the urn; to have been the religion of the *Roman Æmilia*; and unless our religion comes up to this at least, it is mere deception to imagine, we shall have fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ; that is, that we shall share in those blessings and favors which come from the Father of the universe, through his favorite and well-beloved, our mediator. Surely, as we enjoy what the daughter of *Lupus* wanted, the light of revelation, we should strain every

every nerve to outdo her, and make the temper of our souls be a transcript of all the moral excellencies of the Deity. For the honor of christianity, we ought to be *holy in all manner of Conversation*, and, in heart and life, be adorned with all the graces and virtues that become the dignity of our nature; and which the religion of the Son of God requires from us, to make us the peculiar glory of his Father.

But you will ask me, reader, I imagine, how I find the character I have given the Roman *Æmilia* in the inscription on the urn? I answer, in the words *tanti in Constantiis*. Cicero calls the *Eupathies* or *well-feelings* of the Greek Stoics *Constantiæ*: And these *Eupathies* include all the species of virtues and piety. To have the *Eupathies*, was to have *will, caution, and joy*. By *will*, the Stoics meant *rational desire*; by *caution*, *rational aversion*; and by *joy*, *rational exultation* in the sovereign good: so that by having the *well-feelings* or *Eupathies* of Zeno, which Tully phrases *Tanti in Constantiis*, we pursue and avoid according to the rules of *eternal reason* and the *fitness of things*; and we rejoice or delight only in the supreme virtue. This is the beautiful philosophy of the Stoics.

You may likewise ask me, perhaps, why I translate *Dis Manibus* in the inscription on the altar, *to the ghost of Julia Sorana*; and

The meaning of *Dis Manibus* in the ancient inscriptions.

*Dis Manibus* on the urn, to the infernal Gods? I will tell you, friend. When the name of the deceased is in the nominative, then the *Dii Manes* in such inscriptions always signify the *ghost* of the person. When the name is in the genitive case, *Dii Manes*, then signify the *infernal Gods*; that is, as the wife understood it, the supreme power which governed in the realms of Hades (a); or, according to others, the Genii, his *ministers*, who presided, and under him ruled the subterranean regions. In this latter case, *Dis Manibus* was an offering and prayer to the Deity, or his agents, for the felicity of the dead.

As to *Lupus*, the father of *Æmilia*, he was made *Legatus Augustalis* by *Severus*, and commanded in the northern part of the Roman dominion in Great Britain. This made him well acquainted with the western islands. In all probability, he had a summer residence on *Lewis*. It was A. D. 196, that he was advanced to this government; and as *Severus* died A. D. 210, it must be sometime between those two dates, that this Roman lady

(a) *Seneca* says, the philosophers used the term *Gods* to express the *attributes* of the *Deity*, and meant only the various exertions of divine power, wisdom, and goodness: It was the same, when they used the names *Apollo*, *Bacchus*, etc. — — — —

Note, the Ancients had no notion of such a Being as we call the *devil*, or *devils*.

departed this life. Her ashes were found in the urn, and in peace remain there.

As to *Roman coyns*, Mr. Bannerman found several in *Lewis* of the bigger brass, and three or four of silver. Among them are some of *Antoninus Pius*, and *Severus*; but more of *Carausius*, *Constantine the Great*, his sons *Constantine*, *Constantius* and *Constans*, and of *Julian*: He had one of *Constantius Gallus*, the brother of *Julian*, which, according to *Savetus*, are rarely found. This is silver, and is distinguished from that of *Constantius* the emperor, by the beauty of *Gallus's* face, and a star before it. This *Gallus*, the brother of *Julian*, was put to death in the twentyeth year of his age, by the emperor *Constantius*, his cousin-german; four years after he had been created *Cæsar*.

Of three coyns of *Constantine the Great*, one engaged my attention more than the others, on account of the *Labarum* in it.

The *Labarum*, Reader, was a standard of *Constantine the Great*, in which the monogram of Christ was composed of one character formed of the two Greek letters X and P, Ch and ϣ, as in the margin, and was intended, as they say, for an abridgment of XPICTOC, *Christos*: And this they farther tell us, was to represent a vision he saw in the air, when he was going to fight *Maxentius*, to wit, a shining cross; with this inscription



scription in Greek *τοτο Νικα, τέρω νικα*. Hac Vince. *Eusebius* in his life of *Constantine*, tells the story at large, and seems to believe the truth of it: so do many other fathers: And almost all the modern christians. But there are many objections to be made against the reality of this miracle. For my part, I take it to be a mere *pious stratagem* of *Constantine*, to animate his soldiers, and to engage the christians, a numerous body of them, on his side. He could hardly fail of success against *Maxentius*, his competitor, if all the christians of the empire, declared for him. They were then the majority, and I cannot help thinking, from the circumstances of *Constantine's* life, that he was a mere political christian. The apologists may sound his praises for ever: but in facts he was a very bad man.

Remarks  
on Con-  
stantine's  
standard,  
called the  
Labarum,  
upon one  
of his  
coyns.

As to his *Labarum*, had there been a miracle of a *cross*, and the words *In hoc vince* under it, it is strange that *Constantine* did not order these words to be put into his standard, as they are declared to be a part of the vision: and that *in hoc signo*, etc. did not appear on any standard or coyn, till the reign of *Constantius*, the second son of *Constantine*. Instead of the words, *Constantine* placed a crown of gold and jewels in his standard. The appearance in the sky had the words, as *Eusebius* tells us; the *Labarum* was made in  
imi-

imitation of the appearance; and yet, there are no words in *Constantine's standard*. This is strange.

It is to me likewise very wonderful, that the words *In hoc signo vince*, should be in *Latin* letters round the cross of stars in the sky, as the emperor and his historian affirm; and the monogram in memory of it be in *Greek*, and upon coyns where all the rest of the *Legend* is in *Latin*. The author of the notes on the *life of Julian* makes the following remark — Instead of the Latin inscription and cross, we have now a Greek monogram, and a sort of cross no otherwise formed on *Constantine's standard* than is usual on *Julian's*, with S. P. Q. R. So that in no one particular does the coyn peculiarly represent the appearance in the sky. The vision I fear, is no more than a dream, and the monogram heathen Greek christianized. This writer, you see, reader, gives the miracle up, and he is a thorough orthodox man. He adds, others read the monogram *chrestion*, the oracle (instead of *Christos*) and if *Constantine* had his admonition in a dream only, according to *Lactantius* and *Gregory Nazianzen*, the serpent, which is at the bottom of the standard, will, as usual, represent *Æsculapius*, who delivered his oracles in that manner: so that the whole may be no more than the dream of a pagan. *Constantine*, in the heathen man-



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ner, might *dream* he would conquer *Maxentius*, and *christianize* it to serve his purpose (a).

In short, I believe the emperor told *Eusebius* what that historian relates, and swore to the truth of it. But I think for myself it was a cheat. Mr. *Jortin's* conclusion, after considering the matter, is this;—It is an ugly circumstance, and I wish we could get fairly rid of it. See the 3d volume of remarks on ecclesiastical history.

What *Constantine* told *Eusebius* concerning his vision, or the appearance in the sky, is this—*Horis diei Meridianis, sole in occasum vergente, crucis tropæum in cœlo ex luce conflatum, soli superpositum, ipsis oculis se vidisse affirmavit, cum hujusmodi inscriptione: Hac Vince.* Stuff: And therefore, neither the *pagan* nor the *christian*, in their panegyrics on *Constantine's* victory over *Maxentius*, say a syllable of this prodigy.

Of the  
stone mo-  
numents in  
Lewis.

The *Druid temple* mentioned by Mr. *Martin*, we saw near the village *Classernis*, and several other *rests* and *monuments* he takes no notice of. There are many vast single stones erect; and circles of them in some places. There

(a) *Fabricius*, an *honorarius arbiter*, as Mr. *Jortin* calls him, is of opinion, that the miracle of the cross in the sky was a *solar halo*, which sometimes represents a lucid cross, and being rarely seen, *Constantine* might fancy it miraculous,

are two monuments consisting of three great stones each; and one we saw composed of five or six prodigious flat stones on one another.

The single rude unhewn stones were, I suppose, the idols of the pagan islanders, that is, representations under which the more knowing worshiped the Deity. That such vast craggs were early consecrated to superstition, is evident from history, sacred and prophane. In the 28th chapter of Genesis it is written,——*Neither rear you up a pillar to bow down to it*; as their neighbours the Gentiles did. *Diodorus Siculus, Maximus Tyrius, Quintus Curtius, and Pausanias*, prove it.

As to the circular rude obelisks, they were to be sure the heathen temples, and served likewise for seats of judicature, inaugurations and national councils. So *Virgil* tells us in his seventh book——

Hinc sceptræ accipere, et primos attollere fasces  
Regibus omen erat; hoc illis Curia, Templum,  
Hæ sacris sedes Epulis; — — —

Enclos'd by sacred groves, which gave delight,  
And claim'd a reverence from beholders sight:  
There kings receiv'd the marks of royal pow'r,  
There Lictors first before them axes bore:  
There

There the tribunal stood, and house of prayer ;  
 Thither the awful senate did repair ;  
 And at long tables in their order plac'd,  
 They eat a fatted ram, their sacred feast.

These circular temples were formerly surrounded with large groves. Once girt with spreading oaks, were those enormous obelisks ; but all the trees have been long since cut down. The woods and solitudes were thought to give an air of mystery and devotion to their service, and to incline the people to believe some *divinity* resided there. By the solemn scenes of shade and silence, their minds were disposed to hearken to the fabulous theology of the priests, and brought to comply with all the senseless rites of their worship.

All the antients had the notion of residing divinities in woods and forests of the most venerable antiquity, and that every grove had its deity, or supernal who delighted in it. *Fidem tibi Numinis facit*, says *Seneca* in his 41st Epistle. We think some god inhabits these fine shades. And when *Horace* was to be inspired, he meets *Calliope* in the grove.—

“ Through hallow'd groves I stray, where  
     streams beneath  
 “ From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs  
     balmy breath.”

The

The wisest men of former times gave in to this opinion, and the priests made it the support of their false religion. We find in the sacred history, that it affected the Hebrews very strongly, and that notwithstanding the positive laws against it, the people of God could not be restrained from worshipping in groves. Religious corruption thereby increased, and at last they forsook the Lord; and served *Baal* and *Asteroth*.

How beautifully different from all this is pure christian religion! God, in the doctrine of revelation, is *one, omnipresent, and immense spirit*; for ever present with every part of the real universe of beings, and immediately interposing, in the support of every part of the creation; and this *one, eternal, infinite mind* we are to worship, neither in *this mountain*, nor yet at *Jerusalem*; but in the temple of the *universe*, which his *majesty* fills; and in *purity of soul, and inviolable virtue and morality of life*. The *grove, the hill, the house, the priest*, are nothing, in respect of an *exact imitation of the moral perfections of the Deity*.

I know, reader, there are some great divines who talk in a different manner, and will have it, "that there is something previous to imitating of God, and more acceptable to him, which is obeying him." To imitate his example, is paying him a dutiful respect;

A reflexion on the Deity, and true religion.

Whether imitating the Deity, or obeying his positive law, is most valuable,

respect ; but submitting to his authority is most highly honoring him, and shews the profoundest reverence, resignation and humility.

Amiable to be sure are the notions of the great divines in many respects ; but as they are not infallible, they may be mistaken in this conceit. *A thorough, proper imitation of God*, to me seems prior to obedience, and most acceptable to the Deity, for this reason, that to *obey*, presupposes a right use of the human intellectual powers ; the result of which is, a *conviction* that God hath given us a law, and a *resolution* to obey it. Now the supreme of all Beings is evidently imitated in the right use of our faculties ; for he constantly exerts his most perfect knowledge and power after the most perfect manner.

I hope too, one may venture to say, that imitation is more *acceptable* than obedience, if all that is acceptable in this *latter* be, when traced to its *original*, borrowed from the former, which is really the case. That which gives an act of obedience its whole worth and significancy, is the temper and posture of the mind in performing it ; a right affection towards truth and goodness ? And what is there so *like God* in the imitable part of his nature, as such a temper of soul ? The love of God, that is, of goodness existing after the most transcendental manner in God, is the noblest

noblest imitation of him, and that love, as the *principle* of obedience, must be prior to that obedience which flows from it.

The thing is still more evident. *Obedience* directly and properly respects the *authority* and *power* of God; imitation his *wisdom* and *goodness*. And which is more honorable to God—the acknowledgment of his having the *command* of all other beings—or, that he is *infinitely more excellent than they*? It is certainly more for the honor of a prince to have it said, that his subjects were ambitious to *be* and *do* like him, than that they obeyed him with an implicit resignation, without presuming to dispute his commands. By imitating him, according to their measure, they endeavor to advance in perfection and happiness.

Therefore tho' it be incumbent on us to remember our creator under every character and relation, and particularly as our *rightful* and *almighty sovereign*; yet our thoughts should be most frequently conversant about the *moral attributes* of God; whether as the *rule* to which every part of his government of the world is conformed, or the *pattern* which we are to follow, and to come as near as we can, that we may have more of the light of it derived into our conversation, to make it *shine before men*. By repeated contemplation, we grow more intimately acquainted.

acquainted with the divine perfections, are more sensible of their beauty, and feel their attractive influence. This makes us know God better, in those things which are his very nature as a *moral agent*; we love and resemble him more; and from such love and resemblance, must be in less danger of omitting the *weightier matters* of the law, *judgment, mercy, and truth*; and of substituting in their room, a feigned sanctity of behavior, and punctuality in outward forms of devotion. *A good and honest heart*, and the substantial virtues of a christian life are the main thing.

But as to the *groves*, which formerly surrounded the Druid temples, they are long since cut down, as I have said, and the sacred circles, open and exposed, now appear. One however, I saw in *Lochseafort*, which divides *Lewis* from *Harries*, that has a resemblance of the antient temples. In a small island, in the midst of this great water, consisting of 17 acres, and vastly beautiful in its inequality, there stands on a high place, according to the custom in the situation of such things, a sacred double cirque of pillars with annexed wings; and round it, a fine plantation of laurel, myrtle, and the scarlet chesnut, Virginian ivy, and the bay-tree, hath been raised by a lady, who lives there, and has made the little island a delightful retirement. This pretty grove hath given the hill a solemn pleasant-

A Druid temple of the winged circular kind, in Loch-seafort.

pleasantness of shade, and to make it have the greater antique air, the owner of the place hath surrounded it with a fence of pallisades, as the *Druids* were wont to do, to keep off the profane. Prohibetur accessus lucorum, quos autumant pollui———Ambiverit atrium et sepes accuratio ex lignis constructa. We found this temple was placed at a variation of fourteen degrees to the east of the north; and as that of *Abury* is at the variation of ten degrees to the east of the north; that of *Stonehenge*, about seven degrees the same way, this different variation at *Lewis* might be some support of Dr. Stukley's argument, that the *Druids* used a compass, or magnetic needle; and that from the variations, we may determine the ages in which those celebrated works were erected; but that, as the Cornish historian observes (a), no traces or any knowledge of the polar virtue appear among the antients, or indeed among the moderns till about five hundred years since; tho it is certain, the antients knew the attractive power of the magnet: that the variation of the magnetic needle from the pole is still a later discovery, not three hundred years old. We admire therefore the ingenious calculation, but cannot trust to it. To account for the *Druid* buildings de-

(a) Mrs. Benlow means the antiquitys of Cornwall, by William Borlase, A. M. rector of Ludgvan, p. 111.  
viating



viating from the cardinal points, we must not have recourse to a variation these priests were utterly unacquainted with ; but to mistakes, and want of accuracy in such astronomical projections as they might have been exact in. By observing the course of the heavenly bodies, they might project a meridian line with exactness, and by crossing it at right angles, have found the four cardinal points. This they did not attend to. They were not so exact as it was in their power to be. And lastly, if we could suppose them acquainted with the declination of the needle, yet, as it differs in different places, and varies at different times in the same place, so inconstant and fluctuating an index can never give a true direction in the fixing of dates. I do not therefore pretend to say in what age this temple in Loch-seafort was built ; or any other Druid temples I have seen. But it must be many ages ago, as *Druidism* had its origin in *Britain* ; so *Cæsar* tells us, who conversed here with the *Dryades*, and *Magistri Sapientiæ*, the *Druidesses* and *Druids* ; and as they were all destroyed, or suppressed, about A. D. 179.

cf the  
1 guide.

As to the *Æra* of the antiquity of the *Druids*, it is a vain attempt to fix it. *Cæsar* says, this priesthood had existed for a long series of ages before his time, that is, before our Lord, 54, when he was in Britain :  
*Arif*

*Aristotle*, who died in the year 322 before our Lord, two years after Alexander the Great, mentions them in his works. And we find that *Celsus* opposes to the antiquity of the christian religion, the more famous antiquity of the Druids. This shews that their antiquity was allowed to be very great in the days of *Celsus*; who flourished in the second century.

As to the dignity and power of the *Druids*, *Cæsar* informs us, they were the first order of the nobility of this country, and as they had the sole management of devotion and sacrifices, augury and divination; educated the youth, judged the people, and by their excommunications could make whom they pleased the most miserable of mortals, their will was the supreme law, and their authority the ruling sovereignty in state. They were true priests. They did not live with their flocks in a mutual intercourse of love and beneficence, in a simplicity without state or pomp, in an equality without jealousy, strangers to all superiority but that of virtue, and to every other ambition, than that of being disinterested, generous, and the brightest ensamples to the people; which the perfect rule of reason requires. No. Their explications of entrails entitled them to sit on golden thrones, and as dispensers of the mysteries, it was necessary they should live in places, and fare sumptuously every day.

## The HISTORY of

They had their *flamens* and their *arch-flamens*, and in their collegiat assemblys, disposed their *arcana* in a manner the most proper, to preserve the awful distance between them and the vulgar, and secure their hallowed dominion. Priests in perfection. I wish we could say, they have not been well imitated by a modern ministry. But, alas! there are ministers in our days, who direct the very gospel to ends quite contrary to the holy purposes it was intended for, and by mystery and imposition, continue to harrow the human race as much as ever the Druids did. These Romish tyrants have almost effaced the great law of reason. They have reduced mankind to the most frightful, the most melancholy of situations. How long, O Lord, wilt thou suffer this usurpation of thy authority, corruption of thy gospel, and oppression of thy people! O let thy kingdom come, and thy will be known and done on earth, as it is in heaven!

An account  
of Mrs.  
Gordon of  
Lewis.

The lady who lives on this pretty island, is named Mrs. Gordon. She has two gentlewomen with her for companions, and an old clergyman of the church of Scotland for her chaplain, and half a dozen of women attendants. She is a woman of letters, and tho very antient, continues to write, as if years did not affect her. At almost a hundred, when I saw her, her sight was strong  
and

and perfect, nor had age yet subjected her to any complaint or infirmity. There were twenty quarto's of her writing on one shelf, but as I did not open them, cannot say on what subjects. I may conclude however, from what discourse I had with her, and from a little MS. she made me a present of, that they contain a learning faithfully employed in the service of reveled truths; to the end that the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in its original purity may be received and obeyed by all; and that all may, in imitation of Christ himself, acknowledg the Father to be the only true God; to whom alone worship and supreme honor in the highest sense are due. The MS. I received from this old lady, is called, *Advice to the ladys of Great Britain, by Mrs. Gordon of Lewis*. It pleased me very much, and as an extraordinary thing, is placed among the curiosities of my journal.

LADYS,

**A**S it is evident to an attentive mind, that this lower hemisphere was never designed for the only or final abode of mankind, and that the divine providence hath not accomplished, at present, half its designs, but either eternal life, or punishment, awaits us, according to our conduct and behavior

A MS. called advice to the ladys of Great Britain by Mrs. Gordon of Lewis.

*The HISTORY of*

in this first state of tryal, I hope you will not take it ill of me, that I offer my advice upon the most important of all subjects. It is because I have your happiness at heart, that I presume to do it. I wish it were in my power to engage your attention to true religion, and the lasting pleasures of a world to come.

There is one great king, the supreme governor of rational and moral beings, as well as of the natural world; who caused the existence, and determined the order of things; who formed the material worlds, produced the animal and rational life, and by a ruling intelligence, continues a creation, and perpetually sheds forth the influences of an almighty wisdom and power. This is plain to a reflecting mind. It is a necessary truth. For, it is impossible, that nothing, or a mere co-operation of matter, should make the habitable bodys in different parts of space, and cause them to be assistant to each other, as the celestial bodys are to us; that nothing, or the various compositions of arids and fluids, heat and cold, should create the beautys of this globe we inhabit, and cause the fragrancy of spring, and the delightful parts of the seasons, the ripened fruits and vernal bloom of vegetables; with beings that have eyes to see them, nostrils to smell them, mouths to eat them, and other facultiees to enjoy

enjoy them. This is impossible. And it is likewise so, that the reasoning mind should proceed from nothing, or owe its being to some lucky hits in the wild uproar. There is then an omnipotent power. There is an intending author. The existence of God is as certain from the impossibility of the contrary, as if we could view the substance of his essence, and had faculties to detect the mode of his existence and operations. We are likewise sure, that this great Being governs the world by the eternal rule of truth and righteousness. He must act according to the intrinsic fitness of things, and do what is right, amiable and worthy. At one view he must perceive the rule of right, and as his power is uncontroulable, and he has nothing to fear, he must inflexibly adhere to reason, and follow that rectitude which by his wisdom he sees, and which by his power he can pursue.

Take care, then, ladys, to give your creator that homage and subjection which is due to so gracious a benefactor, and studiously fulfil his will, and regard his good pleasure. The immutable reasons, and relations of things require this. As he fully comprehends the true interest of all his creatures, and perpetually promotes it, we are bound, as obliged beneficiarys, to love and worship him, to have a filial awe, and the deepest

*The HISTORY of*

reverence for him ; to make him the supreme object of our contemplation and affection, and adore him with a true devotion of mind. Do not fail then to live in an absolute submission to the divine disposal of the all-perfect ruler of the world ; and as you are not wise enough for your own direction, nor have power enough for your own support, prostrate yourselves before the excellent glory, morning and evening, and implore the favor of this wisest and best of Beings. Upon this your peace depends. This only can be your security against the evil day of affliction.

This is not however the whole case, and you must not think that dependance on God, and praying to him, tho you fell down seven times a-day before him, will procure you his love and protection, unless you perform your duty to your neighbour and yourselves. You are obliged to do your neighbour all the good in your power, by word and deed, and to observe the strictest temperance and justice, in respect of yourselves. This is the voice of reason. It is the voice of God. For, there is a right and a wrong ; a beauty and a deformity in action ; and beauty, or right action, must be agreeable to a Being of infinite perfection ; as deformity, or wrong action, must be disagreeable to him. Now most certainly, it is wrong action, or deformity to  
injure

injure others, or, not to do them all the good we can in our several spheres. For, that wise and good Being, whom we call God, must have made this world, and constituted such moral agents as we are, for no other end, no other purpose, than the common happiness; and of consequence, for us to be unsocial, and have a conduct offensive, is to oppose God, by setting ourselves as a bar to the common felicity. This must subject us to the divine displeasure. It must bring us under the inflictions of God. And so, in respect of ourselves, if we injure ourselves, from suicide to the least intemperance or injustice, we must become criminals in the sight of our creator; because, we destroy, or our actions have a tendency to destroy, those faculties which God implanted in us as the stamp of our perfection, and the cement of society. This must be visible to the meanest capacity, if the mind thinks at all. Whereas, on the contrary, if we are just to ourselves in the first place; and, in the next, strive to expel evil from the globe, and exert our whole power in establishing concord and felicity, we render ourselves lovely in the eyes of our maker. This is evident. It is indisputable. For, as God is pleased to make the everlasting rules of righteousness the measure of his own actions, he must will and desire that all his rational creatures



should proportionably make them the measure of theirs. He must hate that creature who endeavours to communicate pain, because this constitutes vice. He must love and reward that creature which strives to communicate pleasure, because this constitutes virtue which resembles himself. Promote then the common felicity to the utmost of your power. Do all the good you can to your neighbour; and by purity, temperance, and humility, advance your own happiness. So will you gain the love of God, and as his justice and truth are concerned to see, that virtue has its reward, and vice its punishment, you may be happy here, and will surely be so in that future state of existence, which our reason tells us we must pass into, when we die. Reason tells us, I say; because, since God hath ordained us to walk in the paths of wisdom and virtue allotted to us here, we cannot suppose that by death we shall be struck down to rise no more. To imagine that we were made for acquiring virtue, to improve in many excellent qualifications, and that only that we might cease to be when we are considerably improved, is repugnant to the idea of a good governor. It is incompatible with the pursuit of general good, and of a perfect whole. Beside, the *wise*, the *brave*, and the *honest*, do sometimes subject themselves to the greatest inconveniencies of human

man life, and reject such pleasures as they have both power and appetite to enjoy, from a virtuous principle only. They often become miserable by virtue. They continue so very frequently till they have ended their wretched beings here rather than depart from truth. And can annihilation be the recompence? No, surely. The great Roman philosopher, had a better notion of God. *Profecto fuit quædam vis, quæ generi consuleret humano, nec id gigneret aut aleret, quod cum exantlavisset omnes labores, tum incidere- Tusc. Quest. l. 2.* ret in mortis malum sempiternum. We can never believe, that after the virtuous have struggled through all their labours, an infinite good and almighty God, will let them fall into an eternal sleep.

This truth however is more clearly revealed in that book which came down from heaven to shew mankind the way thither, than we are able to ascertain it by the mere light of nature; and therefore, in the next place, suffer me, ladys, to recommend to your constant consideration the sacred letters, and especially the New Testament of our *Lord Jesus Christ*. Infidelity, does at this time prevail very greatly in the world; but be not you ashamed of the gospel of Christ. It is the power of God unto salvation; and this salvation is a deliverance from the power and dominion of sin, and a bringing of the soul to a fitness for everlasting happiness.

pinels. In redeeming us from all iniquity, and the certainty of future glory, the gospel far exceeds the religion of reason. It expressly promises justification to the true believer; and it does this in a much more explicit manner than reason is able to do, or than ever was done under any former dispensation. The plain and strong manner, in which the writings of the apostles convey the mind of God, with relation to our duty, and to the hopes of happiness, has not only a vast advantage above the mere deductions of reason, but above the dispensation by Moses and the prophets. The gospel is really an inestimable blessing. It is the noblest present we could receive from heaven. Comply then, ladys, with the apostle's exhortation, and let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.

But I caution you, at the same time, to have a care you do not receive the schemes of *uninspired* men for revelation. The religion of the pulpit, and what is published by our orthodox guides, is very different from the religion of the Bible, in respect of the faith we are to have in God. Our divine Lord, and ever blessed Master, established a celestial oeconomy, or spiritual kingdom, and made it consist in the worship of one supreme Spirit, the universal Father; in holiness, and righteousness, and true piety; and in the spiritual rewards of these virtues. In this kingdom

dom he appeared a temporary minister. He exercised a legatarian power as the ambassador of the most high God, and by a commission sealed with the divine seal of infallibility, by an authority supported by miracles, and those miracles proportioned in kind and moment to the knowledge and power claimed, he made it certain, he proved beyond a possibility of reasonable objection, that the practice of virtue is the only way to happiness in a future state, and vice that only which can render miserable in it. Nothing can be more beautiful and useful than this scheme. It is quite heavenly. Yet it could not satisfy the theological heads of our reverend doctors. It was not enough for them, that the chosen servant of God, *Christ Jesus*, promulgated a system of spiritual laws, and thereby endeavoured to render mankind useful members of society, noble patterns of every good and praise-worthy action, and lead them to the immense realms of bliss, upon the fair terms of imitating, according to their measure, his spotless virtue and perfect obedience. This was too plain a thing for the *theologians*. There must be a gospel *sublime* and *mysterious*, and therefore to work they go, and by a learning produce a *tritheism*. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, they make equally omnipotent in wisdom and action, and notwithstanding they

are three agents or Beings, yet they are but one.

The theologers maintain that, the Father is a supreme almighty Spirit, a living intelligent Being, absolute in wisdom, in power, in goodness, in all natural and moral perfections, and a perfect distinct Being that is neither Son, nor Holy Ghost; that the Son is another Sovereign Intelligence, a perfect distinct Being of unlimited wisdom and power, who is neither Father or Holy Ghost; and the Holy Ghost a third supreme over-ruling Spirit, omnipotent in wisdom and action, who is neither Father or Son; and yet, these three are one. Three ideas as distinct as your ideas of your cap, your fan, and your tippet, conceived by three distinct names, are to be conceived as one idea by one distinct name. This they tell us is a *mystery*. This is the catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

*Stuff, ladys.* It is a mystery invented by the priests. The senseless doctrine stands condemned by common sense, and the mind of the *Lord Jesus*; and notwithstanding those unhappy divines defend this *triple-deity* by comments, explanations, syllogisms, and fathers, yet it is not only a shocking absurdity, but intirely inconsistent with the christian religion, and what we cannot reconcile to the perfections of that Being, from whom that religion

religion professes to be derived. There is but *one* eternal resistless Power, *one* eternal unerring wisdom, *one* supreme over-ruling Spirit, if we will believe the great christian legislator, who orders us to pray, and for all things to give thanks to this *one God*, our Father, in the *name* of *his Son Jesus*; as the *disciples, subjects, and dependents of Christ, our master*; under the belief of that *authority and power* which the *Father* of the universe has *conferred* upon our *Redeemer and Mediator*, our *King* and our *Judge*. The gospel in this light appears a rational, glorious ministration of salvation. It comforts and makes glad the heart of man to glory in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. But to receive that faith which *Athanasius* and his unhappy followers, the moderns, have written for us, is irrational and inglorious to the last degree. It distresses the soul, and sinks the miserable christian far below the pagan in religion. It was not to give the world a creed of contradictions, and transform the human race into hairing, staring christians; to enlarge their throats, and make them take down the most unintelligible and most useless notions, that the Son of God came down from heaven, and took our nature upon him: but to lay before us a *preceptive religion*, which approves itself to our judgment and conscience; and as evidences of  
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of his divine mission to this glorious purpose, he appealed to the fulfilment of prophecies in his person, to the mighty works he performed, and to his resurrection from the dead : and after it, he sent down the gifts of the Holy Ghost upon his followers. This is the glory of the gospel. It reaches the heart in a shorter way than reasoning can do. In this state of temptations and snares in the way of virtue, deductions and the fitness of things can have but little force upon our conduct, to keep us close to duty, in respect of a strong conviction by a revelation from heaven, that God will pardon and accept the righteous, in a way the most honourable to his government, and render to the wicked according to their deeds. The heavenly messenger has moment. The divine negotiation prevails upon reasonable people. It becomes the power of God unto Salvation. Whereas, mere reflexion upon the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice, may be made to warp sometimes in favour of passion, and by the bias of affection, give way to that crowd of palliations, which the heart has ever ready to render the most ugly things tolerable.

Adhere then, ladys, while you live, to the *divine word*, and let no arguments you may hear, ever separat you from that method which the wisdom and goodness of God hath contrived, for delivering us from sin and receiving

ceiving us to his mercy. To this purpose, continue to study the gospel, and possess your mind with a comprehensive knowledge of the christian religion. Use your own judgment in reading, and let your chief recourse be to your own honest meditations, in all the advances you strive to make in the christian scheme. Mark the glory and beauty which shine through the gospel dispensation, and as your discoveries of the wisdom of divine counsel encrease, and of consequence call for the most reverent affection to the blessed God, manifest a zeal for him and his religion; defend the faith to your power, whenever there is occasion to do it; and at all times, and in all places, shew that the *love of God* is preferable to the *love of this world*, though you should even be unfortunate in this life by approving yourselves pious, righteous, and beneficent. Oppose, so far as you are able, that detestable system, called the *theology of Athanasius*, which the *innovators* have forged. As you value the favor of that God, whose *majesty* is *peerless*, and whose *name* is *jealous*, flee the *heresy* of *three Gods*.

Three Gods there must be in orthodoxy's account, if Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are three perfect distinct beings of unlimited wisdom and power. No learning can make them one. Do you regard only the divine  
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## The HISTORY of

establishment, and subscribe to nothing but those sacred truths which the *Son of God* proposed to his afflicted followers, when at leaving them he substituted his *Name* in the room of his *corporeal presence*; and bid them from this new ground of hope send up their petitions to the throne of the only wise God and potentate, our Father. Whatever may be the consequences here, renounce that faith which councils and our holy fathers have framed, and delivered to the world; that faith which says the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are one God, of one substance, of one essence; and that each of the three have a distinct subsistence, but one Godhead; the *glory equal*, the *majesty coeternal*; and each uncreated, incomprehensible, almighty God and Lord. Amazing invention! It is the *astonishing transgression* mentioned by the prophet *Daniel*; and therefore, own yourselves *unitarian christians*. As it is written in your *New Testament*, confess in the face of the sun, that the *Father* is the *only true God*, the *Head* and *God of Christ*, Joh. xvii. 3. 1 Cor. xi. 3. Ephes. i. 8, 17. by whom *Christ* himself was sent, whose doctrine he preached, Joh. vii. 16; by whose power he wrought miracles, Joh. xiv. 10. Acts ii. 22. whom he himself worshipped, Luke vi. 12—22. 41, 42. Heb. v. 7. whom all true worshipers were to worship, Joh. iv. 23. who made Jesus Lord and Christ,

Acts

Acts ii. 36. who *raised him* from the dead, Acts ii. 24. and 32. Rom. iv. 24. who *set him* at his right hand, Acts ii. 33. Matth. xxii. 44. Ephes. i. 20. who *gave him all power*, and *put all things under his feet*, Mat. xxviii. 18. 1 Cor. xv. 27. *who made him head over all*, Ephes. i. 21, 22. and to *whom Jesus Christ* is to *surrender* or *reign* at last his kingdom, 1 Cor. xv. 21, 27, and all this to the *glory of God, the Father*, Phil. ii. 11. This is the christian faith. To this adhere. If you should be cast out, and suffer reproach upon the account, yet that signifies nothing. The world passeth away, and all its glory and pomp will soon vanish, like a dream, before the descending Son of God. Then will your unshaken loyalty to him, the only Law-giver, Lord and King of the church, yield you unutterable comfort, and procure you everlasting honours in the kingdom of his God and Father.

To conclude ; the sum of my advice is, be good christians, and pray to God without ceasing, that you may so pass through things temporal, that you finally lose not the things eternal. In every scheme, design, and undertaking, which may occur to you from others, or be the product of your own fancy, before you go upon the action, ask yourselves this essential question, Is it reasonable and virtuous ? If it be, proceed without fear or  
 Q hesita-

hesitation. But, if it has the least tendency to what is sinful or foolish, postpone the gratification, even tho' it were attended with the highest worldly advantage. Prefer an untainted heart and life to every thing.

In the next place, in all your commerce, and connexion with your fellow-mortals, maintain a disposition of mind not to offend others, or make any one uneasy, and express that disposition in the most acceptable and agreeable way. This will give true beauty to what accomplishments you are mistress of. It will procure you the esteem and goodwill of all you come near. I have done.

Two days we stayed with this good old lady, and had twice the pleasure in that time of attending divine worship in the *druid temple*. When the weather is very fine, this lady and her pious family have the religious service performed in the *cirque* on the hill near her house, and finds a singular satisfaction, as she told me, in hearing the true God praised and adored in that place that was for ages occupied by false religion. It is now their church. The pillar in the center of the double circle is converted into the desk. There officiated for a long series of years the *bloody and idolatrous druid*. At this stone now stands the *minister of the Son of God*. Reflection is charmed with the change.

The

The 8th day of July, we took our leave 1749.  
 of our friends, and departed from *Lewis* with July 8.  
 a setting sun. We intended for *St. Kilda*, Our departure from  
 and from that to a neighbouring island, where Lewis, and  
 Miss West's brother lives; but by the winds misfortunes in a storm.

we were taken far away. At midnight, a dreadful tempest arose, and tumbled us to the west for a couple of days. Then changing to the north, we were forced towards the south pole, in a still encreasing storm, and in the distraction of wind and waves, were flung about, and cut, and bruised in a miserable way. The sea ran mountains high, and broke upon the ship with so much rage, that we thought every moment, old ocean was coming down the hatch-way, and would lodge us in an instant at the bottom of the frightful deep. Never were poor mortals in a more deplorable state. My pen is not able to convey an image of the scene. The continued deep-heels of the vessel, the shocking rumbles from side to side, the roars of thunder, and the lightnings flash, no words can picture to the mind: and a thin plank the only fence. *In tonuere poli. In horrescit mare.* We mounted up to heaven. We go down again to the depths. We reel too and fro, and our souls are melted because of trouble. All the wisdom of the mariners was swallowed up. Their skill and navigation were of no service. It was buried, as it were, with

themselves, in the rolling deep. Overpowered with the storm, they let the vessel drive. They gave her up to the mercy of the winds and waves. In this condition we passed the tumbling bay of Biscay, went by the mouth of the Straights of Gibraltar, and ran at the rate of nine knots an hour, till we got to the southward of the tropic of Cancer. A knot, reader, is a mile, and of consequence we drove 216 miles a day. This continued for six days, and then it was a flat calm.

A reflexion  
on the  
storm.

This change was pleasing, after tossing and rolling so long in the most terrible manner. To be delivered from the swallowing deep, and in a calm enjoy the glorious sun, by a remove of the solemn darkness of a tempestuous sky, was quite transporting, and we soon forgot our aching wounds and bruises. One of my eyes was almost beat out. Miss West had a finger broke. Mrs. Schornberg was sadly hurt; and every woman in the ship met with some misfortune. The men were still greater sufferers. Two of the hands were almost killed. The mate had a leg broke; and Mr. Tunstall, brother to Mrs. Howel, had a Shoulder out. Captain Scarlet, who did all that the greatest skill and bravery could do to save us, was terribly cut. Every one was sore, and all to death almost fatigued. But as our sorrow was now turned into joy, we were all in smiles again, and

remembered little of our past pains. I shall never however forget the God of nature and providence upon this occasion. All hope that we should be saved was taken away. The divine agency appeared in a black and dismal storm. We were on the brink of destruction, and that moment he ordained a lull. Adored be thy goodness, most glorious of immortal beings, for all thy mercys to me, and for this deliverance in particular, with an adoring sense upon my mind, I will look up to heaven for ever.

As our ship was now in a sad condition, our liquors destroyed, and provisions gone, we put in to the first island we came to for refreshments and repairs. This was *St. Nicholas*, one of the *Cape Verd Islands*, belonging to the Portuguese. It is a fine mountainous country, about twenty miles long, and eight broad. We lived a month and two days there in our tents, on the sunless side of a mountain that is covered with a great wood, and as a fine river run within twenty yards of the bottom of the hill, the whole situation appeared extremely fine. The weather was excessive hot, but as we were in the shade, and had but little rain for three weeks of the time, tho it was then the rainy season at that place, we felt no inconvenience from being there so late.

1741.  
July 19, we  
landed on  
St. Nicholas,  
one of the  
Cape Verd  
Islands.

The inhabitants and products of Se. Nicholas.

Here we took in water, and got Provisions of every kind. The black inhabitants came down from the mountains, and proved, contrary to common fame, a generous, good natured people. They brought us hogs, and goats, and fowls, and eggs; plantanes and coco-nuts, oranges and lemons, pomegranates, calavanes, and papahs, in abundance. Tame Guinea hens they likewise sold us; but the wild ones our men shot were far better: they were like lumps of butter; high and delicious eating. We likewise got two extraordinary fat bucks, and a little bullock that was prime meat. They had all sorts of eatables in the greatest plenty and perfection on their land, and in their rivers and surrounding sea, as fine fish of every kind as in any part of the world. They took our money very readily for what we wanted, and made us pay very reasonably; but they would rather have linnen, hats, hard-ware, and such like things for their goods. A Portuguese ship or two, they told us, call there every year, and take off what cotton they have, and the sugar some little works produce; but it is very rarely that a ship of any other country puts in there. We were surprized to find good butter and cheefe there, and both the product of goats; but their goats are very different from ours. They  
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are as large again, and their flesh very sweet, fat and good. They have some vineyards likewise on the sunny sides of their mountains, and the wine they make has a fine flavor, and is very strong. In short, *St. Nicholas* is a pleasant, fruitful, healthy spot, and I should not think my destiny hard, if my lot had been cast on that ground. Tho every soul on the island are wool-pated negroes, except the governor, and one young moorish lady, his niece, who are blacks from the kingdom of *Tombuto*, yet are they courteous, sensible mortals, and live in a more friendly way than some better taught white people do. They told us their whole number did not amount to more than five hundred.

They are subjects to the king of *Portugal*, and their governor has his commission from the Portuguese governor of *San Jago*, the greatest of the *Cape Verd Islands*. They have the Portuguese religion and language, and two or three black padres or priests, to confess them, and say mass. But priests and people are so ignorant and gross in religion, that one can hardly call them christians. Their chief Deity is the *Virgin Mary*, or rather an ugly block representing her, and next to her, or the Post that stands for her, they adore the elevated cake their miserable priest holds up for them to worship. *St. Nicholas*

The religion of the people of *St. Nicholas*.



is their third grand *supernal*, and after him they invoke a rabble of *superi* and *superae*, who, for the most part, never had any being, I suppose. Their notion of God is deplorable; to wit, three visible beings of human figure, equally omnipotent, who reside in the highest heavens, in a perfection of still life, like the Gods of Epicurus, and have committed the government of the universe to the most glorious virgin; now queen of heaven; so that their business is with the mother of God, and the saints she has appointed to act under her. They prostrate themselves before her ugly image, and are sure it is invested with a divine power, so as to be a present Divinity for their relief upon all occasions. This is a melancholy case, Alas! that ever christianity should be brought to this.

The governor and his niece did us the honor of a visit, and made us several presents in return for some things we bestowed them. They invited us to their thatched palace, and entertained us very grandly for four days. They were prodigious civil to all our company: and fond of me, as I could speak the Portuguese tongue well; having learned it of my father, who was born in Lisbon, and talked it before he could English. This enabled me to have much con-

versation with them, and gained me the heart of *Zulima*, the governor's niece.

This lady was 22 years old at this time, black as the collyed night, but her features regular and fine. Her eyes were charming, her hair long and graceful, and her person large and majestic. She wore the Portuguese dress, and had several fine diamonds on her head and breast. She told me her Father, and Abdalla her uncle, with whom she lived, were brothers to the great king of *Tombut*, but had been obliged to leave their country by the tyranny of the reigning monarch, who fancied her father had a design upon the crown; and for refuge, they fled to Cape Verd Islands; that her father dyed soon after their arrival, and the viceroy of St. Jago made her uncle governor of St. Nicholas, upon his turning christian; that they had been there above nine years, and lived in the greatest peace and plenty, but were far from being satisfied with their condition, if it could be helped: It is a disagreeable change, *Zulima* continued, and when I reflect on the glory and splendor I lived in, when I was but thirteen years of age, and the obscure still way I am now in, without one female of distinction to converse with; without any one to speak to but the poor wool-pated Moors, the revolution sits powerfully on my spirits. Continual miseries fill my soul.

An account of Zulima, a princess of the blood of the house of Tombuto, and niece to Abdalla, governor of St. Nicholas.

But

But the christian religion, I sayed, hath comforts to compensat for the loss of every external good, and leads us to such blisful regions from this first precarious scene, that we may with indifference give up the glories of the earth, when the loss of them enables us the better to prepare for an after-existence of life and immortality. We stand on the brink of death, resurrection, and judgment, and it is not to royalty and grandeur that the unutterable happyness and glory of the heavenly world is promised, but, to those who turn their feet to God's testimonys, and by patiently continuing in well-doing, seek for eternal life. It may be our everlasting interest to be afflicted, that we may learn the statutes of the Most High. His judgments are right. In faithfulness he afflicts. Our thoughts then, illustrious *Zulima*, as we are christians, must turn from the pomps and vanities of this world, to the observance of the law, which is *holy, just, and good*; and by deeds of justice, mercy and piety, we must labor to acquire that divine temper, and heavenly life, which constitutes the bliss, and makes us fit for immortality. It is exalted piety, and a steady obedience to all the will of God, that can render us valuable in the eyes of the supreme Being; and if it be obscurity that brings us to this condition, it is the happiest state.

As to the christian religion, the noble *Zulima* replied, she had not received those benefits from it which I had described, nor did she think it could be set on any thing like a parallel with the religion of her own country. The *Tombutians* believe there is one active principle, eternal and omnipotent, who created all things, and supports them by his power ; that he created good Genii, whom we call gods, among other beings, and to them committed the government of the world ; the active principle they first adore, and then do invoke and worship his viceroy, the gods : they believe those guardian spirits protect and felicitate the mortals, who act as reason and humanity require, if such protection, in this world, be within the first principle's design, when he created all things ; and that they bring to destruction the oppressor and unjust, in this world, if such destruction be agreeable to the original plan of the supreme : but that, whether virtue or vice be crowned with success, in this state, all will be right in the state to come : the brave and honest, in proportion to their virtues here, will be transferred by the gods to such spheres of bliss as they are fit for ; those spheres in which the ruling Genii reign ; but the enemys of mankind will sink into an abyss of darkness, and after many years of  
grief

The religion of the Tombutians.

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grief in the dismal prison, perish eternally by annihilation. This is the religion of the *Tombutians*. There is more reason in it than in what the catholics profess.

The catholic religion, that I have been baptized into (the illustrious *Zulima* continued) teaches me, that God consists of three supreme spirits, equal in wisdom and action, and one of them became a little child ; then turned carpenter, and at last was crucified by the Jews ; to give infinite satisfaction to himself and the other two ; satisfaction for faults committed by the penitent part of their human creatures, through the imperfection of their nature : and, as if it was not enough, that one of these great gods was offered once upon the cross, to satisfy the three, the priest has him again in his hand every day, to offer him for evermore ; and which is more wonderful than all, makes him out of a cake, by uttering four words ; and the cake is a cake after all. Amazing, impious nonsense is all this, to be sure. There is nothing so ridiculous as such religion among the wildest and weakest nations of the Moors. And yet, this is not all. A woman, the mother of the supreme God, who became a carpenter, and was hanged on a tree, hath had all power given her by the three, since her death, and is now the governing divinity, whom

whom we must principally adore, and pray for what we want. To do her the more honor, we must even prostrate before the block they call her image, and fancy there is a portion of her divine virtue residing in the *post*. Senseless religion. The prime objects of its worship are a *dead woman*, a *cake*, and a *post*. The people have not any tolerable notion of the *most glorious active principle*, whose wisdom and power are omnipotent, and whose immensity fills the universe : but the *block*, the *wafer*, and *Mary*, and a countless number of dead men and women, whom the church calls saints, we are to worship and pray to ; and believe as they tell us of a trinity, and a bleeding God. Then we profess the christian faith. Profess it we must, whether we can or no, or the cruel inquisitors will consign us to the bloodiest doom in this world, and lodge us in the next in what they call everlasting fire. I have been told the church has slaughtered millions of the human race for refusing to assent to her impietys : And I know, an eternal torment of fire is what she has provided for all who oppose her. Detestable is the whole religion. My soul abhors it. It is the *great and good active Principle*, the Creator of all things, and the Father of mankind that I adore in their church, and next to him, the be-

benevolent Genii he has appointed to be subalterns in his providence, that is, the dispensers of his gifts.

*Zulima's* account of the religion of her country surprized me very much, as it is a fine mixture of truth and error ; and what I did not think the black people of *Tombuto* were able to speculat up to : but in what she sayed of christianity, she pierced my soul, as I saw she imagined the frightful inventions of popery were the institutes of our holy religion, and that the dreadful doctrines and practices of that apostat church had the authority of Jesus on her side. I asked her, if ever she had seen the bible ? She answered,—No. And then I answered her, that the religion of the church of Rome was as far from being the religion of Jesus Christ as vice and falshood are from truth and virtue. Suffer me then, illustrious *Zulima*, (I requested) to give you a true idea of the religion of the Son of God. You shall see, it is not the Roman catholic religion. It is reasonable, peaceable and heavenly. *Zulima* with pleasure consented. She told me, she was already astonished at the little beautiful account I had given of it, in only mentioning the thing ; as the few words I had sayed were so different from what she had heard on the christian subject : that she had begun

to think from what I say'd, that there might be two christianitys in the world, and perhaps he was acquainted only with what was spurious and false: that I would proceed then, he entreated me, and with an earnest attention, fastened her large, black, sparkling eyes upon me, while I went on in the following manner.

*Noble Zulima*, there is, to be sure, *One* An account of the christian religion, in an address to the princess Zulima. *ever glorious active Principle*, as you have say'd, and *but One*, a self-existent first cause, who is the common parent, the author and creator of all things, and may be called *our Father*. His are all natural and moral perfections. He is the most excellent of all possible Beings. None can be compared to him. He infinitely excells every nature in its highest capacity, and is a power omnipotent. He is necessarily present every where, and in him all things live, and move, and have their being. At one view he sees the propriety of every thing, without a pause on his works, and according to the most perfect rectitude of his nature, prefers those ends, schemes, and methods, which by his wisdom he sees most reasonable and best, and which by his power he can pursue. The essential and everlasting fitnesses in things and actions are perfectly known to him, and are the true and invariable reasons of his conduct. In one bound-



boundless prospect these fitnesses lie before him, and afford him inconceivable pleasure, as he knows there is nothing, and can be nothing, to draw him aside into actions contrary to the fitness of things, and that therefore he shall ever act as becomes a Being of infinite perfection. This is the God of true christians. We adore One all-powerful, all-comprehending mind ; the author, director, and disposer of all things ; whose understanding is a region of pure unmixed light, replenished with an endless variety of the most beautiful scenes ; and his will, the most perfect and unchangeable rectitude. He is but ONE. Two infinite Beings of the same nature is absurd.

When this blessed God, the Father of the universe, had created the heavens and the earth, and produced various beings of different capacitys, he ordered his rational creature, man, to worship his Creator, and act as a moral agent, that is, as a being capable of perceiving truth ought to act. Endued with moral capacity or reason, it became incumbent on us, to extend our capacitys to all the truths our actions can relate to, and to conform to all the natures, circumstances and relations of things that we can observe and affect. We must faithfully endeavour to fulfil the obligations we are under to our author,

thor, ourselves, and our neighbour, and by consideration and integrity, strive to manifest a practice of piety and virtue. Every thing agreeable to the truth of things we must do, to the utmost of our power. Every thing repugnant to their real natures and proportions we must avoid. Justice, truth, mercy, goodness, must be our constant employment. So far as our wisdom and power, duly attended to, can reach, we are obliged to mind those things; and if there be not a constant exertion of all our power to do so, we must, as reasonable creatures, be culpable in the eyes of that blessed God, who acts himself by the real natures and proportions of all things. This is the law of reason. It is the religion of nature.

But then, this first state is a state of darkness and difficulty, subject to imperfection and corruption; the natural weaknesses of the creature are so great, and the temptations, in the midst of which he is placed, so numerous and strong, that he seems in a manner entitled to compassion, and might expect the interposition of a Being infinite in presence, in power, in understanding. As it happened in fact, that violence and rapine had raged, and doth rage, among the nations of the earth, and that the generality of mankind renounced their allegiance to the maker and governor of the world: that impiety, like an universal  
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leprosy, overspread and infected the earth, so as to render any visible distinction of virtuous and vicious beings in it, very small and hardly discernable; and that discouragement and fear, under a sense of some real guilt, must affect the hearts of the best of such weak and frail beings, it is not incredible and surprizing, that the Father of mercy and Judge of mankind, should supply those defects, and support such beings, by some positive assurance of his regard and favour, if we will become sincere lovers of virtue, and accordingly give due pains to advance and improve in it; but, of his anger and just displeasure, if we continue in vitious courses, and serve other gods. Here is a foundation for interposure, and it cannot be denyed, but a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness may provide and bestow great remedies and encouragements on such a world as this; to promote that goodness he delights in, and blast the evil he abhors.

This, noble *Zulima*, the rational creature might expect from its Creator, and accordingly we find, that the Father of the universe was pleased to counteract the prevailing corruption, and, in his infinite wisdom, began by selecting one family of the earth, to be a repository of true knowledge, and the pattern of obedience and reward among the nations. To this family he particularly re-  
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veled himself, and visited them with dispensations : He formed them into a nation under his special protection, governed them by laws delivered by himself, and placed them in the open view of the world, first in Africa, and afterwards, in Asia. The Creator elected the *Israelitish* nation to be a public voucher of his being and providence, and to let the nations of the earth see, that the worship of the true God, and a steady course of right conduct, entitled the truly pious and virtuous to the protection and blessings of the divine power ; but idolatry and disobedience would procure the wrath of heaven, and sink them under calamitys. Any other people would have served for this purpose as well as the Jews, and it was not out of partiality that God chose them : but, as he was pleased, in his infinite goodness, to set apart one nation to be a light upon a hill, he called the *Israelites*, because their ancestors were more pious and virtuous than the ancestors of any other nation. Even in this the Creator shewed, that righteousness was his only regard.

Thus did the Lord of all the worlds, by *revelation* demonstrat himself to be the one true God, and manifest by interposure, when wickedness was universal, and amazingly great, that it is by the exercise of virtue and integrity only, so far as the low rank of such

imperfect beings as we are will admit, that mortals can secure the love of God, and a duration that extends beyond the limits of this life, in unspeakable felicity and glory. This infinite wisdom made plane, when he brought the chosen family into *Egypt*, the head-quarters of idolatry. The most dreadful displays of divine power made it evident, that there is one God, omnipotent in wisdom and action, and that happiness is connected with the worship of this supreme Spirit, and the practice of reason.

But good as this dispensation was, and useful as it would have served to all mankind, if they had attended to it, yet the Father of the universe designed it only as a temporary thing, and promised at the giving of it to erect another more perfective in a proper time. Accordingly, when the Gentile world was intirely corrupt, and even the Jews by iniquity were ripe for destruction, God sent his favorite into the world, *Jesus Christ the righteous*, the well-beloved, as an only-begotten Son, and ordered him to publish a general indemnity upon repentance, and enlarge the Jewish peculiarity to the extent of the whole globe; that there might be neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, but all be *one in Christ*, that is, under the gospel dispensation. This was done in the fulness of time. When infinite wisdom saw it fit, that  
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mankind should receive this instance of his inestimable love, the *man Christ Jesus* appeared in our world.

He was the most glorious of all creatures, the first and best production of the supreme Being, great and excellent as the divine power could make him; in dignity and worth the very next to the blessed God himself; and therefore, in the language of revelation called, *the brightness of the Father's glory*; and *the express image of his person*: This qualified him for the errand the infinite goodness of the Father was pleased to send him on, and enabled him fully to execute the heavenly commission; to instruct men in real religion by his doctrine, and to set before them a perfect example of virtue and obedience: that mankind might not only be taught the divine will by this great preacher, publisher and interpreter of the mind of the most High; who is therefore called the *Word of God*; but from his life, death, resurrection and ascension, learn that, the right exercise of reason, that is, true virtue, obedience, and benevolence, is true worth, and the prevailing power with God. *Jesus* loved righteousness in the most eminent degree, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even his God, anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows.

At his advent, one part of the world was drowned in hypocrisy, another sunk into the grossest idolatry; and the whole lay under the dominion of ignorance, sensuality, and wickedness. All the attempts of the law, of the prophets, and of the philosophers, were unsuccessful in redressing the vices and follies of men. It was our Lord only who could reclaim sinners, by the method recorded in the New Testament. It appears to reason the most excellent and effectual. Every thing offered was worthy of the blessed God who sent him. All his lessons were highly instructive, perfective of human reason, and most conducive to the establishment of solid virtue and goodness. They illustrate and establish all the natural principles of truth and goodness. They reveal every thing requisite for the glory of God, and the supreme happiness of man.

The gospel informs the world, that there is one eternal and infinite Mind, the fountain and original of all things, and enjoins the most rational piety towards this divine Being: It commands us to worship him in spirit and in truth, and teaches us to do it in acts of adoration, resignation, thanksgiving, and confession of sin, in the most generous benevolent wishes for the increase of virtue, (thy kingdom come) and with a temper the most charitable, meek, forgiving and beneficent.

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This kind of prayer is moral exercise. It has a tendency to establish us in love to God and love to mankind.

In the next place, the gospel teaches and inculcates the greatest benevolence and god-like charity towards all men. It commands us to acquire a felicitating temper, and to communicate happiness adequate to our power; to live as if we were animated with one common spirit, one soul of love, and so far as it falls within our sphere of action; to promote, guard, and secure the happiness of all. Where his benevolence is wanting, the religion is not christian, how great soever the pretences of its professors may be. There must be a cool, settled habit of the most extensive, generous social affection, without regard to sects, parties, and speculations, to render us the true disciples of Christ.

The gospel does likewise enjoin the most strict temperance and chastity in the government of ourselves; and requires us to think upon, and practise whatsoever things are true, venerable, just, pure, lovely and of good report. It obliges us to act with an undisguised sincerity towards God and men, and to behave ourselves with that decency which procures respect; to be upright in all our dealings, and avoid irregularity and excess in our enjoyments; to be affable, meek and gentle,



and manifest a steady and constant regard to things good in their nature, and really praiseworthy. In short, the gospel requires, that the religion of a christian be free from every spot and blemish ; and that we adhere to that inward truth and sincerity, that honor, that justice, that purity, that friendly disposition, that universal virtue and goodness, which are necessary to gain us the favour of the blessed God.

These, *noble Zulima*, are the divine morals of our most holy religion, and they are enforced with the most glorious and inconceivable rewards, to be eternally enjoyed in a future state, such rewards as eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive ; while vice, on the other hand, is to have the most dire, lasting torments, and the wicked at length be *extinguished in death*. No scheme of religion can be compared to this. Most powerfully it touches the sensible springs of human actions, the hopes and fears of mankind. It ministers true comfort, and is adapted to the relief of the human race. There is public utility in the glorious dispensation, and it rests on that *fitness* which is eternal in the nature of things.

As to the ordinances which christianity hath added to the great law of reason, to  
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wit, *mediatorial worship, baptism, the Lord's Supper, and keeping holy the sabbath*, they are things so valuable and excellent, that it is impossible for a reason well fixed on the foundation of religion, to quarrel with christianity on account of these positive dutys. We will consider them, if you please.

As to the *christian mediator*, it signifies, in <sup>Of the me-</sup> the first place, a *reconciler* between God <sup>diator.</sup> and a sinful world, by declaring the mind of God in the gospel, which is the rule of reconciliation, that is, indemnity upon repentance and amendment, and therefore, one of the apostles says, *God reconciled the world to himself by Jesus Christ and his apostles, not imputing their trespasses to them* (a). <sup>Cor. v.</sup>

(a) I must observe to you, *Jews*, that although what Mrs. Benlow says in the next place is very reasonable, well thought, and may be the truth of the case; and that a very valuable writer in his fine *paraphrase on the Romans*, in his excellent book, called, *The scripture doctrine of original sin, and his scripture account of atonement*, (pieces well worth your purchasing) hath come into this way of thinking, and both written with great judgment and accuracy upon the subject; I mean Mr. Taylor of Norwich, to whom the world is under very great obligations for his most excellent and delightful work, *the Hebrew concordance adapted to the English Bible*; the second volume of which is with impatience expected by all true friends to Biblical learning; yet what Mrs. Benlow hath in the first place sayed, is a good scripture-account of the christian mediator. There is no fancy in it.

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In the next place, that the mercy of God in pardoning might be consistent with the honor of his righteous laws, and rectoral goodness might act with prudence and caution, not simply, immediately, and unconditionally, because that would not be proper; it was the appointment of supreme wisdom, that the blood of Christ should be esteemed precious, and his perfect character of all virtue and righteousness be considered as an atonement. It was ordained, that his unblemished virtue and steady obedience, even to death upon the cross, in defence of truth and goodness, and for the advancement of whatsoever is noble, generous, and praise-worthy, should be the basis of the divine mercy, that is, the mercy-seat from whence the divine favor was to flow. There is no *equivalent* in this. No infinite satisfaction. No vicarious punishment. No commutation for the death of the nocent. There is no second person of a trinity slaughtered here to satisfy the justice of a triune deity. The blessed God and Father of mercys does only shew by this institution, that virtue wins the prize. God fixes the throne of his grace upon the *worthyness* of Jesus Christ, and thereby declares, that the way for us to receive immortal glory, is to imitate, to our power, the exemplary piety and perfect obedience of our Lord.

Lord. To reason this appears the most excellent method for the recovery of sinners. The governor of the universe, in this way, makes his pardon contribute to the advancement of goodness. The scheme confirms our hope in God, by shewing us the divine compassion and tenderness, in this instituted memorial of his forgiving us; and the term upon which he does forgive us, shews the excellence and necessity of true holyness, and disposes to universal obedience. The statuted appointment of mercy rejoices us, and in our greatest troubles supports us. The example of duty and goodness for our imitation, in the life and death of Jesus, is, like the marching pillar of fire, to lead us to the regions of immortality and day. And therefore it is, that we pray in the name of our great legislator, that is, as the goodness and obedience of Christ hath been declared the ground of remission of sin, and of eternal redemption; we ask the Father almighty in the spirit of truth and holyness, and may expect to be heard as the disciples of Jesus, *if we walk in wisdom, barmless and blameless, shining as lights in the world, in the midst of* Phil. ii. 15. *a crooked and perverse generation; that is, if we believe and obey the gospel, which entitles us to that remission of sins which Christ received authority from God to declare. In*  
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short, the wise and righteous governor of the world was pleased to call the *virtue* and *obedience* of Christ *satisfaction*, and to make the *death* he suffered by the hands of wicked men, in the ordinary course of things, the *foundation of a new covenant*. The consequence was, that in order to our obtaining a happy and glorious immortality, nothing farther was required of us than to *comply* with *those terms of holiness* which the gospel has delineated, and which the grace of God will render possible to those who give all diligence to add virtue to virtue. *The Spirit of God, the spirit of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the comforter*, are abundantly sufficient for this purpose; and by such like phrases the gospel means *assistance*; that is, given strength and firmness of mind, generous principles and sentiments, resolutions and desires influencing the mind, and all our conduct. All this offers no violence to reason. It is perfectly consonant to it.

In the last place, by the appointed mediator, a stop is for ever put to idolatry, while the gospel is strictly regarded, and made the sole rule of our religion. For by the positive order of the most high God, no being is to act or interfere between the Creator and his creature man, as viceroy or supernal, whom we are to regard, but *Jesus the reconciler*,

*ciler*, 'the redeemer, our constituted king and judge under the supreme Being. This first born of every creature, in his high capacity or character of the *word and reconciler*, is the only one of all the beings produced by God that we are to address ourselves to and glorify. This is a positive command. Woe to them that break it. And that we might not err in our address, or assigning honor to this Being, we are farther told in the sacred letters in what manner we are to apply ourselves to him, and worship him. We are there ordered to give him *mediatorial worship*, that is, to honor and glorify him as the *word and reconciler*, in proportion to what his grand character deserves ; and through his mediation, in his name, to offer our prayers and praises to the *supreme Father, and author of all things* ; beseeching the *Lord Jesus*, whose worthyness hath been ordained a propitiation for our sin, (for the advancement of virtue, as before observed) to present, as our High-Priest, our prayers, offerings and intercessions to the supreme God. Thus is the divine unity preserved, and the honor due to the peerless majesty of the blessed God secured. Idolatry is for ever excluded, and the purest religion that infinite wisdom could contrive, is established. We have but one God, the Father of all, and to him alone  
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we pray for assistance, and our daily bread, and ascribe that glory and praise to him, which cannot be communicated to any other being, without sin, but we honor at the same time, in obedience to the divine command; that divine person, the *Lord Jesus*, who acts in *subordination* to his God and Creator, and is the *anointed of the one God, and Father of all*, Heb. i. 9, Eph. iv. 6, Joh. x. 36. *Who sheds the Holy Ghost upon us*, that is, *assistance*, through *Jesus Christ our Savior*, Tit. iii. 4, 6. The scheme is fair and heavenly. The common natural reason of mankind must declare for it.

Of baptism.

As to baptism, it is far from being remote from moral duty. It is an excellent means of improvement in virtue. The rite tends to support a religion calculated for the public good, and to make society happier than it could be without it. When the adult are baptized, they chuse *Jesus* for their *master*, and publicly declare their determination to be *governed by his laws*. They solemnly profess their resolution to adhere to that holy doctrine, which is the mind and will of God the Father, was published to the world by his Son, whom he sent from heaven for that purpose, and confirmed by the divine power, called the Holy Ghost. The rite does likewise represent by immersion, that we are from that time to separat from a vicious world,

world, and devote ourselves to the purity and spirituality of the christian religion (a).

As to the *Lord's supper*, which the church Of the eu-  
charist or  
Lord's sup-  
per. of Rome hath turned into a transubstantiation, it is but a monument erected to commemorat the noblest instance of generosity and beneficence that can be met with in all the annals of time. It is a confession of our obligations to God and his Christ, for furnishing us with that noble and useful scheme of morals called the New Testament, and for giving it a sanction at so expensive a rate as the death of Jesus. It is a commemoration of all the blessed and glorious hopes set before us by christianity through Jesus Christ, and an act of grateful praise for his calling us to virtue and glory, and qualifying us to dwell with God for ever. It naturally enforces upon the mind a lively sense of the obligations true christians lie under to the sedulous practice of true piety and virtue, and is a service the most joyous to the sincerely good. It likewise advances our social affections. It excites us to imitate the benevolent life of the *divine Jesus*; and as a

(a) As Mrs. Benlow is a baptist, she took no notice of infant-baptism in her account: Nor, in truth, Jews, is there much to be sayed in its favor. This however may be offered, that it is a proper mean of representing to parents their duty towards their children, and of bringing them under a declared obligation to the diligent performance, of them.



moral means of improvement to every good disposition of the soul, ought to be continued as a part of our religious service. It is reasonable. The fitness of things requires it, exclusive of the appointment.

And now, in the last place, as to the *christian sabbath*, or setting apart one day in seven for public worship and self-examination ; to profess our common faith, and that all ranks of men may have their common duties refreshed and enlivened upon their minds, by prayer, praise, and instruction, it is an injunction so rational, and contributes so much to humanize and sweeten the human temper, to subdue the unruly passions, and invigorate every good and generous affection, that reason I think must desire it, tho we had no revelation concerning it. An institution, that not only gives rest to the labouring part of the creation, to the lower sort of mankind, as well as to the brute animals, one day in seven, but is calculated to civilize men, and render them wiser and better, can never be enough commended. Common sense must declare for it.

Thus, *noble Zulima*, have I given you the best account I am able to give of the nature and design of the christian religion, and when we view it in its native and original beauty, it appears so fair and heavenly a piece, as well deserved to be introduced, propagated,

pagated, and confirmed, by so many and mighty miracles, as were wrought by our Lord *Jesus Christ*, and his *apostles*, for its establishment. Therefore to reject, or oppose such a christianity, must certainly be wrong, if it is natural to every virtuous spirit to wish for honor, glory, and immortality.

But then you will ask me, in the next place, how came this fair religion to be almost lost in the world, and by what means did the other christianity, called *popery*, become so universal, as you have been informed it is over a great part of the earth? It is the religion of Europe, they tell you, and its missionaries have spread it in Africa, Asia, and America. One might imagine, the religion you have drawn should prevail, if it came from God, was fixed on miracles, and had the Holy Ghost to support it. To this I will give you the best answer in my power.

I think I can in a few words be satisfactory in the article.

*Illustrious Zulima*, It is to be sure a very surprizing incident, that the religion of *Christ Jesus* should be corrupted in the manner *popery* hath polluted it: That after our Lord had blessed the world with the perfection of faith and practice, and established institutions that were plenary, pure, and firm; a gospel that informs mankind, there is *one sole source and standard of virtue and perfection, one ever*  
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*blessed Spirit*, whose goodness and benignity hath ever been universally extended over all his works, and *but one proper substitute, patron, Reconciler, or mediator, the glorified man Christ Jesus*: That the religion taught by this divine person had a foundation in nature, and the end of all his instructions was answered, by two comprehensive virtues, the love of God, and the love of our neighbour; that is, as the disciples of Jesus, and according to his instructions, that we must worship the Father of the universe only, *who is always sitting on his throne of grace*, ready to receive most favorably the truly pious and the penitent; and by justice, charity, and universal benevolence, by a steady pursuit of virtue in all the branches of it, we must be good members of Society, and act up to the dignity of the christian character; that after this, I say, was fixed in the world by the divine power, and idolatry and superstition were subverted by the preaching of the *reconciler* and his *apostles*, then a *thinking monster*, called *popery* or the *church of Rome*, should arise from the bottomless pit, and almost wound to death the religion of *Jesus Christ*: That it should dare to speculate against the *peerless majesty* of the *supreme Spirit*, and directly contrary to all religion, natural and revealed, teach *three one true Gods*, and *one three true Gods*; three intelligent beings, agents or persons,

sons, each of which has the nature and all essential attributes and perfections of the one only true God, and are all equal in power and wisdom ; and call this horrible invention *unsearchable mystery* : That these *priests* and *creed-makers* should farther dare to add to this doctrine of a trinity, the doctrines of *original Sin*, *infinite Satisfaction*, and *eternal punishments* ; the doctrines of *adoration of images*, *praying to a dead woman*, *angels*, and *saints*, *purgatory*, *seven sacraments*, *transubstantiation*, *adoration of the sacramental bread*, *auricular confession*, and the *supremacy of a pope* ; and so far pervert the principal end of the gospel, (which was solely to induce men to the *practice of solid virtue and inward holiness*,) as instead thereof to substitute *innumerable commutations of penances*, *pilgrimages*, *indulgencies*, and such outward bodily exercises, as have quite outdone the Jewish rites, and translated the religion of Christ from the *inward* to the *outward man*, from the *spirit* to the *flesh*, from the *soul* to the *body* ; — This is a surprizing incident, we must confess. With amazement we see the doctors depart from the written word to tradition and fancy, and follow giddy imagination into the wood of errors and superstitions. We must own they have brought the worship of God to nothing. They teach for doctrines the commandments of men.

Nor is this the whole of the sad affair. We must allow christianity is so greatly debased, that if any of us resolve to trust in the Lord, and will not lean to the understanding of the priests; will not bow down to their pride, nor subscribe to their ungoverned devices; will only serve Almighty God, and act up to the propriety of reason and nature; rejecting the worship of *Mary* and saints, the wafers and posts, and the mysterys which have cost them so much care and pains; and making it our single aim to improve in divine knowledge and true goodness, and become perfect in holiness, by faithful watchfulness and constant efforts; then they proceed upon bloody principles, and, contrary to the rules of the gospel, doom us to the most dreadful inflictions by their decrees of councils, which are more binding than the divine law, according to the doctrine of the Romish church. This is a frightful picture of christian religion. How can we account for the thing?

The reason is, *noble Zulima*, that true religion had still the same adversaries to encounter with, the devil and passions of men. They introduced idolatry, polytheism, and cruelty, into christianity. The mystery of iniquity began to work even in the days of the apostles, and in process of time perverted the truth. In the place of faith in *one supreme, over-ruling spirit, and one mediator or*  
*sub-*

*Substitute, the glorified Jesus, in the place of laws for the perfecting of the saints, and all the sacred institutions of christianity, popery brought in tricks and charms, and forms and ceremonies, mediators innumerable, a queen of heaven, and a trinity in unity. The devil and the popish priests in conjunction destroyed very early that proper, spiritual, true devotion, which is worthy the supreme Being; and becoming the relation we bear to him; destroyed primitive order, and the sober beauties of holyness; and instead of them, introduced the Romish mass, and rites the most ridiculous and burthensome; successors of the pagan gods in officinary dignity, relics, bulls,enary indulgences, notes to St. Peter; privileged altars, and papal securitys: In short, such invented pietys, forgerys, and fables as are worthy of laughter and of tears; of laughter, for their improbability and absurdity; and worthy of tears, as those wicked men have imposed them on the world for christian religion.*

It was impossible for *popery* at once to arrive at this height of audaciousness and impiety, and therefore, her infernal spirit by degrees formed the apostacy we have at present. Till the state became christian, in the reign of the Roman emperor Constantine the Great, about 312 years after Christ, the papal tyranny could make no appearance, nor

give disturbance to the world for want of civil power. Its theologers only speculated. They could not act. But when this emperor turned christian, built beautiful churches, gave them rich plate, and endowed them with lands to support the ministers of religion, then pride and ambition began to rule in the breasts of the bishops of Rome, and to corrupt the whole clergy. And as the successors of Constantine continued the same favors to the ecclesiastical state, the secular and spiritual powers were soon blended, and the vilest disorders ensued, both in theory and practice. The popes became absolute princes in the year 756, and appeared one after another mere monsters of men. And the prelates frequented the courts of kings; were of their councils, and as feudatorys commanded armies. They meddled in the government and consultations of state, and the same persons were bishops, counts, and dukes. The very monasterys began to acquire fiefs and baronys. Riches and power engrossed the souls of the priests, and the sacred spiritual office was intirely disregarded. Then corruption, like a wasting flood, overspread the christian world, and the religion of the holy Jesus was almost lost in the new abominable religion of Rome. The *merciless spirit* of *popery* now raged. *Idolatry* every where prevailed. The *spirituality*,

*tuality, purity, and reasonableness* of the christian worship were intirely destroyed by the *execrable priests*. Religion had lost its life and power.

But notwithstanding this deplorable corruption of the holy religion, and that the church had abandoned herself to a reprobate state, had lost her beautiful simplicity, and appeared with the ornaments of gold and precious stones: that the *popes* became unmindful of the divine commands, and the salvation of souls, and applied their minds wholly to mundane greatness, — to secure that worldly grandeur they had acquired by forgery and villany: that the *clergy* in general were no longer the dispensers of divine things — no longer regarded sanctity of life, the advancement of truth, and love towards God and man; but most audaciously and shamefully abandoned themselves to ambition, covetousness, and the most abominable licentiousness: And that the catholic, apostolic, and primitive doctrines were by them changed into direct impietys, and things destructive of christian society: Yet still, the eternal truths which *Christ* and his *apostles* taught, were preserved in the sacred records of our divine religion, and resided in the purity of the hearts of the faithful few. Some pious and true christians there were in all the nations of christendom, who abhorred the



*romish innovations* in the christian faith, made frequent and stout oppositions against them, and resisted unto death the *new abominations* of Rome. Butchered they were for ages by the *apostat priests*, and the blood of thousands of thousands cries to heaven for vengeance against the *papal cruelty*. With fire and sword, the *furious spirit* of the popes and their *slaughtering ecclesiastics* pursued those martyrs, and destroyed an incredible number of the best of the human race, to secure to themselves the honors and profits of the world, and establish their sacerdotal empire. *Noble Zulima*, were I to give you the particulars of all these things, it would take up days to narrate. Were I to open all the bloody scenes, the view would strike you with horror. Let it therefore suffice to say, that for ages the *bloody tragedy* was acted by the *priests*. They consecrated the *most shameful villanies* under the specious name of *catholic zeal*.

But as almighty God is infinitely good, and his tender mercy is over all his works, he was pleased at last, in his good time, to turn the hearts of princes to the assistance of those suffering christians, and made them his instruments to support a *reformation* that again restored his *holy eternal truth*. The *reformers*, our fathers, supported by royal power, were then able to appear in christian

societys, and rank themselves under another form of ministry. True religion appeared in public again in several nations of Europe, and in the communion of *protestants* (the *reformed* so called from *protesting* against the *dreadful popes*, the *dreadful priests*, and the *abominable doctrines* they had taught the world, *contrary to the faith and piety of the gospel*); — In the communion of *protestants*, I say, once more, the world was blessed with the *faith of the apostles*, *excellent prayers*, *perfect sacraments*, *faith and repentance*, the *ten commandments*, the *sermons of Christ*, and all the *precepts and councils of the gospel*. Mankind were taught by the *reformed ministers* to *worship God through Jesus Christ*; to live in obedience to the divine law, and to be ever ready to die for it; to pray for all men, even our most erring brethren, and strive to promote the happiness of the whole human race. We were then done with *saints and angels*, the *wafer God* and the *Virgin Mary*, *holy blocks*, and *holy bones*, *indulgences*, and *amulets*, *agnus Dei's*, and *consecrated clouts*. *Truth and purity*, and *love*, were restored. In the beauty of holiness we now serve the Lord. No impious priest can harm us in those happy regions where the pure reformed religion is professed. Those bears, those wolves, those tygers of doctors

doctors are rendered harmless against their wills by our laws.

And now, illustrious *Zulima*, to shut up my account of our religion, I take the confidence to hope, that you will be a convert to that *pure Christianity* I have delineated; and though you cannot subscribe to, but reasonably abhor the *senseless rites* and *detestable doctrines* of the *Church of Rome*, yet that, you will be a member of that *protestant communion*, whose religion consists in *worshipping the one supreme Spirit*, the *universal Lord*, the *Father almighty*, as the *Disciples of the glorified Jesus*; in *humbly imitating this amiable source and standard of perfection*, according to the rules layed down in the sacred writings; and *practising that efficacious virtue*, which concurs in every thing, in our measure, in promoting the Deity's benevolent intentions, towards ourselves, and the rest of our species.

And the better to effect this good work, I invite you, *noble Zulima*, to *England*. Come with me to my country, and you shall be most heartily welcome to my house, and to share in that happiness the good author of all things hath blessed me with. These ladies you see with me here are my companions. We live in an uninterrupted felicity, and sense those unmixed pleasures which flow from the laws of God, promulgated by the *holy Jesus*.  
There,

There, *noble Zulima*, you shall see our Bible in the languages you understand, and talk so well, the *Arabic* and *Portuguese*, and from that heavenly fountain, you may draw for your own use, that *pure christian deism*, which displays an universal love to all the proper objects of it, the Deity, ourselves and mankind. With me you shall be the votary of the most perfect religion. We will live in the suburbs of heaven.

*Zulima* replied : Mrs. *Benlow*, your discourse hath astonished me. I am under eternal obligations to you for the information you have given me, and I now confess myself a christian. You have given me a view of the large of the state of revelation ; its truths and the abuses of them ; and from this moment, I joyn in the reformed worship of the *One Lord of all the worlds, in the Name of his Son Christ Jesus* ; and shall endeavour to make his *sacred Gospel*, when it comes to my hands, the perpetual rules of my actions.

I accept with pleasure your generous offer to go with you to England, and adore the providence of almighty God for bringing you in so wonderful a manner to my acquaintance.

—In short, reader, this Princess, with the consent of her uncle, came away with us, to visit Great Britain, (the happiest and best of all Countrys) and is now one of my family. She is a pious, upright christian, and  
tho

tho as black as the collyed night, is as ingenious, sensible, and agreeable a woman as can be found among the daughters of England.

August 24,

1741.

Our departure from  
St. Nicholas.

The 24th of August, we departed from St. Nicholas, and were loaded with fruits and curiosities of many kinds. The governor made all the ladys presents of one thing or other, but on me he heaped favours, when he was made acquainted with my religious thoughts, and his niece had farther informed him of the invitation I had given her to England. He was greatly pleased with this proposal, and expressed his obligations in the strongest and most polite way. He told me, that as necessity only had forced him into the service of the Portuguese, so reason now obliged him to leave it. He had at last received advice from *Tombuto* by a faithful slave, that the people were in arms against his wicked younger brother, the reigning tyrant of that country, who had usurped the crown, upon the death of their father: and he intended to try what fortune would do in recovering the throne: that it was not for himself however he went upon the design; but for *Zulima*, his niece, who was the daughter of his eldest brother, and by her birth and virtues entitled to the sovereign power. How, or where to leave her, while he went on this enterprize, had I not made this offer, he could

not tell: and to take her with him, in the dangers, fatigues, and uncertaintys of the expedition, that could not be: but now, if success should crown his arms, her return from England was easy: and if it did not, and she was fated to a private life, then he had the satisfaction to think, she was as happily situated as it was possible for her to be, if she was not on a throne. This made *Abdalla* extremely fond of me, the two last days of our being on the island, for it was not till then I had the conference with his niece, and if I had taken all the presents he pressed me to receive, I should have been greatly overpayed for entertaining *Zulima* many years. But self had never much concern in my soul: None at all, when religion was in the case: and therefore, I refused a very fine diamond, and some wedges of gold the governor entreated me to accept. I took however half a dozen black boys, and as many wool-pated girls, to make them true christians, if I could; and lemons and oranges, and monkeys and parrots in abundance, with several boxes of extraordinary fine shells.

*Abdalla*, the royal Moor, was in the 39th year of his age when I saw him. He was tall and graceful. His features good: His eyes extreme fine. If he had not been black as jett, I should call him a wonderful handsome man. In his morals he was brave and honest.

An account  
of *Abdalla*,  
the royal  
Moor.

honest. In his understanding great and penetrating. He had read many books in the Arabic language, and had as just notions of natural and moral philosophy as any white professor I have conversed with. This surprised me very greatly. He told me he had the *Koran* of *Mahomet*, and read it often, as he thought it in many respects an excellent book; but he did not believe that *Mahomet* was any more a prophet than himself; or that he was the author of the *Koran*. He judged it to be written by some Arabian sage. As to our *Bible*, he told me he never could get a sight of an Arabic copy; and in all the Cape Verd Islands there was not one in the Portuguese tongue. The miserable christianity they had among them they received from the lips of the poor ignorant black priests. But he had a good opinion now of the christian religion, from the account I had given his niece; which she had very faithfully related to him. He told me he would hereafter honor *Jesus Christ*.

A religious  
conversation  
with  
Abdalla,  
the royal  
Moor.

But inform me after all, Mrs. *Bentlow*, he sayed, what particular benefits can sprout from christianity more than from the religion of nature, if that ray of divinity, the law of reason, keeps us from impiety, idolatry, superstition and enthusiasm, and conducts us through the pleasing paths of virtue, to a glorious state of future existence: ——— If A  
in

in every respect be as good a man, by the directions of reason, as B can be, by a guiding revelation? This certainly has been the case. No christian of sense can deny it.

I answered, the way to please God, and obtain his favor, is, without all peradventure, not by sacrifices, but by works of justice, charity and mercy, piety towards God, and benevolence towards mankind ; and if A excels in these respects, and hath not heard of christianity, or hath examined it fairly, and yet cannot help doubting, then A hath nothing to fear ; for it is an eternal and immutable truth, that he who feareth God, loveth mercy, and worketh righteousness; will be accepted of God ; who hath no respect of persons, but will judge every one according to his works ; because wisdom is the spring of action in the Deity, and immutable rectitude his nature. But then it is very rare, that such upright men as A appear. Let us travel the globe, and we shall find, that the very reverse is the general case of mankind, that have not revelation for their guide. The inferior herd of mortals in Asia, Africa, and America, and most of their superiors too, make but poor advances by their reason in virtue, piety, and a good life. The thing is so notorious, that it admits not of dispute. Whereas the advantage of the gospel is, that by the genuine doctrines of our glorious



glorious mediator, the people are well instructed, how to believe in *one good God*, the universal Lord, and how to live a good life and conversation. They are taught the excellency of virtue, and the folly and unreasonableness of vice; the shortness and uncertainty of human life; the immortality of their souls; the certainty of future rewards and punishments; the divine providence and perfections. All the principles of religion and morality are continually brought to their remembrance by the gospel and its reformed ministers: They are duly weighed to their understandings, and forcibly impressed on their souls. So that the question is not, What reason can do in a clean, well-made head, and a benevolent heart; — but, What it does produce in the stupid, untaught, laboring millions of the human kind; and in the lawless breasts of great wicked men? Excepting a few speculating heads, and generous souls, like yours, *noble Abdalla*, what do we find in many nations of the earth, who are strangers to our *sacred oracles*, but the most deplorable superstitions, and practices unworthy of rational creatures? — the basest actions, and the most ridiculous thoughts. But in those happy regions, where the reformed religion shines, the philosopher has satisfaction given him, about points of greatest importance; and the people are made

so well acquainted with every proposition concerning the present or future state of mankind and virtue, and excited to the practice of what is good ; that if they do evil, and lead wicked lives, as too many of them do, we must confess, it is wilfully, and against knowledge they sin. They are obstinat and reprobat. They declare for illicit gratification in this world, at the loss of their miserable souls in a world to come.

This is not all, *noble Abdalla*, the most high God, the *God of Christ*, made him for us *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption*, and where the true gospel hath been preached, mankind are obliged to come to God in the name of, or through Christ. We are not only redeemed, washed, sanctified, and justified, that is, brought out of a state of sin and impurity, by the heavenly doctrine and exemplary life of Jesus, by his miracles, his death, his resurrection, his ascension, and session at the right hand of God, which are rational means of redeeming us from the slavery of sin, and of making us righteous, pious, and pure ; but it is necessary, that we now consider *Christ* as a *mercy-seat*, or *propitiatory*, so appointed by the blessed God, who declares thereby *his mercy and benevolence*, which endure for ever ; and that the ground of his love and indemnity to mankind was an *offering and sacrifice of a*

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## The HISTORY of

*sweet smelling savor*; the obedience of our blessed Saviour, even to the death of the cross; and this, because a *qualified pardon*, by the blood of Christ, shews the Deity's abhorrence of sin, and tends in the most effectual way to purify and ennoble our spirits. Penitence and obedience are best produced by such a method of forgiving. It is a mean above all others the most worthy of the goodness and wisdom of the governor of the universe.

Abdalla to this replied, that there was reason in what I had said; but tell me (he continued) if it be proper that pardon should be conigned to the human race in this way, that is, in a manner suitable to God's being the *supreme magistrate*, and to the *more effectual putting stop to sin*, which ruins his subjects, and disorders his creation; — if redemption by the cross be so *necessary a thing* for the advancement of true holyness; and the human mind should be fastened on the blood of Christ, to arrive at eminence in obedience and goodness; then why did this *special messenger* come so late; — and why was the revelation made to so few? Vast nations now upon the earth, and numberless millions of millions removed to the other world, have not had the least information of the gospel. There are kingdoms in Africa, to my knowledge, where no christian ever trod: Nor is there a probability that christianity will ever reach those

those distant countrys. How then is this accounted for? All need a supernatural revelation, and but some have it! Has will conferred it on a few, and denyed it to the greatest part of the human race? The Deity most certainly created mankind to communicate happiness to all; and yet this necessary leveled means is refused to more than half the globe. Such a divine conduct to me seems incompatible with paternal benevolence and infinite perfection.

To this I answered in the following manner: *Noble Abdalla*, as to God's not admitting the remedy *at all times*, and *to all persons*; if the question could not be answered, it will not follow that revelation was not wanting, or, that it is the less useful to those to whom it is vouchsafed. We find in fact, that it is of all things the most useful, and yet it might be *fit*, that God should not communicate himself alike, and at all times to mankind. Though such fitness may not appear to us, yet we must allow it may be *right* to act, unless our understandings are commensurate to the natures and relations of all things, and presume to say, that God can have no reasons for any particular *economy* of providence which lie concealed from our searches. This I believe you will grant. Let me add then, that supposing we can assign plausible reasons against bestowing upon *some*

the great advantage of a particular revelation, and denying it to others, yet we ought to be very sure, that these reasons are at least a *counterpoise* to the *evidence* we have of God's having really communicated such a particular dispensation to *some*, before we determine against it. This modest caution becomes reasoners of our low rank. It is inexcusable rashness and presumption to decree peremptorily that a thing cannot be, when the evidence for the truth of the fact is vastly superior to the pretended reasons against the expediency of it. Let us not argue then against the truth of the christian revelation from its imperfect promulgation; since the precepts of the gospel are incomparably the best in the world; the most divine morals, enforced with the most glorious rewards; since malice, cavilling, scepticism and levity, have proved unsuccessful in their base attempts to disprove the facts of the gospel; and that it spread with a miraculous speed over a large part of the world, in spite of the rage and fierceness of men and devils; yea, still exists in its original splendor, in the reformed countrys, though the *evil one*, at the head of an *infernal popery*, does all that *cruelty and wickedness*, in the hands of mighty sovereigns, can do, to extirpat the *holy religion* of Jesus.

In the next place, it is carrying the necessity of revelation higher than is fit, to say that it is impossible for natural religion, without revelation, to discharge any part of duty in an acceptable manner ; which is the opposition that renders it inconsistent with our common notion of the parent of the universe, to imagine that he should make such a revelation to *some*, and withhold it from *others* : for the truth of the case is, that christianity is not a *new* religion, but is the old, uncorrupt religion of *nature* and *reason*, delivered and taught in the most rational and easy way ; intirely freed from *superstition* and *immorality*, and enforced by the most gracious and powerful *motives* to render it effectual : therefore, *in strict justice*, God was not obliged to give a *revelation* to *any*. It could not be a *debt*, but a *favor*. The heathen, by the law of reason, has means sufficient to acquire the blessing of God, if he makes a right use of his understanding ; though the gospel may exalt the upright christian, and give him greater advantages or improving his rational powers. Express revelation must be more easy, suitable and affecting than natural religion, even from the lips of the best human teacher : but if men will exert their human reason, and make it the rule of their life and actions, to the utmost of their capacity and ability ; they will

not in the solemn day of judgment be rejected, because they did not belong to the visible kingdom of God in this world, but will, according to their virtue and works, be accepted, and received into the kingdom of glory. This is not only the report of common sense; the scriptures say it in many places. Our *divine Lord*, in particular, in the gospel tells us, (speaking of a Roman officer, who was a *heathen*) that he did not find so great faith as that *heathen* professed in some discourse he had with *Jesus*, no not in *Israel*, the peculiar people and kingdom of God: and thereupon adds, I say unto you, many heathen, who are not the children of the kingdom of God in this world, shall, in the last day, come from the east and west, from all parts of the globe, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. An apostle likewise declares, that God is no respecter of persons; and that in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

The consequence is, that since a well-disposed mind, and a right use of human reason, can save the *heathen*; (and without a good disposition and due use of reason, the gospel itself is not sufficient for salvation) since *virtuous heathens* shall be eternally saved, and wicked christians will not be partially fa-  
vored,

ored, for being in this life members of Christ's visible church, but will be more severely punished for sinning under the advantages and benefits of revealed religion; since the virtuous who have been brought into the christian church, and the virtuous who are out of the church, and have not heard of Christ, are both to obtain the divine favor at present, and everlasting happiness hereafter, by the grace of God in Christ. In short, since revelation is no more than a great blessing to us; and does no injury to the heathen world, because where-ever rational nature is, there true religion may in fact be, and the errors and impietys of all heathens are as much contrary to reason, and owing to an undue use of it; as the errors and impietys of christians are contrary to scripture, and owing to an undue use of it; then we cannot impeach the communion parent for the want of universality in the propagation of christianity. He bestows the glorious blessing, where his wisdom sees proper; that wisdom which comprehends the eternal relations or fitnesses of all things, whilst human knowledge is confined to some few instances; and by the blessing we are enlightened and directed; are plainly taught to worship one universal Lord, and enabled to purge our minds from anger, wrath, malice, envy, and every selfish, turbulent, unchristian passion; and to cultivate in our breasts,



and exercise in our conversation, the kind, courteous, humble, inoffensive, benevolent spirit of the gospel : We are raised by the heavenly doctrine above the best and worst of this world : We are engaged to all cheerful obedience to the divine will, and with a christian dignity, and elevation of soul, can fix our affections and regards upon an everlasting inheritance, a crown of glory, that is layed up for us in heaven. But still, the heathen is not destitute and forsaken. By *nature* alone, that reason and understanding, which is the gift of God to all men, and the inspiration of the Almighty, he is enabled to fulfil the law that providence has placed him under. He may, like you, *noble Abdalla*, be a sincerely virtuous, honest, sober, kind, good and benevolent man.

But still I want to know, (the royal Moor replied) why the common Father of his creatures should make some happier by *revelation* than it is possible for others to be by *nature*. Tell me, Mrs. Benlow, does not the same reasons which shew it to be necessary for the people of *Europe*, shew it to be necessary for the people of *Africa*.——Why should the *Europeans* be blessed with an aid so extraordinary, that none of them can miss the realms of glory, unless they wilfully wink hard against the light of the gospel,  
and

and are determined to sink to hell, rather than renounce the tumultuous pleasures of this world; and the poor *Africans* have *reason*, only to trust to, which is but very weak in many of them? Should not the common parent let all his children know what was for their common good?

To this I answered, that there may be reasons of providence unknown to us, which make a different method more fit and proper, and we must resolve the *reveled favor*, as well as many others, into the determination of *infinite wisdom*. We have no knowledge of the whole scheme, order, and state of things; and, beside, though the happiness of man is *one* end of all the dispensations of divine providence, yet we must not suppose, that *mere* happiness is this end; but happiness under some certain *posture, order, and situation* of being. I think for myself, that this is evident from the different order of beings that are in the world, and the different degrees of happiness allotted to creatures of the same species. We see even in respect of the law of nature, that some understand much more of it than others (considering the circumstances in which they are placed) can know. The goodness of the Deity, as I imagine, inclines him to communicate some degree of happiness to all his children, and  
pre-

prevents him from making any of them miserable without their own fault. But the divine goodness may give being to a variety of creatures, and make some more, others less perfect in knowledge; and that according to the different degrees of their understandings, they shall be more or less perfect in their wills. I see no inconsistency in this. Supreme wisdom best knows what measure of natural capacity for happiness, or what number of additional advantages every particular creature should enjoy. In *creating*, God dealt out happiness *gradually* and *unequally* to his creatures. In *restoring* we must allow him, if he pleases, to pursue the same measures. He is the undoubted master of his own favors; yet he cannot act in an *arbitrary manner*. In his own infinite mind he has most certainly reasons for this different conduct.

But nevertheless, there is no cause to complain. A *heathen*, in any part of the world, may be an accepted believer in the sight of God. He may by his reason, rightly and duly used, believe that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. The whole difference between us is what the apostle Paul tells us. The living God is the Savior of *all men*, specially of those that believe. 1 Tim. iv. 10. Here

ended the conversation between *Abdalla* the Moor, and Mrs. Benlow (a).

As the sun was setting, we sailed with a fine wind from the *Cape Verd Islands*, and steered for the *Azores*. We had a fight of the top of *El Pico* the 5th of September, and from the island of *Teneriffe*, we passed close by the isles, or rather the rocks, called the *Salvages*; which lie in the latitude of 29 deg. 25 min. north, and longitude of 16 deg. 36 min. from *London*. These *Salvages* are comprehended in the *Canary Islands*. We had fine weather, and fresh gales all this time, and lived in a very happy manner. Music, fishing, and telling stories, gave us

Aug. 24,  
1741,  
sailed from  
Cape Verd  
Islands,  
Sept. 5.

(a) In my opinion, Jewks, Mrs. Benlow has here given a good answer to the Moor's question—a question, by the way, that is the only objection against the christian religion that deserves any notice, and is insisted on by all the enemys of revelation as unanswerable. The authors of *Deism* fairly stated, of God's universal goodness displayed, and of the letter to the *Deists*, press most in this article: And the celebrated *John Dryden*, that great and various poet, who turned papist for bread, in the reign of James the Second, was in reality no christian by this very argument; as appears by an essay on *Natural Religion*, which was most certainly written by him, as I have been informed, by one who knew him intimately well. Compare what this lady says upon the subject with what hath been written upon the article by the late Dr. Foster, in his book against *Tjadal*, p. 62—86. And in Mr. Browne's book against the same author, p. 296—340.

full

A dolphin.

full diversion, and among other fish, we caught a great number of dolphins: Not those of the porpoise kind, who have mouths that make a terrible appearance: but that beautiful fish which our painters vilely figure on the signs. It is a long slim fish, from three to seven feet in length. The belly is a silvery white, and the back the finest colors on a dusky olive ground: The fins and tail are very elegant, especially one fin that extends along the back: Its head is broad and short: the eyes bright and large. Well dressed, it is exceeding good. A dish of this fine creature was generally one of the six we had every day for dinner; to which we sat down at twelve o' clock. We breakfasted at eight, and supped at the same hour at night. We had every thing in great plenty; not only fish and flesh, butter and biscuit; but very fine milk for our tea, and coffee, and puddings, from two goats we had on board.

The 7th of September, we left the *Salvages* on our backs, ran at a pleasant five-knot gale for several days, that is, 120 miles in 24 hours. We cut through mountain seas, and once more happily passed the tumbling bay of Biscay. Due north we steered, and began to approach the Western Islands; when of a sudden all the winds failed us, and for six days we stood stock still. Had this

this happened under the line, we should have been finely roasted ; but as we were in a good latitude, and the weather charming, it was delightful. We took salmon and turbot every day, and fared deliciously. The hands got a blue shark, and a white shark, large and terrible fishes, but had secured them by ropes round their bodies, so as to prevent such mischief as the sea-wolf was like to do us ; and they dressed pieces of them, which we found to be delicious eating.

The white shark, reader, is the most <sup>A shark.</sup> dreadful of all its species. This was fourteen feet long, and proportionably thick, and at least 700 pounds weight : the head flat and monstrous ; the mouth enormous ; the teeth broad, triangular, and dreadful : It had six rows of them, and many of them were serrated : The eyes were prodigious large and terrible : And yet this all-devouring monster a sailor fought with a knife in its own element, the reverend Mr. *Hughes* assures us, in his history of *Barbados*. But Dr. *Hill* observes upon the relation, that we cannot but congratulate the author on this happy conclusion of his uncommon performance ; the history is worthy of the story, and the story of the history. As to the blue shark, it is a smaller kind of the *squali*, but a fierce and frightful animal. It is about six feet long, and called the blue shark, because its back is a deep

deep and beautiful blue color. The other is all over white, and bright as silver.

But as to the lull ; six days, as I sayed, we lay becalmed in an ocean that was smooth as a mill-pond, and during that time, it was agreed among us, that every one of the company should recite the strangest affair that befell them in life. Who should tell first, the casting of lots was to shew, and as it fell upon Miss West to relate, that agreeable young lady proceeded at once, and gave us an amazing true history.

The adventure of  
Milburn  
forest.

In the month of June, the year 1738, I went to see an old lady, my relation, who lived in a country house in the north of England, and purposed to spend the summer at the place : but I had not been a week there before I was forcibly carried away, and hurried by violence to a confinement, that was the most surprizing spot, and displayed as wonderful a scene as ever was transacted I imagine in the world. The principal actor was a great wicked man, who is still alive. The farce began in the following way.

Some agreeable young ladys in the neighbourhood had engaged me to act with them a French pastoral of Moliere, in a Sylvan theatre that was in the center of a wood not far from my relation's house. Several female friends were invited to see this performance,  
and

and three or four clergymen, who came with their wives. It was my part to begin, and I entered, repeating these lines :

Les arbres, ces rochers, cette eau, ces gazons  
frais  
Ont pour moi des appas'a ne lâffer jamais  
Où. J'aime à demeurer dans ces paisibles lieu :  
On ny découvre rien qui n'enchanter les yeux.

I love these solitary scenes, those simple beautys which are by nature formed. There is nothing here but what enchants the eye. Those trees, those rocks, those rivulets, this fresh turf, are to me pleasures that never tire.

But before I could make an end, twelve men appeared, compleatly armed, and like foresters, drest in green. They ordered the company, upon pain of death, not to stir, and then two immediatly carryed me away, *déguisé en Nymphé*; in the drest of a Sylvan nymph, as I played. The violence deprived me of my senses, and it was sometime before I recovered them again; for, on opening my eyes, I found myself, to my great astonishment, at a considerable distance from home, and seated in an Italian chair, by the side of the biggest, and most hideously ugly Moor that ever came into the world. When I saw the condition I was in, instantly I filled the air with my crys, and invoked every power;  
mi-



ministers of grace and men, to rescue me from the hands of the monster I was in. My lamentations were in vain. No friendly being could I see. The chair, like the wind, rolled swiftly on. I was obliged to take the Moor's advice, and be still.

He told me he must stop my mouth, if I continued to make any more noise, but if I would quietly travel on, I should be used with all the deference and respect I could desire : for there was no design to offer me the least injury, but, at our journey's end, to deliver me into the hands of his master, a great and good man, who wanted to make me his wife. Who this was, and why he did not make his addresses in person, at Mrs. Compton's house, he had orders not to tell. His master would expune to my satisfaction, what was dark in this affair, and I might be well assured, that into the hands of a handsomer, richer, and sweeter-tempered husband, it was impossible for any woman to come. He had a seat like a paradise. He lived like a prince. And nothing but jocund humor, and whatever can please the eye, or charm the ear, or regale the appetite, were administered within his happy mansion. As to cloths, there was every thing of the richest kind at the house, ready made for my wearing, the black continued to tell me, and if I pleased to change my dress, I would find

at the first place we baited, as magnificent a riding habit as could be made for a lady. This change, the Moor added, will be necessary, as we must ride for several days, after we quit the chair.

This discourse amazed me, and I fell into profound reverie, which lasted till we arrived at a little blind public house, by the side of a wood, about break of day. Here we lay by till the next night, and met with provisions which did not belong to such a place. Every thing was of the best, and the servants attended me with an obedience and respect as if I had been their queen. As my dress was a very strange one to travel in, I was obliged to put on the rich riding habit the Moor at this house produced; and as soon as I had supped, he put me into the chair again. With fresh horses we travelled at a great rate, and at four in the morning, stopped at another little house. Two nights more this rout continued, and then we journeyed by day. June the 7th, at eight in the morning they brought me a beautiful milk-white mare to the door, and after I had rested about three hours, and breakfasted, they seated me on a side-saddle quite new, that was crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The very stirrup was silver double gilt. The bit was of the same kind. Three long summer days I rid this charming mare, without ever passing

U                      through

through one town, or meeting a human creature, saving some poor laboring men. We went through a country the most romantic, engaging, and wild, where no travellers ever seemed to go; and yet in every cottage we rested at in those lone by-ways, there was entertainment fit for any one. From hence it was visible and plain, that no small power moved this wheel, and I flattered myself, as I drew towards the end of my way, that baseness and inhumanity could not be the last act of this play. Yet a horror sat upon my spirits, in the midst of all the hopes my fancy could raise. I had a thousand torturing fears.

A description  
of  
Bassora.

The ninth of June, at eight in the evening, my journey was at an end, and I soon saw the inside of the machine. We arrived at Bassora, the gentleman's country seat, situated upon the northern extremity of Westmorland, and encompassed with rock, forest, and water, which form a number of the wildest, pleasing views. Hills and valleys, cataracts and groves, are mingled in the most beautiful, irregular ways. One can nowhere see a finer variety of striking, rural scenes.

In the center of this spot, at a little distance from Milburn-wood, the mansion stands, and consists of several suits of ground-rooms, disposed in the manner of Poussin's whims.

whims. The whole building is timber, put together in a masterly way, and decorated with all the beautys of carving, painting, and gilding, that art and expence could lavishly bestow. There is a magnificent chamber for music and dancing; and a little theatre for comedy, that is extremely fine. Gardens the most beautiful surround these rooms, and in the disposition of opening and shade, walks, and carpet-green, banks of flowers and falling streams, the whole looks like some piece of fairy-ground. Fancy might take this place for the habitation of pleasure. The goddess and her friends, to be sure, here live a life of perfect serenity.

The master of this fine romantic vill is a gentleman remarkable for the beauty of his person, and the income of a vast estate; for fine genius, and a great share of learning; for a prodigious memory, and an eloquence that is not common. These blessings, Comus devotes to the worst of purposes, and employs them only for the ruin of woman-kind. "Immense treasures he lavishes to benight the virgin in his woods, and secure her in his wily trains. For this he hurls his dazzling spells into the sunny air, and cheats the eye with bleas illusion. He under fair pretence of friendly ends, and well-placed words of glozing curtesy, baited with reasons not unplaussible, wins

The character of Comus.

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“him into the easy-hearted man, and hugs  
 “him into snares.” Licentious Comus!  
 Cruel man! to rest thy happiness on a wo-  
 man’s ruin.

But there is nothing to restrain his lawless will. He lives in the strong hold of debauchery and atheism, and from thence bids defiance to heaven. He has inculcated to himself, that God is nothing but a morose, and there is no such thing as human soul or spirit. We are mere machines, and if pain can be avoided, pleasure established, it signifies nothing how matter and motion jumble. Therefore hell and torments are to him as Charon and Cerberus. All is *Par sollicita fabula somnio*. Upon these principles he is, in respect of women, the wickedest of men. He is restless in contrivance, and hardy in pursuit of his object. He is confident in attempts, and importunate in addresses. He looks upon the basest acts of dissimulation and fraud, as provident methods of attaining his end.

The address  
 of Comus.

To this grand voluptuary I was introduced, and to do him all the justice in my power, was received with that politeness and civility which no man living knows how to practise better. He asked me a million of pardons for the violence he had offered me, and confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he could only plead in his defence the force of love

It was, by the immortal Gods, that principle of all-creating nature, which prompted him to proceed in the manner he had done; and as its sway is felt resistless through the wide fields of air, through earth, and the deep empire of the main, and as it is the sovereignty of every finer breast, he hoped I would excuse what this almighty power had compelled him to do, and let the holy tie of wedlock legitimate an indissoluble flame. He would be the tender husband. He would settle half his fortune upon me.

If I asked him, why then, since matrimony was his view, he did not come to Mrs. Compton's house, and, as he had so fair a right to any woman in a legal way, make his proposals in the face of day? To this he could only reply, that his life depended on the success of the affair, and not knowing but there might be some obstacle, or necessity to postpone the thing, he presumed to proceed in the manner he had done, and thought he might make full satisfaction for the irregularity used, by the greatness of his settlement, and an unalterable love. Faithfully love (continued Comus). My bent of love is honourable. My purpose marriage: And all my fortunes at thy foot I lay. Let then the holy man joyn our hands together this night. There are two divines, my friends, in the house, who are come to pass some weeks

with me; doctor Bullock, and doctor Bull. And the deed of settlement has been drawn by an able lawyer, my neighbour, who is likewise with me, and only wants to be filed.

Miss West's  
reply.

This speech, a settlement prepared, and doctor Bullock, and doctor Bull, astonished me so very greatly, that for a quarter of an hour I was not able to speak one word; and my confusion increased, as by degrees I began to recollect the face of the man. Notwithstanding he had changed the color of his wig from white to black, had altered even the color of his skin, from a blooming complexion, and the whitest hands, to a brown, near the gypsey tinge, and wore a patch upon one eye, yet I remembered I had been in his company about a year before, and knew he was one of the worst of husbands to one of the best and most injured of wives. This convulsed my heart. I was upon the brink of sinking in a fit. But I summoned my reason, and all my spirits instantly to my aid. I threw my face into smiles, and told the great man, that if he really did design to make me his lawful wife, and had deeds prepared to settle half his great estate upon me, as he said, I must be under great obligations to him, and could not, in such case, complain very long of his forcing me away. But still, matrimony I had ever resolved should

rich, are be a thing of serious consideration; and therefore I insisted upon time. As we were such absolute strangers to each other, I must demand three months for a proper acquaintance together. We must know each other's ways and manners, and have a mutual inclination, or felicity can never rise from the connection. This request you must therefore grant me. It is all I ask to fit myself for so great a change as the matrimonial state. If love be that almighty thing you have described, it is impossible you can refuse me your assent in this one case, but with leisure will accord, when I assure you that is the only thing can ever render me an agreeable partner for life. I farther declare, and kneeling swear by the first tremendous oath, that if you force me against my will to become your wife; the catastrophe shall be tragic scene.

The latter part of this discourse was uttered with a vast solemnity of face, and a lightning peculiar to my eyes. Comus seemed quite amazed, and after a short pause, smiled, and raised me from the ground; assuring me by every oath can bind a man, and by that honor he valued more than life, that he consented to my request. Three months should have, since that was the term, and it should be his study in that time to merit my esteem. All he had to ask in the mean



while was, to be mistress of his house, and that I would command as I pleased within the bounds of Bassora. As if the servants were all spirits, every thing I would call for should instantly arise. They were all my votarys, and ever ready to execute to the utmost of art and expence.

The diversions of Bassora.

This indeed I found to be the case, during my short residence in this place, and must say, that the diversions and supper I saw at Bassora, were as fine, polite, and agreeable, as the most elegant fancy could desire them. As soon as ever the difference was adjusted between us, and we had assented to articles of agreement, the two doctors of divinity came in to the fine apartment we were sitting in, drest in their canonicals, and saluted me with a genteel gravity. A little after counsellor Fairbrother appeared; and with him half a dozen young ladys, most richly drest, and to all outward appearance extremely well-behaved. They were exceeding pretty women, and three of them passed for Cornus's sisters. The other three were his cousin-germans. All this to me was a matter of vast admiration, and what I wondered at still more was, that we all had the art and address to keep our countenances. It was an amazing, polite farce, and acted with a truth of character no stage in Europe could imitate. They were players of a superior kind of merit.

They

They performed without a blunder. There was a constant propriety in their action and ecitation. Comus was the generous lover, the parsons were divines, and the ladies women of honor.

To this company I was introduced, and immediately after, we all sat down to a grand supper. Violins and other instruments played, and the table was served by twelve handsome young fellows, dressed in new green plush, plate buttons, white stockings, and their hair powdered in the nicest manner. Every thing that was rare, excellent, elegant, and fine, appeared in the most plentiful manner, and the room blazed with wax lights, which filled branches of green and silver. As to our conversation, it was far from being disagreeable. The women had some knowledge, and an imagination. The men had taste and sentiment, and could treat any subject in an easy pleasing manner. If all their hearts had been as honest as their heads were engaging, they would have been very valuable creatures.

When supper was ended, and the things were removed, a partition sunk at once, and a theatre appeared; representing a forest at a distance, and a beautiful valley stretching out towards it. Fields and orchards seemed in full bloom, the rivulets wandered along, and their

their banks were decked with woodbine  
and roses.

Here, Calista appeared asleep, and three  
shepherds came slowly forward; the music  
playing, and one of them singing.

Soft advances let us make  
Towards my lovely enemy;  
Let us, let us not awake  
Her sleeping cruelty.

Then all three.

Sleep on, and take that sweet repose,  
Ye bright victorious eyes,  
Which the hard law that you impose,  
To other hearts denys.

THYRSIS.

Silence, ye birds, ye zephyrs cease,  
Ye purling streams your murmurs cease:  
Let all a sacred silence keep,  
For 'tis Calista that's asleep.

All three.

Sleep on, and take that sweet repose,  
Ye bright victorious eyes,  
Which the hard law that you impose,  
To other hearts denys.

This

This was sung admirably well : And when the shepherds had done, several shepherdesses came out of the wood. They advanced to the sleeping beauty in graceful measure, as the music played, and when they came up to the bank of flowers she reclined on, one of them sung incomparably fine these words——

Come, Calista, with your charms,  
Come view the innocent delights,  
To which with smiles and open arms,  
Our peaceful wilderness invites.

Here seek no grandeur of a court,  
Love's alone our harmless sport :  
Love crowns the nights, love crowns the  
day,  
And love's the burthen of the lay.

Love crowns the nights, love crowns the  
day,  
And love's the burthen of our lay.

Here Calista awakened, and singing said to Thyrsis, who stood gazing on the wonders of her face, and admiring——

O what cruelty you show,  
To follow me where e're I go.

THYR-

*The HISTORY of*

T H Y R S I S.

Whom would you have me, fair, pursue,  
But she, alas! I love—but you.

C A L I S T A.

What is it, shepherd, that you mean?

T H Y R S I S.

Fair shepherdess, I mean to die,  
Die at your feet, and end my pain,  
Since at your feet I sigh.

C A L I S T A.

Hence, Thyrsis, hence, I fear that I shall prove,  
Pity within my breast transform'd to love.

Two other shepherds together.

Or from pity, or from love,  
It is graceful to be tender :  
Shepherdess, enough you've strove,  
To his flame you must surrender,  
Or from pity, or from love,  
It is graceful to be tender.

C A L I S T A to T H Y R S I S.

Too long I've been, too long severe,  
Your ardent vows have treated ill,  
Here take my heart, here, Thyrsis, here,  
Of just revenge here take your fill.

**THYRSIS.**

O heavens! O shepherds! O, Calista, why  
Transport me thus! If joy can kill, I die.

**LYCASTUS.**

This prize is worthy thy fidelity.

The other shepherd.

Thus blest'd, who but must envy thee?

This scene of a comedie ballet was finely performed, and beautifully improved by the conclusion taken from Shakespear's Tempest; that is, when the shepherds had done, then Juno, Iris, and Ceres appeared, descending in a machine of clouds, to bless this twain, and sung their blessings on them. Iris called the Naiads of the winding brooks, and by command of Juno, summoned the sun-burnt sickle-men to put their rye-straw hats on, and encounter those fresh nymphs in country-footing. The nymphs and reapers in a moment entered, properly habited, and concluded the scene with a graceful dance.

In this manner was the time passed away till midnight, and then the ladys waited upon me to my apartment, and left a genteel young woman to attend me. I began to ask her many questions, and was in hopes of receiving

ceiving some assistance from her towards my delivery, but I soon found she was well instructed, and well payed; so I had done. I fastened my chamber door, prayed to God, and went to bed. Slumber however I could not, and therefore lay with my curtains open, and the candles burning. The house was very still: For half an hour I could not hear the least noise: but at three quarters after twelve, little taps were given at my chamber door, which alarmed me very greatly, and instantly I arose. I asked who was there, and a woman's voice softly answered me, *Calista, your friend*. Hereupon I opened the door, and saw the handsome young creature, who had played the sleeping beauty in the musical pastoral, and sung her part extremely fine; the same *Calista* we have now on board, in the office of my maid, and who has so often joyned us in our concerts, to the great delight of this company.

She told me her business was to inform me I was in the hands of the most debauched man alive, and to aid me in an escape that night, if I would take her for my woman, when we were free: that her heart melted within her with compassion, from the moment she saw me appear in this wicked mansion; as a victim to the god of lust; and in respect of herself, that as necessity, or want of fortune, had compelled her into the  
French

French opera-house, from whence Sir L. M. L. D. had brought her to England, so her reason and conscience now called her to another kind of life; not only to leave the company of comedians this great man kept in high pay and fulness of bread; but to flee the sinful company she was obliged to have with him, as he had debauched her in France: he told me she had been bred a French protestant, and received a religious education; and that, in conjunction with the divine mercy on her soul, never ceased to call her, and made her often feel the strongest desires to cover an interest with God: She found it impossible by any means to dismiss the present disquietudes of her mind, and had often such an impressed sense of after-punishment harrowed her soul, and could not be described. She informed me farther, that the boys who supped with me were ruined women, and by bad arguments, and impious conversation, were become as unprincipled as *doctor Bullock* and *doctor Bull*; who were no dragoon officers, and wicked beyond all men: that *counsellor Fairbrother* was an attorney, first minister to Sir L. and a monster of a man: In short, if I could not get away, that it was not possible for me to remain in safety long, and when Sir L. had ruined me, should likewise be the property of *doctor Bullock* and *doctor Bull*.

This



This dreadful account almost petrified me with woe, and from that state of stupefaction, for a few minutes, I burst into torrents of tears : Tears however, as *Calista* observed, were nothing to my purpose, and she desired me to follow her without loss of time, as this was the most favorable opportunity I could ever have to get away : For Sir L. with the gentlemen, was gone on a frolic to a village ten miles off, and would not return perhaps till breakfast the next day. Out then I came, and she locked the chamber door, and took the key. We descended without our shoes, and went down to a little postern way, which she opened in a moment, and fastened with her key again. This brought us into a large garden, that is surrounded, as the whole house is, with a deep and broad moat ; the entrance being by a draw-bridge, which is up every night. From the garden my guide conducted me to a labyrinth at the end of it, and having found the center by her dark lantern, she raised a clap-door, and we descended a broad step-ladder, that went down almost perpendicular for fifty yards. We landed in a narrow entry, that winded much for a considerable way, and then arrived at a little strong door, of which she had the key. This opened on a pretty walk by the foss side, and on the water we found a boat, in which was sitting a young man. This was the

the gardner, who was in love with *Calista*, had promised to assist her in this affair, she would marry him, when they got away ; which she solemnly swore. Into the boat then, having locked both the doors, we went immediately, and put off to the other side of the moat, but as the bank was steep, was hard to ascend. The active young fellow however, was soon up, and by fastening one rope above for us to climb by, and another about our middle, which he pulled, we got in a few minutes upon the land. It was by this time two o' clock. The night was vastly fine. We made the best of our way as fast as we could move to *Milburn forest*, which is but a quarter of a mile from the moat, and as *John* was well acquainted with every part of the great wood, he conducted us through one side of it in an hour's time, and led us to the foot of a vast mountain which we must ascend : Nor was this the only one we had to pass: as our guide let us know. We must go over the hills of *Richmond*, from the confines of *Westmorland* to *Eggleson* in *Yorkshire*. Any other way the pursuers would most certainly overtake us, and exclusive of our misery in such a case, our guide would undoubtedly meet with a bloody doom. There was no remedy then, and to climb we began. My strength rather

increased as I went on. I performed then what I have often wondered at since.

In short, we got over a great many hills by eight o'clock in the morning, and then came into a large beautiful valley, in which we found a surprising quantity of ruins, that demonstrated there once stood there some noble mansion; perhaps a monastery of some great religious lady; and in all the world there cannot be found a shade and covert more proper than this still vale for the work of unmixed innocence and piety: no solitude more charming for holy persons to take refuge in from the contagion of worldly transactions.

Here we sat down on the margin of a babbling stream, under the shade of some vast old trees, and having refreshed ourselves with provisions which John had brought in his wallet, fell fast asleep upon the ground: but it was only for two hours, and fear enabled us again to journey on. Great I knew was the astonishment of *Comus* and his friends at that time, when I was not to be found, and that numbers were sent out, to pursue me every way, upon the alarm given of my escape. The hideous Moor was undoubtedly at the head of one party, and my terror was so great, that I fancied I saw him when ever I looked behind me. Away then we ran the moment I opened my eyes, and wandered some-

sometimes through bottoms so very deep, that they scarcely admitted the day: then climbed up hills stupendous to behold, and crept along many paths the wild beasts would dread to go. This continued till three in the afternoon, and then we sat down again to a repast our squire produced from his scrip, and laid upon the ground.

Having rested an hour by a river's side, John took us over the water upon his back, and as he was almost up to his breast, my fine riding habit could not be very dry: but my legs being wet was of a little concern to me, and I proceeded with as much spirit as if I had just risen from a bed of down. Fear gave me strength and wings. From four in the afternoon we travelled till nine at night, and then came to the cottage of a poor couple, who gave us the best they had, a bit of hot boiled pork and good brown bread, and small beer and milk as much as we would drink. The good people gave me their bed, and I slept like a top, with Casta by my side.

At four in the morning, we were up again, drank some hot milk from the cow, and then went on. We journeyed as the day before to the utmost of my strength, and at night arrived at a farmer's house, who received us in a very hospitable manner. He and his daughter were greatly surprized to see me in such a place, and in such a trim; in

X 2

a rich-

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a richly laced riding-dress of crimson satin, and it much torn, wet and dirty, with the rocks and waters I had been obliged to pass over, and the briars I had forced through: but when I told them my story, and the great deliverance I had from the hands of the basest and most wicked of men, their astonishment was beyond description. It is a wicked world, the old gentleman said, but till now I could not think there were such monsters among men of fortune in a christian land. *Maria*, his daughter, trembled every inch of her at my relation, and wept most heartily for what I had suffered, and at the condition I was in. I really was in a miserable plight. Exclusive of my tattered dress, I had got a fall from a rock that afternoon, which cut me in the head almost to the skull: and as we had a little wood of brambles to pass that day, my arms and face were so severely scratched, that when I came into the house, I was all over blood. I was beside so tired, that I was not able to stand. I had gone beyond my strength, and must have perished, if I had not arrived at this friendly place the second night. But there all was well, and the next day I rid to *Eggleston*.

Conclusion  
of Miss  
West's  
story.

And now, by way of conclusion, may I not say there is an active omniscience sits at the helm? That he is a match for the infinite dangers and hazards we are exposed to,  
and

and will ever be the patron of the moral character in his creatures? We live among the malicious and envious, the thoughtless and imprudent, the basest and most reprobate men, yet omnipotence secures us from mischief, if we have fidelity. He blesses us with the blessings of peace, when we see no probability of escaping from misery, or the hand of man. God is in the whirlwind, and in the storm. The clouds are the dust of his feet. He hides us in the secret of his presence, and delivers us from evil things and evil men. I am sure I have reason to acknowledge his supreme excellence and boundless perfection; and to declare and testify my inward sense of his infinite power and purity, wisdom and goodness, who so wonderfully delivered me from the abyss of misery I was sinking into. And as we have all had manifest conviction of his awful majesty, and his amiable mercy, particularly in the late storm, I hope we shall always depend on his sacred word, submit to his righteous will, regard his providence, and reverence his laws.

Here Miss West ended her relation, and every one was surprized at the strange affair. Her conclusion was quite charming, and shewed the rational piety of her soul. We could not enough admire *Calista*, the fair penitent, and were delighted to find her

amongst us. But what became of *honest John*, we all enquired.

The death  
of honest  
*John*.

That generous lover, and faithful man (*Miss West* answered) unfortunately perished when we were not far from *Eggleston*. Mr. *Monkbouse*, the farmer, and his amiable daughter, *Maria*, came with us to this town, for company, and to shew us the way, and as *John* happened to stay behind some time, and then came galloping after, he missed the right road in the dusk of the evening, and rid to be sure into one of the dreadful bogs, or old deserted pits, that are in that place; for neither he nor his horse could ever be found.

A dialogue  
between  
*Miss West*  
and *Miss*  
*Howel*, in  
relation to  
sudden  
death, and  
the happy-  
ness of the  
wicked in  
this world.

Here the tears burst from young *Miss Howel's* eyes, and she cried out, *Oh, poor John!* Then asked *Miss West* how she accounted for this, as God governed the world! It happened to this good man according to the work of the wicked: and to cruel *Conus*, and his wicked companions, it happens according to the work of the righteous. They are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. They live; they become old; yea, are mighty in power. Alas! *poor John*, like a good angel, he delivered you from destruction, and brought his betrothed wife from the house of sin, to perish himself in a terrible manner.

My dear, (*Miss West* replied) you have

nderstanding enough, young as you are, to answer this question yourself, and therefore I shall only say, to oblige you with my notion upon this article, that we cannot here see the reasons why the oppressor and destroyer are often suffered to enjoy an envied power and glory to extreme old age ; ——— and the benevolent and pious frequently live in misery, and often perish in a sad manner, like good *John Crump*, the gardner ; yet hereafter we shall be satisfied it was for the wisest reasons ; and we are now sure, that a day of judgment is a sufficient apology for providence. We shall then discern betwixt the righteous and the wicked. And as to *John Crump's* sudden death, after doing us such friendly offices, if he passed that way in an instant to the lightsome fields of Hades, or the boundless realms of glory, as I suppose his case to be, then he had no cause to complain of the misfortune. And it is farther my opinion, that terrible as his death may seem to sense, yet it is preferable to the way many good people expire on beds of down, in the finest houses. I have known several of my acquaintance in the most excruciating torments for several days before they could dye : torments beyond any thing an inquisition could lay on them. And what signifies accidental, speedy death of any kind, by sea or land, in respect of such continued grievous misery in

X 4

dying.



## The HISTORY of

dying. The thing is, we must all dye, and God knows best which is the fittest way for his servants. Our business is to say, *thy kingdom come, thy will be done*, and we are sure of being for ever happy, in whatever way the passage is opened for us to immortality. No way or manner of dying can be joyous to human nature. It is a cup that all would desire might pass from them ; but since it is the great law of nature, and that all must taste it, though the ingredients are not to all equally bitter and offensive, I am sure for my self, that I had rather perish at sea, or be swallowed up at once, as John Crump was, then lie for many days, as an excellent lady of my acquaintance lately did, in the excruciating torments of that most dreadful distemper a *miserere*. And I knew a young gentleman of very good morals, who was seized with so intolerable a head-ach, that after men had stood for eight and forty hours squeezing his burning head with wet napkins, and he could find no ease by any mean, he snatched up a pistol, and shot himself. Considering these things, and various other almost unbearable disorders, what we call a violent or unnatural death, is not so great an evil as it is generally supposed. Sudden death, in an easy way at least, I think we ought to desire, and how people came to think of praying to be delivered from such a good man-

manner of dying, is to me very surprising. May it be my fate to look through an easy *sudden death* to a glorious eternity: Nay, let it be a little *rough*, rather than not sudden.

I know, my dear, (continued Miss *West*, speaking to little Miss *Howel*) it is sayed, that christianity makes repentance necessary to salvation, and a sudden death, soft or hard, interrupts it. — It does so in the case of evil people: but the good can never need that repentance in order to salvation, which it is in the power of *sudden death* to intercept. For true repentance consists not in single acts, upon particular occasions, but in an habitual change of mind, and heart, and frame, and life. This must be the character of the righteous, and such a character *needs no* such *repentance* as a sudden death can intercept; whether it happens by slipping the breath in a moment, with ease, or by a fall, or in a salt wave.

In truth, Miss, a death-bed repentance is good for nothing. We must so live as to have all things ready for the great journey; if we expect a comfortable passage, and a welcome reception. The true christian's case is a *continued operation*: there must be nothing to *seek* any minute of our lives. We must hasten as for life and soul to *obtain that bolynefs without which no one shall see the Lord*; and when this is done, we are al-  
ways

ways ready, with a heavenly easyness, with support, courage and resignation, to pass through the gate of any sudden death, to the regions of eternity and day. What you say, Miss West, (the young creature replied) is just and beautiful, and I shall hereafter for ever pray, while I am in this world, that I may never be worn away like a stone by a continual dropping ; but may, in the twinkling of an eye, depart ; smoothly I would chuse, or let it be a rough way, as I design to comply with the whole method of salvation, and am sensible it consists in a change of heart and life, true faith in Christ, firm resolutions, and persevering obedience. But what then, madam, must become of the bulk of mankind, who live, I am told, so as to want a late repentance ? Will this avail them nothing ? You seem to think the late repentance of a sinner is of no moment at all.

I do so, my dear, (Miss West answered) a death-bed repentance, the Bible, I am sure, declares worthless : and reason, so far as I know, can say nothing for it. Nor is it so severe a thing as some may imagine. It is a doctrine that excites the good to duty. It ought to awaken the sinner, and warn him to flee from the wrath to come. Since this is the case, the virtuous will make their whole lives one constant endeavour after further improvements, and strain every nerve to reach

each that perfection of holyness, which is the foundation of perfect happiness. And if the vicious will not take counsel, and sometimes reform, it is madness to think of relieving the misery of an ill-spent life by a few late lamentations, as the *nature and design of religion must exclude any such hope (a)*.

Here

(a) You may perhaps, *Jewks*, think Miss *West's* notion of a *death-bed repentance* a weak and severe thing: but it is most certainly the truth of the case, if we can depend on reason or revelation. There is no one promise in scripture gives the least encouragement to a dying, repenting reprobate, to expect salvation. The *labourers in the vineyard*, and the *thief on the cross*, are nothing to his purpose. *Sinners in life* the Lord and his apostles called to repentance. They do not appear to have dealt with any persons in *dying moments*. The gospel represents our work to be *progressive*, and that *faith and repentance* are worth nothing without *holiness*. There must be improvements in *holiness*, by a *course of obedience to the commandments of Christ*, by being *exercised unto godliness*, and having in our hearts *the ways of God*, to fit us for the heavenly bliss. To talk of being *immediately fit* is *sad stuff*, whether we consider the matter by *nature or revelation*. Advancement in every grace and virtue can only render us *meet* for entering upon the enjoyments of a state of perfection. The *reward and crown* is not for the sorrow of a thief in a cart, or any penitent resembling him; but belongs to him that *overcomes*. This is the declaration of the Lord *Jesus*, and of *right reason*. His errand was to restore true piety and virtue to a degenerate world, and to let mankind know, that *immortality and glory* are founded on the perfection of virtue and piety, that is, in the *course of a holy and good life*, because there must be a natural *progress* to our compleat happiness.

In

## The HISTORY of

Here the charming dialogue was ended by a rising storm, which came on with lightnings

In short, *Jewks*, it is a very ridiculous notion people have taken into their heads, that *repentance* signifies nothing but begging pardon, professing sorrow, and promising to reform for time to come. In *scripture* the word always signifies *reformation*, newness of life, or forsaking sin: And if *prayers*, *professions*, or *promises*, might be taken for *reformation* and a *good life*, the way to salvation, by the grace of the gospel, would be very easy. But this is turning the grace of God into wantonness, or encouraging sin that grace may abound. No, *Jewks*, never give into this idle notion. It is monstrous and absurd to suppose, that on account of late sorrow and promises of amendment, men will not be punished for their evil deeds done in the body; but, on the contrary, will be rewarded for good deeds which they had never done, but might have done perhaps had they lived longer; tho they gave no sign of any such thing, till they came to the gallows, or a death-bed sickness. Miserable delusion. My dear friend, it is the original law of christianity, and of nature, that God will judge all men according to their works, and reward or punish hereafter in consequence of the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil.

Therefore worship the creator, the one supreme spirit, who is not a trinity in unity, but the *God and Father of Christ Jesus*, who is the *one substitute*, the *one mediator*; and labor to maintain, throughout your whole life, a *spirit of grace and self-sacrifice*. Imitate so far as you are able, that moral excellency you adore, and to the utmost of your power, exercise loving-kindness and righteousness to every one within your sphere. Sudden death will then be a thing indifferent to you. You will enjoy unmixed happiness amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life; and secure a title to a glorious inheritance in the realms above. Do this then and live: But if you trust to a late repentance, you may expect the *second death*.

nings and thunders, and turned our thoughts and attention in a moment another way. Once more we mounted to the clouds on the billows that were all in wild uproar, and then came down into the dreadful yawn. It was a dismal scene.

Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,  
And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood ;  
While loud and louder murmuring winds  
arise,

And growl from every quarter of the skies,  
First from the wide atlantic ocean's bed,  
Tempestuous *Corus* rears his dreadful head :  
Th' obedient deep his potent breath controuls,  
And mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.  
Him the north-east encountring fierce defy'd,  
And back rebuffed the yielding tide.  
The curling surges loud conflicting meet,  
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they  
beat.

Then fearful, black, and horrible to tell,  
A murky vapour-breath'd from yawning hell :  
So thick the mingling seas and clouds were  
hung,  
Scarce could the struggling lightning gleam  
along.

Thro' nature's frame the dire convulsion  
struck,  
Heav'n groan'd ; the lab'ring pole, and axis  
shook.

Up-

*The HISTORY of*  
**Uproar and Chaos old prevail'd again,  
 And broke the sacred elemental chain (b).**

This

(b) This description of our storm Mrs. Beaulieu takes from *Lucan*, and some think the tempest is drawn in stronger colours than that in *Virgil* ; which Mr. Pitt translates in the following manner :

So spoke th' obsequious God ; and while he spoke,  
 Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.  
 The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,  
 Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent :  
 Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,  
 Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep :  
 East, west, and south, all black with tempests, roar,  
 And roll vast billows to the trembling shore.  
 The cordage cracks ; with unavailing cries,  
 The Trojans mourn ; while sudden clouds arise, }  
 And ravish from their sight the splendor of the skies.  
 Night hovers o'er the floods ; the day retires ;  
 The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires ;  
 Loud thunders shake the poles ; from ev'ry place  
 Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face :  
 While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,  
 And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.  
 These ride on waves sublime ; those see the ground  
 Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound,

Mr. *Strahan* has done the storm of *Virgil* in what he calls Miltonic verse.

This said, with spear uplift the hollow rock  
 He struck ; from its departed side forth rush'd  
 The winds impetuous, as in martial rank,  
 And shook in tempest all the region round.  
 O'er sea they hung impending and entire,

Up

This was our case exactly, and if it had continued more than twenty four hours, the ship was in such a condition, she could not live; but the winds and seas abated the second day, and we had a gale such as we could wish, that brought us in a few days within sight of the western islands. We steered for *St. Kilda*, and intended to go from hence to *Borera*, which lies within three leagues of it, and at last pay our visit to *Mr. West*. But in a fog we mist them both, and came full upon a fine little country, called the *Green Island*, which lies ten leagues to the north-west of *St. Kilda*.

Here

Spais'd from its deep seat by th' adverse blast  
Of Eurus, and of Afer black with storms,  
And Aufter fierce, they to the sounding shores,  
Cumulous drove the vast enormous waves.  
Lamours of men resound, and rattling ropes.  
Northwith the clouds of heav'n's refulgent face  
Leave the Trojans; darkness thick invests  
The sea; from either pole loud thunders roar,  
And quick in air the nimble lightnings flash.  
All things conspire to urge immediat death.

——— Mountains of water rise,  
And fall with their own weight: on the high surge  
Hose hang; to these with horrid chasm the waves  
The lowest deep disclose.

Now for my part, I declare, that to my thinking,  
And experiences in many storms I have been in at sea,  
*Lucas* is the best painter; inferior tho his *Pharisa-  
lia*



Sept. 20.  
1741.

Here we landed the 20th of September. All Mr. *Martin* says of this land is, that he believes he saw it at a distance once, and a captain of a ship told him he had been on it.

A description  
of the  
Green  
Island.

The *Green Island* is three miles long, and more than two broad. The surface is beautifully unequal, and in every point of view quite charming. The ground is covered with trefoil, and flowery plants of the aromatic kind. There are a hundred little beautiful woods upon the hills, and the sweetest streams come murmuring down their sides.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon when we went on shore, and could see no sign of any inhabitants on this land. We therefore ordered the tents to be struck up, and in a delightfull valley, between two woody hills, by the side of a water-fall, we resolved to pass some days. Here supper was to be served up, and as the evening was glorious, the scene solemn and fine, we thought ourselves prodigious happy in so agreeable a change. It was agreed, while our repast was preparing, to have a concert, and the instruments were immediately brought; but before we

*lia* be to the *Æneid* of *Mars*: and if he had not been cut off at six and twenty by *Nero*, but had been allowed to finish his design, and to correct his poem as many years as Virgil did his, perhaps it would not have fallen very short of the *Æneid*; different as the language was between *Augustus* and *Nero*.

could

we could begin, we heard some music, as if many hands, divinely played. This struck us all with astonishment, as there was not a house, or a soul to be seen. Our captain swore he had at last discovered the enchanted island. The wisest of us could not tell what to say to it; and the weakest, some sailors, natives of the Western Islands, assured us very seriously, that it was the *great men*; so they call *spirits*, which reside, as these islanders think, in the beautiful vallies of these isles: They affirmed, that in *Benecula*, there was the finest glen in the world, which was full of these beings, and that only once in a year the inhabitants presumed to enter it, to gather what cattle was there, after invoking the permission and favor of the *great men*; who were frequently seen there, and often performed in a musical manner, as we had heard. And what do you mean, I asked, by the *great men*? They answered, the souls of the kings and champions, who lived and ruled in those islands, in former times, when they were as populous and flourishing countrys as any in the world.

Be they *great men* or *great women*, *boblins*, or *goblins*, *fairys* or *genii* of whatever station, (captain Scarlet replied) I will soon give you a good account of them, ladys, and immediately went up the winding vale; crossed the water, and proceeded to a charming

Y

ing grove on the side of an easy hill, from whence the harmony in floods was poured. He softly entered among the trees, and had not got very far before he came to the fofs of a garden of many acres, that was beyond every thing he had seen most delightfully fine: In the center of this beautiful spot, he saw a vill, that seemed to him of wood, and consisted of ground-rooms. Many open little summer-houses, various in charms, were scattered up and down, by banks of flowers, and on the margins of streams, and in one of them, that was grandly lighted by a lustre that hung, were twenty ladys sitting round a table. Most of them had their instruments in their hands, and others joyned their heavenly voices, in performing the oratorio you have heard by the echo of the hills to plane. They are all divinely fair, (*captain Scarlet continued*) and look like favorite Seraphs performing a musical religious act: He added, that he was within twenty yards of them, or thereabout, exclusive of the fofs, but dared not to discover himself, for fear he should shock them, or offend.

This account amazed us as much as if he had told us he had seen the *great men*, and for some time we were at a loss how to proceed: but determined at last to go on with our music, and see what effect that would produce. We began the delightful symphony.

ny in the opera of Rowland, and eccho very quickly conveyed it to the place we designed: The consequence was, the arrival of a slack in a rich running dress, in a very little time, who came from his lady, Mrs. *Harvourt*, to know who we were, and then immediately returned: but had not been much more than a quarter of an hour away before he came back with her compliments, and an invitation to rest that night at her house. We immediately proceeded, and were with the greatest politeness and goodness received. All the ladys met us at a distance from the house, and seemed very greatly pleased at our arrival in that country. Our music had astonished them even more than theirs had surprized us; and when they were told that the performers were ladys sitting by the cascade, they could hardly credit the reporter. A few gentlemen in a passing ship might come on shore with their fiddles, they thought; though that, they said, never happened there, as the island is walled round with the most tremendous cliffs, and has only one small, scarce visible bay for a vessel to put in to, that is full of perils to a stranger that enters: but that so many ladys should be safely seated by the water-fall, and so happy as to think of forming a concert there; this seemed to them wonderful indeed. Nor did their wondering lessen, when I had related

our adventures to them : That we intended at first to have gone no farther than *Borers* by *St. Kilda*, to pay a visit, and we had been above two months out, in perils by water many times. We had traversed a great part of the watery waste. I gave them likewise the substantial part of the history of the black princess we had with us, and they were greatly delighted with her and her story.

By this time supper was served up, and it was an elegant one indeed. The service was all gilt plate, and the most beautiful china. All things were answerable ; the most noble and excellent in their kind. The ladies behaved in the most polite, friendly way. Mrs. *Harcourt* in particular was amiable and matchless in her action and discourse ; and if by going to this remote part of the world, through so many perils and fatigues as we were in, I had only seen, and obtained the honor of an acquaintance with this extraordinary woman, I should have thought my time and my pains very well rewarded. She was a valuable and fine creature, to be sure.

An account of the late Mrs. Harriot, Eusebia Harcourt, who founded a claustral house of religious ladies, which still exists in Richmondshire.

Here, *Jewks*, Mrs. *Benlow's* journal by a misfortune ends. I have lost the remaining sheets of her observations by some accident or other ; I know not how ; and therefore must now begin to relate.—This lady, at whose house we arrived, was my particular friend, and as extraordinary a woman indeed as ever

appeared among human kind. She was the daughter of a Yorkshire gentleman, and born in the North-riding of that country. Her father gave her a learned education, travelled with her over Europe, and left her a fine estate at his death.

In her person, she was taller than women generally are, and so surprisingly graceful, that one was necessarily charmed whenever she appeared. Her face was the sweetest oval, and had a collection of wonders in it that were quite enchanting. She had the finest black eyes in the world, and a nose the most beautifully Roman. Her lips were red and admirable, and her teeth as polished pearl. She was in reality what *Lucian* says of his imaginary *Smyranean*, a very miracle ; a wonder far exceeding any other mortal beauty I have seen.

This terrestrial veil covered a yet fairer spirit. She had the finest natural abilities, and by application had improved them to great perfection. She had a correct and fine taste, a happy imagination, and an excellent judgment. Her mind was rich in the noblest sentiments, her head full of the most delightful images, and could not only express her notions easily, in an accent sweet and pleasing, with a voice that had all the music of the trumpet in it ; but could talk them in Italian, Spanish, French, Portuguese

guesse, High-Dutch, Slavonian, and Latin, as swiftly and purely as in her mother tongue.

In religion she shined with great lustre. She was a warm and fine pleader for the authority of christianity, and she did revelation great honor by a conversation worthy of it. Her christianity was without any regard to human authority. *True reason* she thought must claim kindred and common parentage with pure and undefiled revelation. The rule of rectitude and christianity she imagined at perfect unity, and brought her religious things to the test of common sense and scripture. She abhorred bigotry, and an imposing spirit. She was the constant friend of truth and liberty. The *theology of Athanasius* she considered as the most *destructive* of all pious inventions. She detested the ecclesiastical power, that maintained it, and was indefatigable and expensive in promoting the spread of that heavenly religion, which is according to the mind of the *Lord Jesus*.

The piety of Mrs. *Harcourt* was likewise very glorious. The scriptures were her constant study, and her whole life a manifestation of a heavenly temper. She was the most regular of mortals in her devotions, public and privat. With her best abilities she worshipped, and never missed the stated hours in her chapel and closet. Nor was it from the least degree of superstition, that all

his proceeded. She had too much sense to imagine the Deity can be persuaded to recede from the settled laws of the universe, and the immutability of his nature: but she knew the perfections of God are a ground and reason of prayer, and that it is both an act and a means of virtue. Piety with her was her duty and interest, and it was always masculine and rational. She pretended to no mortifying visits. She had no engagements of animal nature in her devotions. In calm address, due composure, and recollection of mind, she was a devout woman; but as to lights and fevers in religion, tho' favored with the approbation of some great men, she thought them far from being an excellence in piety, and used to say, that such constitutional ardors may become the vision-monger, and suit the saints in *Ribadeneira* (a).

Y 4

But

(a) Jesuite Espagnol, qui fut reçu par *Saint Ignace* au nombre de ses disciples l'an 1540, avant même que sa compagnie eût été confirmée par le saint Siege. This Jesuit writ the lives of a great number of saints, and died at Madrid October 1, 1611, aged eighty four. Of which he had been seventy one years a Jesuit. That ickled *saint Loyola*, is the figure that stands farthest out in his work, and if you would see what a *prodigious* *figure* the heavenly man was, read a book that has the following title—*Vita Sancti Ignatii Loiolæ cum Scholis Christiani Simonis*, in 8vo. 1598. Or, if it is not to be met with easily at this time, see *Histoire de l'admirable Dom. Inigo, Chevalier de la Vierge*, 2 vols. in 2mo.



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But christians should be tranquil in prayer, and glory only for advancing thereby in the moral kingdom, the kingdom of perfect reason and virtue. This ought to be the devout exercise of the heart (a). The gospel then has its genuine effect.

Mrs.

(a) This is not sayed with any design to reflect upon the author of the *devout exercises of the heart*. Mrs. Rowe was an upright christian, and however she might incline to *vision*, was, to my knowledge, very far from any thing of the *partie amoureuse* in her piety, a human love refined into seraphic rapture at the hallowed shrine, as Mr. Coventry imagines \*. What betrayed her into this weakness, was the fire of her poetic genius. The natural flame was strong, and when she turned to religion, she fancied this fire was a visit from heaven. She was fond of the delusion, as it seemed a celestial companion in her lone hours, and therefore, instead of stopping the high ideas, to try them at the bar of human reason, (where all ideas must be examined to render them of any value) she let them pass as good and excellent, and they formed in time a sort of *sixth sense*, which never fails producing imaginary joys in solitude. The pious soul in this orb lives in a dazzling light, and is the favorite and friend of its maker, in its own conceit.

The rational christian however, should be upon the guard in his religion, and have a care of mistaking ecstasy for piety. For, notwithstanding Dr. Watts tells the reader, in praise of Mrs. Rowe, that he will find in her book, (the *devout exercises of the heart*) a spirit dwelling in flesh *elevated into divine transports congenial to those of angels and unbodied minds*; that she *kindles*; she *transcends the limits of mortality* †: notwithstanding  
bishop

\* Philemon to Hydaspes.

† Watts's preface to the *devout exercises of the heart*.

bishop *Taylor* very highly magnifies the *inebriation* of the soul, and *raptured religion* \* : that the great *bishop of Hippo* contends for *passionate devotion* † : And that even *Dr. Cheyné* maintains there are *sweetnings, sugar-ings, and glancings*, given for encouragement of the spiritual life : Yet all this notwithstanding, such things are

\* *Great exemplar : Grove* : And other works. It is very remarkable, that although *bishop Taylor* prefers *affionate devotion* in point of *excellence* and *dignity* to what he calls *virtue* and *praise-duty*, and seems so very fond of *ecstatic commotion*, that one might think he placed the perfection of religion in transports ; yet he owns that, many *illusions* come in the likeness of *visions*, and absurd *fancys* under pretence of *raptures*. So *unsatisfying* a thing is *rapture* and *transport* to the soul (says his prelate) that it often *distracts* the faculties, but seldom does advantage to piety, and is full of danger in the greatest of its lustre.——This great man died of a high fever at Lisburn in Ireland, August 13, 1667. His first rise was chaplain to *Laud*, in 1638 ; then chaplain to the king in 1642 ; and bishop of Downe and Connor soon after the restoration. During the government of Cromwell, *Dr. Taylor* kept a school in France to maintain his wife and children. Even the church of Rome allows, that he was devout, humble, and charitable to the highest degree possible. † *Austin's meditations* and *confessions*. It appears from these books, that this saint was a *spiritual rhapsodist* of the first order. His devout ideas are flaming. His seraphic ardors are astonishing ! *St. Augustin* was born at Tagusta in Africa, November 13, 354, in the reign of *Constance*.——He died August 28, 430, at Hippo, ætat. 76.——The best edition of his works is that of *St. Maur*, 11 toms. The 11th contains the saint's life, and is a sufficient summary of his works ; which are in the main a heap of stuff. The 2d and 7th volumes are the best. The 2d contains his letters. The 7th the city of God. But it is evident from the whole, that his genius was ever too volatile to write solidly upon any subject ; and

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are no part of christianity, but are really and truly at all times what *Cboyné* confesses may be sometimes the case, to wit, the *mechanical and animal operations of a volatile and various imagination.*

Away

that his natural fire carried him to such extremities in every thing, that he contradicts himself in the grossest manner in a thousand places, and never confutes any one he writ against. His explications of the Bible are poor, generally false, and his whole body of divinity a confused despicable performance. What miracles *Austin* and his contemporary saints might have worked I know not; it is not very probable they worked any; but sure I am, that at this time of day, it is a senseless thing for our university-doctors, to be crying out the *Fathers*, and imposing them as *guides* in christian religion. The *Fathers* were in truth a parcel of *poor creatures*. Whoever reads them without prejudice, or design to serve a faction, must see that they were so very ignorant of scriptures, that they almost constantly understood them in a wrong sense.

But there is this good use to be made of their writings, contradictory as they are to the principles of reason and the gospel in too many places, that we therein see the *testimony* of those *saints* to the *books of the New Testament*, in every age, and in different parts of the world, as low as *Oecumenius*, qui claruit anno 990, and *Theophylact* archbishop of Giustandis, who flourished in the middle of the 11th century.—This use the learned and good *Dr. Lardner* has made of the *Fathers*, and in his excellent work, *The Credibility of the Gospel History*, has rendered them serviceable to our holy religion, by drawing out the external evidence of the truth of the gospel history in a manner which deserves the thanks of the whole world, as I before observed.

It is to me then very amazing to see so many great divines fall with fury upon *Dr. Middleton* for writing against the *Fathers*, when it is so very obvious to a plain understanding, that their writings are for the most part a jumble of ideas, and filled with tales as contemptible

Away then with *transportation* and *ecstasy* in religion, and let us render ourselves approveable to God, by making

tible as any in the popish legends ; when even *St. Jerom* relates the history of a *Baſſrian camel* ; and *St. Auſtin* tells, for truth, the story of the *old cobbler of Hippe*. Most certainly, instead of blackening the doctor, and marking him out, like a wounded deer, to be driven out, and excommunicated from the society ; those divines should, in truth and reason, have honored him, and writ his panegyric for the great service he did the church of Christ, in letting the world see, that the Fathers were weak, credulous, superstitious men, the miracles they attest mere credulity or invention, and of consequence, that the church of Rome is deprived of her evidence for the truth of the miracles, attested to be wrought in that church.

But it is *system*, and not truth and reason, these priests regard, and when once a man appears against the popular opinions, and against all the nonsense, the superstition, and the pious frauds of the *primitive ages*, he may expect the whole body of reverend bigots will fall upon him. They will not allow us to be christians, but even on those very principles which must finally make us papists. They will not allow *Dr. Middleton* to be a christian, tho he gloriously labored to convince *protestants*, that their religion rests upon the single, but solid foundation of the sacred scriptures ; that they must discard the fallacious records, and fictitious miracles of primitive antiquity, and commit themselves to the final guidance of the inspired writers. *Dr. Middleton* however was in reality a much better christian in speculation than any doctor that writ against him. This is evident from a thousand beautiful passages in his valuable writings : He had the thing so much at heart, that he bears his testimony to christianity, and desire to advance it, even in his *life of Cicero* : And as to his morals, I believe they were as good as any of his reverend neighbours.

## The HISTORY of

making a right use of those powers of which the human constitution is compounded. As God has left us quite free to use them *well* or *ill*, what we have to do is, to conform the mind and life to that original and primary rule of affection and action, which is exhibited by the essential and natural difference in things, as we see it drawn out for the use of mankind in the sacred writings; and offer up our desires, and hearts the purest and most upright, to the Father of lights, the fountain of all truth, order and rectitude, and the author and giver of every good and perfect gift. This is what denominates us christians, because the gospel stands upon rational principles, and is reason restored to its natural sovereignty in the soul. It is the image of the Deity upon the human mind, and by *imitating* the *temper* and *inclinations of Christ Jesus*, in rectitude of sentiments, dispositions, and deeds, we make the *life-giving redeemer*, who died on the cross for our redemption, our *Saviour* in *this* world, where only he can be a Saviour to us. Every thing else is mere stuff. It is superstition, or vision, or the policy of priests. The reverend men, not satisfied with what the great God, and his servant Jesus Christ did for us in that *simple heavenly* revelation the apostles writ for our instruction, have made a gospel *sublime* and *mysterious*, which may be compared to a *ball of wax*. It receives whatever holy invention can impress, and contains as many pietys as the imaginations of churchmen can create. To this sublime and mysterious gospel Mrs. *Rowe* was devoted by the prejudice of her education, and the ardors of her constitution, and she

bours. His enemys I fancy will never dare to press him in this article.

This great man, and true protestant, who was a friend to mankind and good learning, and abhorred only sin, and that *curst thing* called *popery*, died the 28th of *July*, 1750, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, at *Hildesham*, in *Cambridgeshire*; the same day that the admirable

Mrs. Harcourt's charity was likewise of an extraordinary kind, and will long be remembered

she thought she had scripture for the impulse she felt, and for the creed of contradictions she believed.

This

able author of the Independent Whig, Mr. Thomas Gordon, departed this life suddenly. Middleton and Gordon were near friends. The doctor's works are four volumes in quarto, besides his life of Cicero.

As to Dr. Cheyné, whom I mentioned in this note, on account of the spiritual *sweetnings*, *sugarings*, and *glancings* he speaks of in his Essay on Regimen, p. 340, he was undoubtedly a learned physician, and for many years esteemed a man of sense; but in the decline of life, when he began to live on vegetables and water, and no longer kept the lively company he had been used to, he wanted that velocity of perspiration which renders the machine superior to pressure, and in his lone sinking hours, turned to the visionary thoughts of Jacob Behe-men the reverend theosopher, and Mr. William Law, the father of our methodists. The wild religious romances gave him full employment, and by renouncing his reason in solitude, he became a *heroe in vision*. Both parts of the compound were pleased with the noveltys of this new engagement. The doctor discovers imaginary beauties and perfections, and then writes down the visions. He printed them in hopes of farther reformation, and his capital article is a *gross and dreadful tritheism*. These things he called conjectures and observations, and published them at the end of his Essay on Regimen.—Such was the consequence of this learned man's parting with reason in religion, and it ought to be a warning to all the followers of Jesus, to have a care, that they do not lose sight of the law of nature, while they profess themselves christians. If they do, they will surely, like Dr. Cheyné, become all swallowing bigots, and sink into nonsense and vision.

Dr. Cheyné died at Bath, April 13, 1743, in the seventy-first year of his age.

## The HISTORY of

membr'd by the Numbers she relieved even in many parts of the world. She was generous and

This ingenious lady was born at Ilchester in Somersetshire, September 11, 1674.

She was married in the year 1710, in the 36th year of her age, to Mr. *Rowe* \*.

She dyed February 20, 1736-7, aged sixty-three, at Frome, in Somersetshire, and lies buried at the meeting-place of that town, under the stone which covered the body of her father Mr. Walter Singer.—Her distemper was an apoplexy, which seized her at her prayers, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, and she breathed till three the next morning, when she gave one groan, and expired.

The ingenious, who did not know Mrs. *Rowe*, admired her for her writings; and her acquaintance loved and esteemed her for the many amiable qualities of her heart.

Her works are—1. Friendship in death, in twenty letters from the Dead to the Living.—2. Letters Moral and Entertaining—3. The History of Joseph, a poem in ten books.—4. Miscellaneous Works, two volumes in 8vo.—and, 5. Devout Exercises of the heart, published by Dr. Watts, and by him dedicated to the countess of Hartford, the late most excellent dutchess of Somerset, who dyed at Percy-lodge, near Hounslow; Sunday the 7th of July, 1754. with a preface to the reader, in which the doctor, as before observed, magnifys the passionate devotion of Mrs. *Rowe*, and must have been greatly

\* *Thomas Rowe*, author of the eight supplemental lives to Plutarch, which were published by Mr. Chandler, and remain a glorious monument of Mr. *Rowe's* love of liberty and public good.—He died of a consumption at Hampstead, in the 29th year of his age, May 13, 1715, twenty-seven years before Mrs. *Rowe*, and lies in the cemetery in Bunhill-Fields.

and free to the laboring, and bountifully rewarded the industrious. She purchased medicines

greatly charmed with the elevations of this religionist, when he tells the lady to whom he offers the *Exercises*, that in them she will find such assistances, that she may commence the joy of angels, and of blessed spirits before hand.

Dr. Watts however, as before observed, was a great man in several respects, notwithstanding his inclination to *transcendings* and other *holy extravagances*. If we cannot applaud him in this article, or for what he says in contempt of *space*; or for what he writes upon the *trinity*; yet he was on other subjects a valuable writer, and such notions as are apparently wrong, are sufficiently outbalanced by many good things which he has written, and by the good spirit with which they are written.

Beside this, he approved himself as a minister of Christ. He was a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God, and continued a most pious and useful pastor till he had finished his course. It is this that makes his memory precious, and sheds a brighter lustre on his name, than can be derived from the finest genius, and the brightest literary attainments.

As to Mrs. Rowe's works, her miscellaneous volumes are valuable books, and especially the second volume, which contains her letters to the dutchess of Somerset. They are lively and rational, and have many fine sentiments.

Her poem called *Joseph* is likewise very pretty, and would have had great merit, if she had bestowed on it that time and labour which the subject deserves: But the first eight books were written in her younger years, concluding with the marriage of her heroine: the two last were finished a little before her death, at the request of her great friend, and cost her but three or four days.

Whether



dicines for the sick, and payed the physician to attend them. She was ever ready to draw

Whether Mrs. Rowe ever saw *Fracaster's* Joseph, I know not, but it appears from the unfinished poem that gentleman left, that the history of Joseph might be wrought into a noble work.

————— Vos dicite quantum  
Ille tulit Phariis tandem dum Victor in Oris  
Imperium gereret magnum, populumque beatum  
Conderet, unde salus hominum, spes unde futura  
Vitzæ erat, et clausi referandum limen Olympi.

The prayer of Joseph in the pit is vastly fine.

————— Oculos in cœlum ad sidera tollens  
Sic fatur : Rex terrarum, Rex ætheris alti  
Omnipotens, patrum Deus et tutela meorum,  
Respice nos, et nostra tuo sub numine si spes  
Est omnis, super his primum miserere parentis.  
De me autem quidquid statuet tua recta voluntas,  
Seu lætum, seu triste pares, nihil ipse recuso.  
Unum oro, si parca mihi vidisse negabit  
His oculis felicem illam, semperque beatam,  
Optatamque diem, qua tandem ex æthere summo  
Descendet tua progenies, da cernere saltem  
In speculo, atque umbra monstra mihi, speque fideque  
Noscere da, puroque ejus de fonte lavari.

Mrs. Rowe in her poem makes no prayer for the illustrious sufferer, but only tells us, that after he was let down in the pit, the night came on, and he prayed—

The night prevails, and draws her sable train,  
With silent pace, along th' ætherial plain.  
By fits the dancing stars exert their beams,  
The silver crescent glimmers on the streams ;

The sluggish waters with a drowsy roar,  
 And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore ;  
 Their murmur answers to the rustling breeze,  
 That faintly whispers thro' the nodding trees ;  
 The peaceful echoes, undisturb'd with sound,  
 Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around ;  
 Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept,  
 A still solemnity all nature kept ;  
 Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies  
 Directs the pris'ners pious vows and eyes :  
 To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,  
 And from the skies commission'd Gabriel drew ;  
 One of the seven, who by appointed turns  
 Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.

These lines are beautiful ; but their merit would have risen to a higher degree, if the author had added after the 14th line, such a prayer as *Fracaſtor* puts in the mouth of *Joſeph*, and then given him a viſion of the people of God, from their eſtabliſhment in Egypt under his government, to the triumph of Jeſus in his reſurrection from the dead, and the reſtoration of the Jews to glory and greatneſs during the Millennium.

N. B. *Jerom Fracaſtor* was a famous phyſician of the 16th century. He left ſeveral learned works ; but is more remarkable in hiſtory, on account of a piece of ſingular ſervice he did *Paul the third*, his patron. This pope wanted to carry ſome points which he thought he could not ſo well effect, while the Fathers ſat at *Trent*, within the dominion of the emperor Charles the Vth, and therefore he directs *Fracaſtorius*, phyſician to the council, to tell the Fathers a ſtory, that would work on their weakneſs, and get them to *Bologna*, a town belonging to the pope. To this purpoſe *Fracaſtor* aſſures the doctors that the plague was arrived in *Trent*, and they had nothing for their lives, but to fly away immediately, and ſit down in *Paul's* town. They fled. Sessions 9 and 10 were held at *Bologna*, April and June 1547 ; and *Paul Farneſe* did the work.

Z

draw

draw out the soul to the hungry, and delighted in satisfying the afflicted. Eumetad tous einai, 1 Tim. vi. 18. She was liberal in distributions (a). Nor did the charity

(a) Our translators have not rendered the Greek word *equiladotes* *einai* with sufficient exactness in saying ready to distribute; for literally it means good at distributing, or such as distribute well: and good or well, in composition with other words in the Greek tongue, is used to signify excess, or a great degree of a thing. This caused the *Ethiopic* translators, who made this version about the apostles time, to render the Greek word by one which signifies liberality; and for these reasons the original should have been translated, that they be liberal in their distributions, instead of, ready to distribute. It is not enough then for those who are rich to do good by the common measures of liberality, that is to give readily such or such a sum, more than was commonly given by people of equal fortune, without ever considering whether the charity bears a proportion to the ability to relieve: but the gift ought to bear a proportion to the ability, to act up to the apostle's rule. The rich should have a strict regard to proportion, and a proper measure, instead of the common measure of charity. The question should not be, is 50 or 100l. a great deal to give away in a year; but, if 50 or 100l. be a true proportion to their great incomes?

I set this particular down for reasons I need not mention, and add, by way of observation, that this is not only the great apostle's notion of real charity, but that the Lord himself lays so great a stress upon giving largely to supply the wants of the poor, that he seems to place all the value and excellency of this kind of charity in this alone, that is, in this manner of giving: For he did cast in of their abundance, yet the widow's meagre gift made her virtue much greater; because the liberality in the farthing, was larger than a rich man's, if he gave a pound, and it was but a small part of his substance.

his blessed woman consist solely in dealing out her doles to the poor and miserable. She was always ready and forward to promote the interest and happiness of every one. She found a pleasure in performing all the friendly offices, and had a settled love to all mankind.

When this lady was travelling with her mother over Europe, she became acquainted with some noble nuns in several monasterys, and was so pleased with the goodness of their lives, that she determined to found a reclus society of protestants as soon as it was in her power; and immediately after her father's death, proposed the scheme of her *Instituto* to some ladys of her acquaintance of several nations. As they were all her admirers, and saw the design the most rational and agreeable thing in the world, they came into it at once. A beautiful cloyster was built on her estate in Richmondshire, and a charming summer vill in the Green Island, which was her father's property. In these fine solitudes, these agreeable women of distinction and large fortunes, passed their lives in the happiest manner. They renounced custom and the notions, the propensities and entrys, the noise and splendor of the world, and in the solitary retreat, preserved the supremacy of conscience, and enjoyed the noblest, rational

## The HISTORY of

delights. They consecrated their lives to religion, and devoted their best services to the most glorious of immortal beings; they offered up their choicest affections to the Lord of all the worlds.

Happy society! I believe there is nothing like it upon earth. Reason and revelation, good sense and good breeding, good humor and plentiful fortunes, are there united, to compleat the felicity of mortals. Their religion is the pure worship of the *universal Father*, without the least tincture of *Athenasian* corruption; not even so much as the authors of the *Essay on Spirit*, and the *sequel to that Essay* are willing to allow the *adversary* (a): And as they have no morose superior, with a despotic authority, to cross and per-

(a) You have read before now, I suppose, that extraordinary pamphlet, called *An Essay on Spirit*, and another called, *A Sequel to the Essay on Spirit*, by different writers, as they are pieces written with learning and candor, and of consequence worthy of a serious consideration. But as to the first of them, if the vindicator of the chronology of the Hebrew Bible was the author of it, then this right reverend writer is quite wrong in what he says of the lawfulness of praying to the *Son* and *Holy Spirit*, when his lordship condemns the doctrine of the equality of them to the Father. See a very good thing, written by Richard Mosely of Knightbridge, Esq; which is called, *A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Clogher*: and at the end of this is another

perplex them, but exercise that office the year  
 bout in their turns, since the death of Mrs.  
*Larcourt*; are under no vow of celibacy, to  
 appress a legal inclination; nor obliged to  
 ontinue members any longer than they  
 lease, but may quit the society at any time,  
 upon forfeiting only one hundred pounds,  
 ntrance-money payed down on coming in,  
 r commencing *Eleve*; which money is  
 iven to encrease the fund for the support of  
 he house; and that while they do remain  
 n the sodality, they live in an elegant man-

another letter, by the same hand, to the Earl of Or-  
 ury; which was designed to rectify his lordship in an  
 mportant case he is greatly mistaken in; notwithstanding  
 his lordship's name is *Praise*, as Dr. *Hill*, the In-  
 pector, in his late dedication, phrases it.

As to the Sequel to the Essay, the author of it seems  
 o me not totally dispossessed of the orthodox spirit.  
 Prejudice, and partiality for a system, have not totally  
 lone with him, or he would see in the New Testament,  
 hat the *Father*, of whom are all things, one infinite  
 intelligent Spirit, one Person, is *God alone*, the *only*  
*true God*; and *Christ Jesus*, our ever-blessed redeemer,  
 no more than the *temporary minister* of this *sovereign*  
*Being*; a man approved of God among us by miracles  
 which God did by him (Acts ii. 22.) whom God raised  
 from the dead, and exalted at his right-hand, on ac-  
 count of his spotless virtue and perfect obedience:  
 having begotten him for our salvation, to promote  
 greatness, glory, and happiness in the world; and  
 made him *as God in resemblance*, which is as much as is  
 consistent with the nature of such a derived Being as  
 Jesus Christ is. This is scripture. There is a defect  
 in the organ that cannot see it.

ner, suitable to their condition, and have music, painting, reading, fine works, and the best of conversation, for their amusement ; no hours can be passed more delightfully in this lower hemisphere. Happy, happy women. The most rational and excellent things of every kind they enjoy in this life, and by the simplicity of their religion, and the piety of their manners, are able to approve their hearts every moment, and to rejoice continually and be secure. Their righteousness is ever ready to be brought forth as the light, and their judgment as the noon-day. They have schemed out uninterrupted joys for themselves in this first state, a fine variety of the noblest pleasures, and when the important revolution comes, without diffidence can appeal to that great arbiter who irresistibly governs the world, and is to determine the final state of every creature. There is sense in such an *Instituto*. It is the most perfect of all the human plans I know.

The constitution of the house will not admit more than twenty-four members, and twelve boarders (a), and of consequence  
very

(a) The boarders are not children, but women of distinction and large fortunes, virgins or widows, who chuse to live with these happy ladies, on payment of a hundred pounds a year to the house: they admit no children among themselves, but support a school of twelve

very few, who can afford it, can get in here, if they were approved. But, I think for myself, that if our young women of distinction and great fortunes, would form themselves into societies, upon the plan these recluses live by, uniting into companys for social enjoyment, and appropriating their time to calm consideration, and the worship of God, and to letters, and the pleasure of the imitative arts; without any obligation to sequester themselves for life, but at liberty to act as eternal truth, and the reason of things directs them; to go into the world when they please, and even quit the society for a married life, if fancy should represent a wedlock as a more improved state of moral perfection; only leaving so much caution-money behind them, as is a reasonable emolument to the house, and designed to secure the perpetuity of the society;—I imagine in such case, in this way of living

twelve poor girls, who have an apartment in the cloyster, and a table kept for them.——There is a stable of fine horses kept for the ladys who board, and the constituents, to ride out every day, if they please, so they do not miss the hours of chapel, where the prayers begin at nine in the morning, and three in the afternoon, and are performed by a worthy clergyman. They use a liturgy composed by Mrs. *Harcourt*, and by her made to accord with the *Catachesis Racoviana*, published by *Vissouatius*, and corrected by *Crellius*, edit. 1680. This shews they are strict *Socinians*: And *Socinianism* fairly represented, is the true gospel of *Christ*.



for a few years, that our ladys would find a greater and more substantial happiness than it is possible for them to produce from the most refined dissipations; I am sure they would be quite another sort of women. They would be strangers to voluptuousness, the frauds of play, and ambition, to those chimerical actions and ridiculous passions, which represent them in a diminutive and despicable light. They would dread the divine displeasure above all sublunary evils, and live with a divine fear before their eyes. Instead of passing away a short life in a miserable dream, and devoting their precious time to the interests and enjoyments of this world, the vanity and delusion of earthly desires; they would become the most valuable and useful creatures, and feel the mysteries of their redemption opened in *life* and *power*. Like the glorious recluses I am speaking of, they would not only be happy in every advantage and accomplishment, that education ought to have in view; make considerable advances in real knowledge, and improve in languages and the fine arts; but, by their *rule*, become acquainted with the sublime indisputable truths of genuine christianity, and enjoy a living sensibility of the work of God on the soul. They would have a *truth* and *reality* of religion, and sense the light and spirit, the wisdom and love, the

the peace and joy of God within them. No *Atbanafian heresy* is professed in this fine retreat. No conformity is seen to the vain customs and foolish passions of this world. They hearken to the great *Immanuel* within, the word or voice of everlasting reason, and are as blest and happy as creatures can be by the redeeming power of the *holy Jesus*.

Mrs. *Harcourt* dyed suddenly, at her seat in Richmondshire, the first of December 1745, in the 39th year of her age; and not in the year thirty-seven, as the world was told in several advertisements in the London-Evening post of December 1739, by a gentleman who was imposed on in a false account he received of her death. She left the greatest part of her fortune to the ladys, who were the constituents of her new founded claustral house, upon condition the society was supported and ordered, according to her written directions; but made her favorite Mrs. *Bathurst* sole acting executor, and residuary legatee. This lady is still living, and one of the illustrious members of this protestant monastery. She is to this day an extraordinary fine woman, tho a year or two beyond 30, and by her uncommon good sense and knowledge, her virtues and piety, is a bright ornament to the society she belongs to. She is a master in the Hebrew, Greek and Latin. In this respect she equals the late Mrs. *Harcourt*;

An account  
of Mrs.  
Bathurst of  
Richmond-  
shire.

Anna Ma-  
ria a Schur-  
man.

*court* : She likewise talks as many languages : And that lady could speak more tongues than the justly admired *Maria Schurman* ; of whom *Jean le Laboureur* says, en son *Histoire de Voyage de la Reyne de Pologne*, imprimée a Paris l'an 1648. — Elle respondit en Italien a Monsieur d'Orange, qui l'interrogeoit par ordre de la Regne , & elle argumenta tres-subtilement en Latin sur quelques poincts de theologie. Elle repartit aussi fort elegamment en mesme langue, au compliment que je lui fis pour Madame la Mareschalle. Elle parla grec avec le Sieur Corrade premier medicin de la Regne. Enfin elle nous eust encore parlé d'autres langues si nous les eussions sçeuës ; car outre la Grecque, la Latine, la Francoise, l'Italienne, l'Espagnole, l'Alemande, et le Flaman qui lui est naturel, elle a encore beaucoup de connoissance de l'Hebreu, Syriacque & Chaldaïque ; & il ne luy manque qu'un peu d'habitude pour les parler (a),

This

An account  
of Mrs.  
*Anna Ma-  
ria Schur-  
man.*

(a) *Maria Schurman*, was born at *Cologne*, the 5th of November 1607, and dyed at *Wieuwert* en *Frisë*, the 5th of May 1678, in the seventy-first year of her age. Her works are *Opuscula Hebræa, Græca, Latina, Gallica*, one thick volume in twelves, published by *Frederic Spanheim*, professor of divinity, *Batav. Elzevir*, 1648. There are later editions, but this is the valuable one. There are some admirable Latin letters on moral subjects in this book. Her epistle de *Vin*

Ter-

This account of Mrs. *Schurman*, confirmed by many great men, who conversed and

*Termino to Brevevicius*, is a fine thing. See how she concludes :—Unam tantum sollicitudinem nobis reliquit Deus, ut, quam nobis imposuit provinciam curamus sedulo ante rerum eventum ; post vero in hoc uno secure acquiescamus, quod ille sic voluit, qui nisi optima velle non potest. Audiamus, obsecro, divinam illam Epicteti vocem ; semper magis volo quod Deus vult, quam quod ego. Adjungar et adhærebo illi, velut minister et assecla : cum illo appeto, cum illo desidero, et simpliciter atque uno verbo, quod Deus vult, volo. Hic unica Halcyonia curarum æstibus ; hic animorum per ancipitia fluctuantium statio tutissima : hic denique terminus in quo mente et calamo acquiesco, This is beautiful.

Her other work is called *Eukleria*, or *Bona Pars*, in allusion to Mary's chusing the better part. This is hard to be met with. It is one octavo in Latin, and tho it be not without some vision, yet it is in the main a beautiful and solid performance. It is in the manner of Mr. Law's *Christian Perfection*, and has several sentiments resembling those of madam *Guion*, in her comment on the New Testament, and madam *Bourignon*, in her numerous works. It was the famous *Labadie*, the fanatic, who brought Mrs. *Schurman* over to the *interior life* and *silent worship*, in the forty-third year of her age, and from that time to her dying-day, she renounced the world, and never went any more even to public worship. The men of learning and worth were no longer seen in crowds at her house, engaged with her in the noblest literary conversations ; for the advancement of truth and the sciences ; but in a solitude she purchased, she moped away her remaining life in *quietism*, and *holy reveries*, and parting from reason in religion, sunk into passive unions of nothing with nothing, and

and corresponded with her, I often wondered at, and had some doubts about, till I became

and became the prey of cunning and stupid religionists. Her house was always full of them. She would see no other company. The holy *Labadie* expired in her arms, aged sixty-four, in the year 1674; Mrs. *Schurman* being then sixty-seven ——— What a deplorable change was here ——— and owing to ——— *no reason in religion ——— oh heavenly!* Adhere to reason, *Jews*. Whoever tells you, you must give it up in religion, is the son of darkness, and the truth is not in him.

*Labadie* had been many years a *Jesuit*, then *Jansenist*, *Carme solitaire*, *Missionnaire*, and *Devot*, and afterwards by the interest of the marquis de Favas, a protestant, was made *minister* of *Montauban*.

An account  
of the fa-  
mous *Jean*  
*Labadie*,  
the fanatic,  
who was  
born Feb.  
13, 1610.  
and died in  
1674.

*Bayl* and *Bernard*, and *Basnages*, in the *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*, tell a strange story of this man, while he was minister at *Montauban*: that he had brought over a beautiful young lady, *Mademoiselle de Calonges*, to the interior or spiritual life, and to make her perfect in what they call *la spiritualité et l'raison mentale*, he told her she must be absolutely alienated from all sensible objects in her meditations, and lost in the depths of reflection, *dans le recueillement interieure*. To this purpose he gave her a point to meditate on, and desired she would give it her whole application, as she sighed after christian perfection. Miss began, and the director left her, under a *detachement absolu*; but returned in an hour or two to her chamber. He found her like contemplation on a monument; her eyes fixed, and her whole body, as if it were a petrification. Softly the holy man approached; strange pleasures filled his soul, as he gazed upon his heavenly disciple, and believing her quite perfect, from her attitude, in the interior way, he gently put his pious hand upon her lovely breast, and began to feel the  
finest

became acquainted with Mrs. *Harcourt* and Mrs. *Bathurst*, because it far exceeds the at-

finest *tetons* in the world. But as *Mademoiselle de Calonges* was a woman of sense and virtue, she could not relin to this part of interior religion, and started up in a passion, giving the director a pounce, and asking him what he meant by such behavior ?

The minister replied, sans être déconcerté, et avec un air devot ; je vois bien ma fille, que vous êtes encore bien éloignée de la perfection, reconnoissez humblement votre foiblesse, et demandez pardon a Dieu d'avoir été si peu attentive aux mysteres que vous deviez mediter. Si vous y aviez apporté toute l'attention nécessaire, vous ne vous fussiez pas apperçue de ce qu'on faisoit à votre gorge. Mais vous étiez si peu détachée des sens, si peu concentrée avec la divinite, que vous n'avez pas été un moment à reconnoître que je vous touchois. Je voulois éprouver si votre serveur dans l'oraison vous élevoit au dessus de la matière, et vous unissoit au souverain etre, la vive source de l'immortalité et de la spiritualité, et je vois avec beaucoup de douleur, que vos progres sont très petits : vous n'allez que que terre à terre. Que ce la vous donne de la confusion, ma fille, et vous porte à mieux remplir les saints devoirs de la prière mentale.

This speech (continue the historians) was so far from satisfying the beautiful Miss *Calonges*, as she perceived the dreadful consequence of such doctrine, and knew it might be extended to the most impure transactions, if women must not sense, in order to be thoroughly concentrated with the divinity, that it enraged her as much as the action of *Labadie*, and she would never after have any more to say to him. Elle rompit entierement avec luy.

*Bayle* says he will not warrant the truth of this story, and *Bernard* tells us he has some doubt about it ; but  
Henri

## The HISTORY of

*Henri Basnage*, in his *Histoire des Ouvrages des Juifs* \*, assures us he had the account of this affair from the

\* When *Bayle* was obliged, by a disorder in his head, to discontinue his valuable *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres*, he pitched upon this gentleman to fill his place, and go on with the work under another title. He writ it with the greatest applause for a long time, till a dispute with *Jurieu* turned his pen another way. — He likewise published a new edition of *Furetière's* Universal Dictionary, in which he made great corrections, and to which he added as much more: And the Universal Dictionary, published by the Jesuits at *Trevoux* in 1704, three volumes in folio, is word for word the Amsterdam edition of *Basnage*, tho they have omitted his name, and that of *Furetière*, the original writer. *Henri Basnage* dyed in March 1710, aged fifty-four. He was brother to *Jacques Basnage*, that great man, who obliged the world with twenty-nine excellent books; two of which are, *Histoire de la Religion des Eglises Reformées*, in answer to *Bessuet* bishop of Meaux, *Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes*: — And, *Histoire des Juifs, depuis Jesus Christ jusques à present*. These admirable books I recommend to your perusal. The first of them cannot be read too often over; as it is not only a just and beautiful refutation of the labored work of the eloquent and cunning *Bessuet*; but a noble defence of christian religion. The valuable edition is that of 1725, two tomes, in 4to. Rotterdam. The author augmented this edition to as much more as the two former editions; which were two tomes in 8vo.

The best edition of the *Histoire des Juifs* is à la Haye 1716, 15 volumes in duodecimo: — And with it you should get a very curious piece in duodecimo, called *Histoire des Juifs Reclamé*; which is a severe and just thing against *Du Pin*, who published an anonymous edition of *Histoire des Juifs*, at Paris 1710, and left out what did not please him in the Rotterdam edition

the mouth of *Mademoiselle de Calonges* : he says he heard her relate it several times, and that she always spoke with horror of the false and hypocritical devotion of *Labadie*.

But

of 1706. — This piece is a fine vindication of *Basnage's* history of the Jews. — *Jacques Basnage* was minister of the Wallone church at Rotterdam, and died the 22d of September 1723, in his seventy first year. —

*Bassuet*, his antagonist, the celebrated bishop of Meaux, famous for his *Exposition of the doctrine of the catholic church* ; — for his *History of the variation of the protestants* ; and for his proceedings, ambitious and malicious, against that fine genius *Fenelon*, archbishop of Cambray ; dyed at Paris the 12th of April 1704, in his seventy-seventh year : — And *Fenelon* dyed at Cambray the 7th of January 1715, ætatis sixty-four.

*Jurieu*, a famous man in his time, the other antagonist of *Jacques Basnage*, tho his brother in-law, and as zealous a writer against popery, dyed at Rotterdam the 11th of January 1713, aged seventy-six.

*Madame Bawiguan*, whom I have mentioned, was separated from her earthly tabernacle the 20th of October 1680, St. Vet. anno; having lived sixty-four years, nine months and fourteen days. She dyed at *Francher*, in *West Friesland*; and had suffered greatly in many persecutions. She had an extraordinary fine understanding, and would have been a valuable and useful creature, if she had not gone in to vision. Many admirable things however there are in her works, which she published herself at several times, and to that purpose, had a printing-house of her own, in the island of *Nord-Strand* in *Holstein* ; which island she purchased from *Monfieur Cort*, one of the fathers of the oratory. Her works were afterwards printed at Amsterdam, 1686, in nineteen volumes in *octavo*, and on account of the excellency of some pieces, and the curiosity of the whole, I think the labors of this bright visionary deserve



## The HISTORY of

But all this notwithstanding, I have some doubts, as to the veracity of *Mi<sup>cs</sup> Calonge's* relation: not that I think

serve a place in your closet. A presiding good sense appears every now and then in her writings, and keeps her from sinking into the *profundities*, *unions*, and *annihilations* of *Labadie*, whom she despised, tho' *M<sup>r</sup> Schurman* was so fond of him. *Labadie* wanted her to come and live with him and *Mrs. Schurman*, and become of the *perfectionists* in their retreat. He pressed her to it, but she would have no connection with them. She told them their plan and oeconomy were weak, and they had not the operation of the spirit in what they schemed and did. The two best books in this lady's works are, *The Light of the World*, ——— and *Solid Virtue*. They have been translated into English; but are not now to be found.

*Madame Guion*, the other illustrious visionary. I have mentioned, dyed the 9th of June 1717, at *Blois*, in the seventieth year of her age. The archbishop of Cambray's troubles were all owing to this lady. She debauched his understanding with her splendid visions and notions of *perfection* and *quiet*, and to his last moment he had the most singular veneration for her, and thought her to be what our grand visionary, the reverend *Mr. Law*, calls her, in one of his pieces against *Dr. Trapp*, the *enlightened Guion*. Notwithstanding the prelate made a public recantation, through fear, of his *maxims of the saints*, yet he was, to his extreme unction, a thorough *Guionist*; that is, by *associating* and *concentring* with the divinity, as *Madame* directed, he was all *light*, all *eye*, all *spirit*, all *joy*, all *rest*, all *gladness*, all *love*; *pure love*. These are their terms. They *rest* in *quietness*, and are *absorbed* in *silent spiritual pleasure*, and *inexpressible sweetness*. Filled with a rapturous stillness, they sit the hours away at a royal banquet, and enjoy a divine repose in the sweet fellowship of the bridegroom. They even become sometimes like angels without bodies, so exceeding light and easy do they feel themselves with  
the

ink such behavior has never been practised by a *music*. here is a lady now living, who was debauched by a *music*-priest, while he was instructing her how to be perfect

e body.——Miserable stuff, *Jesus*. Wretched definition. It is all a wild, senseless fancy. It wants the aims of eternal and unalterable reason, and therefore can never be that useful, glorious piety, called christianity ; can never be that heavenly religion which was promulgated by *Jesus* ; which consists in offering prayer, with our lips, praising and giving thanks to the *one true God the Father*, at proper seasons ; and in reducing the principles of the gospel to practice ; by a righteousness of mind, and an active universal benevolence.

Mrs. Guion's works are twenty volumes of explanations and reflexions on the old and New Testament, concerning the interior life.—5 vol. of *Spirituel Cantiques* and emblems on pure love — two vols. of Religious discourses. Four volumes of letters——Her life in three volumes.—Three volumes of Justifications in defence of herself against her persecutors. — And two volumes of Opuscules.

As to *Fenelon*, archbishop of Cambray, he was to be sure a great and beautiful genius, and his *Telemaque* cannot be enough admired : but that bright-genius he lay at the foot of mystery : His noble reason he would not use in religion, and therefore, in this article, was no poorer a creature as any of the people. His maxims of the saints declare the weak visionary ; and his submitting them after to the censure of the *man of sin*, called the *vergein pontiff*, renders his speculating religious character very despicable. He was a *thorow* visionary ; and at the same time a *thorow papist*. The letter he stated for *Lewis the XIVth's* confessor, after he had received extreme unction, shews that no man ever had more at heart that *monstrous*, and *most audacious corruption* of the christian religion, called popery. In his exciting moments he conjures that bloody tyrant, the king of France, to order him a successor that will, like him, do every thing to oppose and suppress the *Jansenists* ; the

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attainments of the most learned men that  
ever came in my way. But these ladys con-  
vinced

fect in the *interior life* and *abstraction*. He first made her convert of her to popery, and then to raise her to the tip-top saints, consolidated her soul to an impenetrable center, and taught her to pray in silence in the inward sanctuary, without any regard to what was outward; the more *insensible* the more *perfect*. This continued for sometime, and the confessor told her she was in a fair way to the highest degree of perfection; a little more absence from the body, and she was quite glorious. In short, from touching the tip of her ear, as she sat like one insensate, he proceeded to the most illicit liberties. She thought him an angel of a man, and was undone by the uncommon sanctity he was, and the strong desire she had to be a *perfect mystic*.

But as to *Labadie*, if he was the man Miss *Chapman* reported him, is it to be thought Mrs. *Schurman* would have made him her nearest friend, and first minister in the management of her house and religionists, and have travelled with him where-ever he went. Be this, Mrs. *Bourignon* did not make this an objection against joining

only remaining light within the vast black realms of popery: — Je prendrai la liberté de demander à votre majesté deux graces, qui ne regardent, ni ma personne ni aucun de miens. La première est que le roi ait la bonté de me donner un successeur pieux, et régulier bon et ferme contre le Jansenisme, lequel est puissamment accredité sur cette frontière. —

As to the *Basnages*, take this further notice, *Jean* that the valuable work, three volumes in folio, called *Basnages Annales Ecclesiastiques*, being a supplement to, or an improvement of the *Centuriator's* of *Maglobourg*, were not written by *Jacques* or *Henri Basnage* aforementioned; but by *Samuel Basnage*, their uncle, so that in talking of, or quoting these learned men you must take care to distinguish them by their christian names.

inced me it was possible; and that, if women of genius apply, they can out-do the men

saying him and Mrs. Schermer: And among the many books written by *Labadie*, and by him published, there are some of them moral, and extremely pious: And more than this, the reverend Mr. Yvon was his principal disciple, and all I think allow he was one of the best pious of mortals, tho a thorough visionary. He founded a society at *Wietwert*, which was another *la Trappe*——— *Espèce d'Abbaye de la Trappe dans le parti protestant, tres éloignée de l'esprit de mondanité, renfermez dans leurs mœurs et dans leurs dogmes*, says again in his *Nouvelles* for November 1685. And the *l'ouvrage Chrétien* of Yvon, published immediately after the death of *Labadie*, is a piece of sanctification too rare I think for mortals. I imagine then, that in contempt of those *mystics* and *visionarys*, there may be somethings overtold, and some stories received, that would be mitigation, if all the circumstances relating to them were known. It is bad enough that there are *mystics* and *visionarys* in the world: And therefore, if I could, I had rather discover virtue amidst their intellectual immoralitys, than have an opportunity of displaying imperfections in any of their hearts.——— And as to *Labadie*, supposing the worst, and that as *Henri de France* says, he began to feel the breaths of Miss *Catherine*, might not the attitude of the charming image, and the privacy of the place, be too much for the poor man, (as they say she was a prodigious fine girl) and tempt him to commit an indiscretion he might be very sorry for after? He was at that time a huge, strong, altho *be-mystic*, and perhaps had a bottle of generous in his stomach.

As to *Bernard*, whom I mentioned with *Bayle* and *Bayle*, he was a protestant minister of Holland. When *Le Clerc* was obliged to abandon his *Bibliothèque universelle*, in the year 1691, after he had gone but a

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men of genius in arts and letters. Were I to give you a history of some MSS. written by

little way in the 20th tome. *Bernard* went on with the continuation, and most of the 20th volume, and volumes 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, are his, tho they all go under the name of *Le Clerc's Bibliothèque Universelle*. Tome 25, came out in 1693; and then the exact work dropt: But about ten years after, *Bernard* began the Republic of Letters, and carryed it on, with interruptions, till the year 1718, when he dyed, in the month of April, aged sixty.

*Bayle* dyed the 28th of December, 1706, aged sixty-nine.——His *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, needs no recommendation; and next to that noble work in value are *La Critique Générale*, and *Nouvelles Lettres* in defence of it. *Commentaire Philosophique. Pensées sur les Comètes. Lettres Choieses Entretiens de marins et de Themisto*; which is a defence of his religious principles, and did not appear till after his death, in the year 1707; and *Les Nouvelles de la République de Lettres*, from March 1684, to March 1687. These several pieces you ought to have in your closet. They are most useful and beautiful things. His whole *Oeuvres diverses* were printed at the Hague in four volumes in folio, in 1727.

The great *Le Clerc* dyed the 8th of January 1736, in his seventy-ninth year; having lost his speech, and almost his memory, in the year 1728, by a palsy and fever; and the malady encreasing, he was for six years before his death without any understanding; a deplorable ruin.

He writ and published sixty-two works, some of which were folio's, and some quarto's. I recommend to you in particular, his *Historia Ecclesiastica*, 2 fol. Amsterdam 1716, in 4to. — *Novum Testamentum ad usum Ham. Lipsic*. 1714, 2 volumes in folio. This edition is preferable to the Amsterdam edition, 1698. —

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by these ladys, which I have read, you would be very greatly surprized: but the society will

*Harmonia Evangelica* Altorf. i. e. Lyon 1700, in 4to. This is preferable to the folio edition of Amsterdam, 1699, and has an excellent preface by *Langius*.———  
*Le Nouveau Testament traduit avec des Remarques*, Amsterdam, 2 vols. in 4to. This translation is fine, and the remarks admirable.———*Traité de l'Incredulité* à Rotterdam 1714, in 8vo. It is remarkable that the Jesuits of Trevoux allow this book to be a most valuable, solid, and well written piece, *tres estimable, solide et bien fait*.———*Ars Critica*, 2 volumes in 8vo, 1700. *Corrigé et augmenté*: And with it the *Epistolæ Criticæ*, which makes a third volume, printed the same year.—  
*Lettre à Jurieu*, in answer to his account of the Societians, Amsterdam 1697, in 8vo. This is a defence of the great *Episcopius*, Professeur de l'Eglise des Remonstrans\*: and is a fine thing.———*Eschimis Dialogi* res; et ad calcem *Sylvæ Philologicæ*, Amstel. 1711, in 8vo.———*Parrhasiana*, Amstel. 1702; 2 volumes in 8vo. *Sentimens de quelques Theologiens sur l'Histoire Critique de pere Simon*, Amsterdam, 1711, in 8vo. This edition has an excellent preface, which all the former editions want.———*Defense des sentimens against Belluville*, that is, per e Simon, Amsterdam, 1686, in 8vo. These two pieces are curious things. Simon had the last word; but it was only words: and instead of taking any farther notice of Simon, *Le Clerc* made a short answer to *Herman Witsius*, who in his *Miscellanea Sacra*, defended Simon, and abused *Le Clerc*.———  
*Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique*, 25 volumes in duo-

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duo-

\* *Episcopius*, an Arminian divine, dyed at Amsterdam the 4th of April, 1643, in the sixtieth year of his age. His works in the purest Latin are two volumes in folio, Amstel. 1650. They are invaluable in their merit.

will not suffer any thing belonging to them to appear ; and all I can let you see is one *Latin letter de vera religione*, which Mrs. Harcourt did me the honor to write me, in answer to some questions I asked her. It is a great curiosity, and a useful piece ; but too long to have a place here. You will find it among the notes. It is the sixteenth. Compare it with Mrs. Schurman's letter aforementioned, and you will be able to form a judgment of both.

As to the Green Island, I must say a little more of it, on account of the illustrious recluses, to give you an idea of their summer residence in the late Mrs. Harcourt's time: I say in her time, because they never went

duodecimo, from 1696 to 1693, in which year he finished this excellent and useful work. — *Bibliothèque Choise*, suite a la Bibliothèque Universelle 27 vols from 1793 to 1713. — *Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne*, 29 volumes in 12mo, from 1714 to 1727. Pour le vir de suite aux autres Bibliothèques. In these admirable books there are among the fine accounts of every thing that came out in all these years, a great number of excellent criticisms, disquisitions, essays, and letters, written by *Le Clerc*. — And, *Clerici Vita et Opera ad annum 1711*, Amstel. 1711, in 8vo. being *Le Clerc's* apology for himself and his writings to that time. — These sixteen things are truly excellent, and ought to be in every gentleman's closet. — *Le Clerc* was a clergyman ; but never belonged to any particular church. This short account of those writers, and their writings, I have thrown together, as you will find them mentioned several times, in one or other of the following letters.

here after her death, but transferred their property to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who generally lives on the spot, with one friend, and a few servants, in a very philosophical manner, and only leaves it now and then on account of business, or, for a change and amusement, to visit some fine part of the world. He and his friend most commonly take a trip every year to France or Italy, Portugal, or Spain; stay a month at Rome or Paris, Lisbon or Madrid, or some other favorite town; and then return to his charming western life.

Mr. *Hanmer*, my friend, is a man of great learning, and has a fine taste for the ingenious arts. He has united them and the liberal exercises with a divine philosophy, and made them subservient to virtue and a happy life. He has schemed out for himself a system of felicity that is vastly fine, and is I believe as happy a man as can be found in the world. He has all the blessings of time in his possession, and while he enjoys them, maintains a temper that expresses itself illustriously in relation to the honor of God, and the good of mankind.

Mr. Hanmer's character.

This gentleman was not of the christian side for many years. The christianity he saw in the realms of popery, and the sad representations of our holy religion, given by the unhappy *Athanasian* priests, prejudiced



him so much against all revelation, that he concluded it to be intirely the work of theological heads, and on account of too many deplorable priestly inventions, rejected the scriptures, as a thing that could not have the stamp of divine authority, if they produced the dreadful doctrines which priests of all denominations drew from thence. With an untoward and a monstrous zeal, the doctors of every party preached, and writ for the most senseless, and the most cruel things. Even protestant divines find a *tritbeism* and *persecution* in their inspired writings, to the dishonor of the peerless majesty, and goodness of the great God; and an *infinite satisfaction* by a second slaughtered supreme Being; and therefore, Mr. *Hanmer* thought the writings of the apostles were far from being serviceable to truth and society. This made him renounce the religion he had been baptized into. I found him a thorow infidel, when, by accident, I saw him at *Moss-Wells* last summer, as I came from *Edinburgh* to *Carlisle*. I will give you an account of a conversation that passed between us in that town, as a curious thing, before I describe the fine natural curiosities, and artificial wonders of the Green Island.

Over a bottle, we began to talk of old things, and old times; and among other  
matters

matters, had religion up, before we had finished half a flask. He asked me, if I was a christian still, and confessed that, for his part, he was not. He now thought reason sufficient for a religion essential to man. Reason (*Hanmer* continued) the peculiar glory of human kind, informs me there is *one supreme intending cause* ; an intelligent circle, whose center is every where, and circumference no where ; who sits upon the rock necessity, *all eye, all power, all knowledge* ; who is the most kind and benevolent of all Beings, and for ever exerts his omnipotence in promoting the real happiness of his rational creatures.

Mr. Hanmer's reasoning in defence of the sufficiency of natural religion.

Again, it is evident to reason, that we ought to worship this adorable Being, and make the rule of right the rule of our conduct, by conforming ourselves to the law of truth, and discharging the obligations of reason, so far as the mortal frame and constitution, which are incapable of perfection, will permit us ; for, exclusive of virtue being generally productive of happiness here, and that pain and infelicity not naturally flow from appetites irrationally indulged, and unbounded passions ; it is evident from the attributes of God, that he is pleased with our obedience to the laws of reason, and delights in the rectitude and beauty of action ; that he will signify his pleasure to good actions by

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rewards, and his displeasure to bad actions by punishments. This future retribution is founded in reason and equity: so sure as God is true and just, so certain it is, that our present behavior will be a reason, as well as a rule of his judging us. The *reasonableness* and *fitness* of *things* is a spring and principle of action to the Deity, and of consequence, *one being* on account of his *precedent behavior* will be rendered the proper object of reward; and *another being* receive punishment because his *precedent behavior* has rendered him deserving of such punishment; this is demonstration by the light of nature.

And because a perfection of conduct cannot be the practice of such imperfect creatures as we are, and that there is no individual of our species, but has been more or less guilty, of deviating from the rule prescribed him by his reason, therefore repentance and reformation are the natural means of reconciling us to God, when we are conscious of our having offended him. *Penitence* must be a ground of the divine mercy; and to *repent* and *reform*, what God requires of us, in order for us to do on our part what he knows to be necessary to our happiness. This must be the truth of the case, or man would not be dealt with in a way of justice and equity. It is *right* and *fit* to shew mercy to such as have rendered themselves the pro-

*per objects of mercy, penitence* renders us such proper objects, and by our repentance and amendment, we cease to be objects of punishment. If the Deity will follow nature, as he surely does, and be guided by it, he must deal with a penitent, who reforms and does well, according to what *he is*, and not according to what *he has been*; he must treat him as a *penitent offender*, that is, as a man reformed and become good, and of consequence, as an object of his mercy: The grounds of resentment cease by sorrow for sin, and a reformation of life, and in reason and equity, punishment ought to cease also.

This is the pure religion of nature. True revelation can add nothing to it: And what is imposed upon us for revelation is a grand corruption of it. To talk, as the divines do, of the Deity's being three somewhats, of his having an only begotten Son, and of satisfaction for sin, these are such notions as the throat of credulity only can swallow. One must have a faith orthodox indeed to subscribe to such opinions. And after all, were it possible for the theologers to defend these articles, and prove the goodness of their religion, yet it cannot be necessary to future happiness, as it is not known to all men. — Here Mr. *Hanmer* had done, and he was answered in the following manner.

In

A reply to  
Mr. Ham-  
mer in de-  
fence of  
christian  
religion..

In this apology for the sufficiency of reason in religion, you have confounded christianity with the inventions of the doctors. The religion of Jesus is not a compound of mystery, absurdity, and persecution. It is not what the divines have made it in their systems. It is not Trinity in Unity ; a creed turned into a riddle ; nor does it teach the doctrine of a slaughtered God, as a victim of infinite merit, to appease an inexorable Deity. This is a doctrine erroneous and despicable. But the *religion* of *Jesus* is that *natural truth*, which is older than the creation. It is a republication of the pure law of nature, which flows from the reason and fitness of things, and was promulgated by *Jesus*, the blessed servant of God, at a time when the condition of mankind was miserable ; when they were sunk in immorality and wickedness ; and had deviated from the paths of virtue, in which their happiness lay, and by walking in which alone they could attain to it. It was for this reason God was pleased, thro his innate goodness, to send them an extraordinary person to reclaim them, and so set them right in the way of living ; that his design in creating them, which was to communicate happiness, might be accomplished. This person was the most glorious of all creatures, and honoured with the title of the

only begotten Son of God, that is, his *well beloved Son*, on account of his miraculous conception, his resurrection from the dead, and his being the promised Messiah, the great Prophet and Savior of the world. We are all the *sons of God*, and *begotten*, which is a figurative expression in the *Bible*, to express God's acting as a kind father,—to denote the divine paternity, in his producing such beings as we are into a new and happy state of existence, and in his preserving and delivering us from evil, by an active omniscience equal to the intricate ways of men, and to the perilous condition of individuals. Thus *Moses* tells the *Israelites*, of the rock which begat thee thou art unmindful—— And the prophet says to the Jews — *And say, to the stock, thou hast begotten me* ; upbraiding them for their idolatry, at the same time that they enjoyed every divine blessing under the *theocracy*. A great number of texts might be brought together to this purpose, to shew the true meaning of the phrase *begotten* : And as our Lord was more excellent than all other beings, —— as he loved righteousness and hated iniquity more than any one else, and for this reason was *anointed with the oil of gladness*, and exalted above his fellows, therefore he is styled the *only begotten Son of God*. There is no difficulty at all then in forming an idea of the Deity's *begetting*, or having a  
be-

*begotten Son*, since no more is meant by it than his sending the most perfect creature he could produce, called by the name of *Jesus*, to save the human race from their sins, by giving them a fine system of morality, a complete draught of natural religion, and intreating them to live according to it. With this surely we ought not to find fault, but rather with the highest gratitude return our most hearty thanks to our creator, for his beneficence, in sending us a person of so spotless a character, who committed no sin, intended no fraud, required no divine homage, nor in the least affected to be like God; tho' by his power, goodness, and extensive benevolence, he very much resembled him—in sending such a person to reveal doctrines worthy of God, and of men to believe and practise, having a direct tendency to establish virtue, order, and happiness in the world; ——— and for enabling him to recommend these doctrines to the consideration of mankind, by many strange and wonderful works performed, in order to excite the attention, and prove to them his divine authority.

How much this was wanting in the world —What need there was of such a messenger and message, to bring mankind to worship the Lord their God, and serve him alone; to love him with all their hearts, souls, strength

strength and mind ; and to imitate his moral and amiable perfections ; --- to bring men to be of a meek and humble, peaceable and charitable spirit ; to forgive and love their enemies, and to do unto others what they would have them do unto them ;---not to be rash in judging, uncharitable in censuring, nor revengeful in resentments ; but to be of a kind and forgiving disposition towards all men, as they would expect and desire, that God would forgive themselves in judgment, and admit them to the mansions of the blessed in a future state ; --- how much such reveled doctrines were wanted, with evidences of power and wisdom more than human to support them, we are told by as great a reasoner as ever lived.

“ The knowledge of one God, maker of  
 “ all things, and a clear knowledge of *their*  
 “ *duty* was wanting to mankind. This part  
 “ of knowledge, tho cultivated with care,  
 “ by some of the heathen philosophers ; yet  
 “ got little footing among the people.” All  
 men, indeed, under pain, of displeasing the  
 Gods, were to frequent the temples. Every  
 one went to their sacrifices and services. But  
 the priests made it not their business to teach  
 them *virtue*. If they were diligent in their  
 observations and ceremonies ; punctual in  
 their feasts and solemnities, and the tricks of  
 religion, the holy tribe assured them, the  
 Gods



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Gods were pleased, and they looked no farther. Few went to the schools of the philosophers, to be instructed in their duties, and to know what was good and evil in their actions. The priests sold the better penny-worths, and therefore had all their custom. Lustrations and processions were much easier than a clean conscience and a steady course of virtue; and an expiatory sacrifice, that atoned for the want of it, was much more convenient than a strict and holy life.

And if they had gone to hear the philosophers, they would have found their several systems short of the perfection of a true and complete morality — Scattered sayings, conformable indeed to right reason, and excellent in themselves, but what, as incoherent apothegms, could never make a perfect morality. Tho there was a *law of nature*, known to these wise men, yet no body undertook to give it all intire, as a law --- there was no finished *Code* written, that mankind might have recourse to, as their unerring rule. *Natural religion*, in its full extent, was no where taken care of by the force of natural reason. The philosophers were but private men. They could do little more than bear their testimony, and have the satisfaction to deliver their souls, when the world was armed against truth. To remove the loads of rubbish, which by degrees had been  
thrown

brown upon the beauteous fabric of truth, was more than the wisest mortal could do, or dare to undertake. Unassisted reason could not establish morality in all its parts, upon its true foundation, with a clear and convincing light, which made *Socrates* declare, that he thought it best to be quiet till somebody should come, and by divine teaching remove the mist from before mens eyes.

This divine teacher was *Jesus Christ*. By *revelation* he brought a law of morality to the mass of mankind, who were, and ever will be unable to make out a perfect morality, by long deductions of reason. We have from him a full and sufficient rule, conformable to right reason; and the truth and obligation of his precepts have their force, and are past doubt to us, by the evidence of his mission. He was sent by God. His miracles shew it. The authority of God in his precepts cannot be questioned. Here morality has a sure standard, that *revelation* vouches, and *reason* cannot gainsay nor question; but both together witness to come from God, the great law-maker. When the people are once persuaded that Jesus Christ was sent by God, to be a king, and a Savior of those who do believe in his doctrine, all his commands become principles to them, and there needs no more but to read the inspired books, to be instructed. Is not this the surest, the safest,

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and most effectual way of teaching ; as it suits the lowest capacities of reasonable creatures, and reaches and satisfies, may enlighten the highest? Surely one coming from heaven, in the power of God, and giving plain and direct rules of morality and obedience, is likelier to enlighten the bulk of mankind, and set them right in their duties, and bring them to do them, than by reasoning with them from general notions and principles of human reason.

These are Mr. *Locke's* thoughts upon the subject, and every man who knows how to reason, must allow they are good sense. Whoever is acquainted with human nature must grant, that the gospel in its native simplicity, that is, a declaration of the mind of God by Jesus Christ, is suited to the condition of sinful men, and becomes the power of God to salvation. Sinners must be more effectually moved to conversion, and better established in the steady practice of duty, by setting it before them under the authority of the supreme governor and judge ; by appealing to their own consciences that they are sinners, and stand in need of mercy ; and by offering this mercy to them, upon their humble submission to receive it in the way in which it is offered ; than by laying before them the beautys of virtue, and the deformitys of vice, in such excellent discourses as

we find in the writings of the heathen philosophers. Admirable we own their lessons are. The lines of duty are finely marked out by the human reason of those great men; yet still you must allow me, that this beautiful philosophy did but little good in the world. The bulk of mankind remained after all in ignorance. Few of them were hereby rescued from the power of sin, and persuaded to the practice of true piety and virtue. But when men are led by revelation to consider civil righteousness and piety, as required of them by the sovereign ruler of the world; and to ponder on that which is evil, as what will incur his just displeasure; when his mercy is offered to the truly penitent, and eternal life promised to the persevering faithful, by so glorious a messenger as *Jesus*, who could appeal to very mighty works, and produce the fulfilment of prophecies in his person, his resurrection from the dead, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, as evidences of his divine mission; this rouses men from their spiritual lethargy. Such a message, and such a messenger are equal to the arduous task. They are able to rescue mankind from the power of sin, and to prepare them for that happiness which the gospel promises.

Let us not renounce then this transcript of the mind of God, this merciful message which

the Father of the universe has sent to us from heaven by the Son of his love. If there be corruptions given out under the venerable name of Christianity, away with them to be sure. Let us have no connection with the reverend innovators : But we will not reject the christian religion itself. It has all the evidence that reason can require of coming from above ; it has the plainest indications of being the mind of the most high God ; and of consequence, it is much safer for us to submit to his wisdom and righteousness therein displayed, and to be thankful for his goodness, than proudly to reject his counsel. 'Tis wisdom to be willing to be saved and made happy in that way which God has graciously appointed for it. 'Tis wisdom to own that want, and that weakness, which upon serious consideration we must find to be in ourselves ; and joyfully to comply with those directions, which God in his great goodness has afforded for our assistance.

I hope then, my *dear Hammer*, you will again submit to christianity as it lies in the New Testament ; that christianity, which most evidently aims at the restoring and establishing a regard to those internal good things, in which the essence of religion is on all hands acknowledged to consist ; and which affords a much firmer satisfaction of accep-  
tance

tance with that God, *who hates iniquity with a perfect hatred*, than our own deductions from reason can. Suffer not an unreasonable prejudice to prevail upon you, and blind your eyes ; for if the gospel doctrine, in all its parts, in its speculations, in its precepts, and in its motives, is not only really worthy of God, by being suited to our condition, as sinful men ; and by tending to make us pure and holy, in order to our being finally happy ; which is the truth of the case ; but has besides this internal evidence of proceeding from God, such an external evidence as is in all reason sufficient to prove its divine authority, then you cannot with safety reject it ; and a difficulty arising from some circumstances relating to it, should never make us doubt about embracing and adhering to it.

Mr. *Hanmer*, in answer to this, said, that the case, as I had stated it, did deserve consideration. He owned the moral part of the gospel had an intrinsic goodness, that rendered it worthy of God ; and confessed that, as men in general have not attended to, nor do regard as they ought, the voice of reason and judgment, but act contrary to it, with blinded understandings, and corrupted affections, a rational and real revelation, that put mankind in mind of duty, and set before them proper motives to attend to it, must be of service to the world : but he was

not satisfied as to the reality of the thing; and he was sure there were many very unreasonable things in it, if those who studied it most, and ought to know it best, the *divines*, were right in their accounts and explanations. They preached such doctrines and mysterys as must for ever render it contemptible to right reason.

To this it was again replied, that as the publisher of the christian religion distinguished himself in a course of years, by declaring the most holy doctrine, and constantly conformed himself to it without any variation; as he performed numerous and mighty works in the name of God, and appealed to them as proofs of his divine mission; as he acted under much reproach and persecution, and foretold his rising again after that death he expected on account of his gospel; as this prediction was fulfilled, and the miraculous powers he promised his disciples after his ascension were publicly conferred upon them; — these concurring circumstances render it impossible that Christ should be an impostor.

And as to the authors of the books contained in the New Testament, their excellent writings shew them to be men of character, worthy of regard, and that they were capable of judging of the facts they attested; nor had they the least temptation to impose them on the world, if they knew them to be false.

alse. Poverty and misery, contempt and death, what they met with, was all they could expect in this world for preaching their religion; and if it had been a falsehood, they had no hope in reversion. It is therefore quite incredible, that they would attempt to tell mankind their story, unless they were as sure as they were of their own existence that it was a *glorious reality*.

Beside, if their report had been false, it was not possible they could gain credit: And yet, against all opposition they succeeded. Their gospel made a rapid progress into different parts of the world, and its success was without the persuasive words of eloquence, or the devices of human art or wit. By instruments the most mean and obscure it increased, and diffused itself in an amazing manner, in opposition to the passions, prejudices, and worldly interests of men; and notwithstanding the secular powers of the world were bent upon its destruction. Paganism and Judaism sunk before it, and it became the public religion of a large part of the world. Is it possible to account for this, unless the gospel was true, and had auxiliary forces from above? No, *Hanmer*, our holy religion could not have acquired its extent, and have had its power and influence upon the minds of men, if the great christian legislator had not reveled the mind of the universal



Father ; and if it had not been supported by the miraculous gifts and influences of his holy spirit. This was the truth of the case. It carried rational conviction along with it, it tended to the benefit of mankind, and the hand of the Lord was with the first preachers of the gospel : Therefore they were able to wrestle not only with flesh and blood, not only with the prejudices and lusts of human nature, but with powers and authority, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, with spiritual wickednesses in heavenly things, that is, both with the secular and ecclesiastical powers of Judaism and Heathenism. The gospel not only triumphed within the boundaries of the Roman empire, about a hundred years after Christ, as Justin Martyr tells us ; but every nation of men, *Greeks, Barbarians, the Savages* that wandered in clans from one region to another, had learned to offer prayers and thanksgivings to the Father and Maker of all, in the name of Jesus who was crucified. (a).  
And

(a) Justin Mart. p. 388, Edit. Thirlb. His works are, *Two Apologies for the Christian Religion* ; one of which he presented to *Titus Antoninus*, surnamed the Pious, who succeeded *Adrian* ; and the other to *Marcus Aurelius* ; *A Dialogue with Triphon the Jew* ; *Two Treatises addressed to the Gentiles* : And, *A Treatise of the Unity of God*. He was born in the first year of the second century, in the reign of *Trajan*, and suffered martyrdom the 13th of April, A. D. 166. He had been a Platonic philosopher, and wore the habit to his death.

And as *Pliny*, in his 97th letter to *Trajan* from *Nicomedia*, says, *the temples of the gods*

death. He was an excellent christian, and a learned man.

His writings are pious, substantial and judicious ; but there is no beauty or eloquence in them. Il avoit une érudition consommée, une connoissance parfaite de l'histoire, mais, sans ordre, sans aucun ornement. He despised those things, when he became a christian, and regarded only plane truths and stubborn facts. He was born a Greek. His account of the christian worship in his time, in this passage, is remarkable, and deserves consideration——*ο οὐκ ἦν, διὰ τὸ νομασθῆναι τὸ σταυρωθῆναι τοῦ Ἰησοῦ, νύχαι καὶ νυχαιρίαι τῷ πατρὶ καὶ ποιῆσι τῶν ὁλων γινώσκων.* The Greek, the Barbarian, the wandering Savages, are all taught *to worship the Father and maker of all*, *Patri kai poiété tón ólón*, and offer prayers and thanksgivings to him, *in the name of a crucified Jesus*, *dia tou anomatos tou staurothentos Iésou.*—Here was *no trinity in unity* in this golden age of christianity : — No Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, *all one* : — *No glory equal* : *No majesty co-eternal* : *No Athanasian mystery*, to offend the Jew, and make the Turk despise us : but *the most glorious of immortal Beings, one supreme spirit, the universal Lord, our Father*, the nations were then taught to worship, says *Justin Martyr*, as the disciples of the chosen servant of God, *Christ Jesus* ; who was crucified by a degenerate age for his *virtue and integrity* ; in laboring to reform their manners, and revealing to them the will of his God and Father. This was simple, heavenly, religion. But it was abandoned by presumptuous and ill-designing men for *spurious system and unintelligible mystery*. They multiplied articles of faith and ceremonies of worship, and so incumbered and deformed the majestic simplicity of the christian religion with *human innovations and false ornaments*, that the spiritual building  
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gods were almost deserted, and the sacred rites neglected; by the spread of that superstitious

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of our Lord and his apostles was quite ruined and hid from the world for ages. We got explications, barriers, pillars, and every thing foreign to christianity, that a never-slumbering invention could bring in to the second temple of the doctors. We got a *fry of mediators*, and a *queen of heaven*. We got *hocus pocus*, a *war for divinity*, and the *creed of Athanasius* tips the spire.

After this, can we wonder, that *Mahomedism* should spread to wide extent, and encroach on the boundaries of our Lord's kingdom? If the christians, at the time of *Mahomet's* appearance, A. D. 622, (when the *Hegira* begins) had greatly corrupted natural religion in the fundamental article of it, the *unity of God*, and turned the respect of the world to a *treble Deity*; a Deity compounded of three distinct individuals, infinite intelligences or understandings, whose complex idea is expressed by the term *trinity*; must not a religion, that cut off this *gross absurdity*, and *cake-worship*, and the *worship of the mother of God*; a religion, says Mr. *Salé* (in his preliminary discourse to the *Koran*) that is taken up in admonitions to moral and divine virtues, and above all to the worshipping and reverencing one eternal, the only true invisible God, and resignation to his will; among which are many excellent things not unworthy even a christian's perusal; must not such a religion be grateful to the common sense of mankind, and prevail very widely; notwithstanding the Romish zeal and piety, took every possible expedient in favor of their *treble Deity*, their *best* and *goddess Mary*. *Mahomedism* is preferable to popery.

And need we be surprized, upon a review of the christian case, in its change from heavenly to earthly, from the truth of God to the inventions of men, that the Jews should persist in their infidelity; and an unconquerable prejudice remain not only in all the infidel nations, but  
in

contagion, the christian religion (a) : So *Tertullian* afterwards boasts, that all places but

(a) *Pliny's* words are—*Prope jam desolata templa—  
et sacra solennia diu intermissa. Neque civitates tantum,  
sed vices etiam atque agros superstitionis istius contagio  
pervegeta est.* This letter to *Trajan* was written in the  
year of Rome 846 ; of this emperor 7, and of our  
Lord 104.—*Trajan* reigned almost twenty years, and  
died A. D. 118. He was a great and excellent prince ;  
and if the christians were persecuted under his govern-  
ment, it was not in a religious manner, or hatred to  
their notions ; but because their assembling without au-  
thority was against the antient laws of the empire, and ren-

in the breasts of many in European nations, against the  
reception of what is now called *Christian Institution* ?  
So changed and deformed is the celestial beauty by the  
usage she has received from pontifical theologers, that  
one cannot think the church they shew ever descended  
from heaven. If there were no other christianity than  
*Romish religion* to be found on earth, and we had lost  
the sacred oracles, then *Mohammed*, thy system should be  
my religion. But blessed be the God and Father of our  
Lord Jesus Christ for the *New Testament*, which still  
remains with us in all its original glory, and in spite of  
the devil, the pope, and *St. Athanasius*, holds to the  
world that venerable christianity, which our divine Lord  
and ever-blessed master, our redeemer and mediator,  
revealed ; to furnish us with felicity, and the blessedness  
of man ; to make us worshippers of the Father in spirit  
and in truth ; and to conduct us from this first scene to  
the clear vision and full enjoyment of God himself in a  
perfect eternal state. *Halleluia* : Ei qui insidet throno,  
et agno, benedictio et honor, et gloria, robur in secula  
seculorum. Iterumque dixerunt *Halleluia* : Sedenti in  
folio, et agno laus, et honos, et gloria, et imperium  
in sempiterna secula.

but *these temples* were filled with *christians*, so that were *they only* to withdraw, cities and provinces would be depopulated (a). Does not this prove the truth of the christian religion,

rendered them obnoxious to punishment. Nor did he act up to the rigor of the old settled laws, when he was rightly informed of the goodness of the christians manners, and that they were not, as he had imagined at first, enemys to the common-weal; but directed his minister to use lenity, and not officiously enter into any enquiries concerning them. The christians need not be sought after. *Conquirendi non sunt*, are the words of Trajan; which are vastly different from the orders of a *Disclidian*, or a *Lewis the XIVth*.

(a) *Tertullian's* words are, — *Hesterni sumus et vestra omnia implevimus, urbes, insulas, castella, municipia, etc. Sola vobis relinquimus templa.* — *Tertullian*, the *Carthaginian* flourished under the reigns of *Severus*, and *Antoninus Caracalla*; that is, from A. D. 194 to A. D. 196. He dyed in 220. His *apology for the christian religion* is an admirable thing; but that is more than we can say of all his other works; especially of those written after he became a *Montanist*, that is, a *miserable visionary*; which happened about twenty years before his death. The best edition of his works is that of Paris 1663, folio; but as the apology only is worth your reading, get *Vassault's* translation of it, with that gentleman's notes, edit. Paris 1715. This is a fine performance. Get likewise *Thomas of Fosse* his life of him; which is a curious thing: This piece came out in the name of *La Motte*. And our *Alix's* life of *Tertullian* you ought to look into. It is a learned and accurate performance. It is called *Dissertatio de Tertulliani Vita & scriptis*. *Peter Alix* was a minister of the reformed church at *Rouen*; and on the revocation of the edict of *Nantz*, came over here,  
and

gion, and manifest a supernatural interposition in favor of the most excellent system of morals?

Popery had immense military forces in its propagation, the negotiations and artifice of human policy, and innumerable missions supported by vast friends: But the *religion of Jesus*, our holy religion, without *legions* and *money*, without *orators* and *philosophers*, triumphed over the *princes of the earth*, *tortments*, and *death*; over the lusts and errors, the superstitions and interests of carnal men. Armed with nothing but faith, truth, and goodness, the *holy apostles* encountered kings and priests, and proved to the whole world, *that God was in them of a truth*.

All this must be granted; (Mr. *Hanmer* confessed) but tell me (he continued) what do you say to the supreme divinity of the Son, and his being a sacrifice to appease the otherwise inexorable wrath of the Father, and  
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and was complimented with the degree of Doctor of divinity; and felicitated with the treasureship of the church of Salisbury. He was a man of learning and abilities. His douze sermons, Rotterdam 1685, in 12mo. are perspicuous and fine; and contain beautiful passages. His Reflexions on the Scriptures, and Ecclesiastical History, are likewise two good books; but with all this *tritheism* was his darling, and he made himself ridiculous at last with his defences of it. He was born at Alençon 1641. He died at London February 21, 1717.

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satisfy the divine justice ; which things the doctors declare to be the very essence of christian religion ?

These things, it was answered, were no part of christianity. They are errors that have sprouted from the fruitful heads of our theologers ; our right orthodox fathers. *Christ Jesus*, throughout the sacred letters, by his reason explained, is no more than the image of God, the brightness of his glory, in the character of a human person of the most transcendent merit, exalted above all others, and most highly rewarded for his consummate piety and virtue ; and he dyed for our benefit, to be a compleat and perfect guide and pattern in active and passive goodness ; and the chief of the dead and living ; God who is ever inclined to mercy and kindness, being pleased to make his *pure grace and mercy* have respect to the *obedience and worthyness* of *Jesus* ; that is, as the late Dr. *Foster* expresses it, God who foresaw the sufferings of Christ would be the natural consequence of his glorious attempt, to mend the world, was pleased, in his great wisdom, to ordain, that the death of *Jesus* should be considered as a *sacrifice* ; the common parent of the universe by this means, making that very thing the channel or conveyance of pardon to us, which, in its own nature, has a tendency to make us subjects qualified for it. *All the power of*  
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*Jesus,*

*Jesus*, the granted power of raising us from the dead, and of introducing us to the chambers of glory, or the mansions of his Father's house, is conferred upon him in reward of virtue. The whole affair, in respect of God, and of the greatest of derived beings, one mediator, is in the highest rational, merciful, and glorious. Here are no busy points. We worship only almighty God our Father, and receive remission of sins, through the *authority given to Jesus* (to shew the excellence of virtue) and *by his gospel*.

But tell me then (Mr. Hammer sayed) why has not universality crowned this dispensation? If the *gospel* and *granted authority* of *Jesus* can procure a resurrection from the dead and everlasting glory, why are not all the human race blessed with this revelation?

To this it was replied, that notwithstanding the want of *universality* in the christian religion, was by many thought an invincible objection against it, yet, in reality, there was nothing in it, when the whole matter was rightly considered.

In the first place, the essence of all true religion is eternally and immutably the same, tho the institution and outward form of it may be changed by God as the different capacitys, prejudices, and circumstances of men,



men, may require ; and the sum of it is obedience to the moral and eternal law of God ; which obliges us to be sober, righteous, and godly, and, to the utmost of our power, to imitate the Deity in justice, mercy, and holyness. This is the perfection of religion in a state of nature, under the law, and under the gospel. There is the *same one supreme mind* to be worshipped in spirit and truth, in all ages ; *not three*, as the distracting Romish theologers teach the poor people ; the same love of God and love of mankind ; to dwell together in every human breast, from generation to generation ; and the same resignation of ourselves with complacency and delight, to the all-governing will of the sovereign Lord of all the worlds. The universal creator and governor, who ruleth over all, we must praise and adore with serious, warm affection ; we must keep the appetites and passions under due regulation ; we must gratify them within the bounds of virtue and integrity ; and indulge ourselves in acts of benevolence towards all men. If we act thus, and adhere to what is just and right, even when we suffer by so doing, then are we truly religious, tho we do not believe one syllable of the doctors mysteries ; do not believe in a compound, treble Deity ; and that a supreme God was slaughtered to satisfy his equal.

In the next place, as this is true religion, so it is most certain, that the light within the Gentiles might have guided them to it; was sufficient to inform them how to fear the great God, and work righteousness; if those natural faculties of reason they were blessed with had been attended to, and employed in a better manner than they used them: And their not doing so, is the foundation of that judgment, which is hereafter to condemn their idolatries, and immoralities. So two apostles tell us, *Paul* and *Peter*. And it is undeniable, that if men would maintain such a stable authority over their appetites, passions, and fancies, as not to suffer them to hurry them away into any pursuits, tho' ever so finely colored, till reason and moral conscience have examined the matter, and pronounced sentence, they might have their conversation in this world in simplicity, sincerity, and benignity of temper, and by goodness, righteousness and truth, have confidence towards God, whose voice conscience speaks. They might save their souls, if there never was a revelation and a crucified Savior; or, those things in being, if they had never heard of them: For, however the Romish theologians may rest the peoples faith upon obscure, ambiguous phrases, of an uncertain signification, and lay the stress of salvation upon the wounds and death of God's

Christ ; yet, in regard to the common principles of reason, in consistence with the wisdom, justice, and goodness of God, it must be affirmed, that the goodness or merit of any derived Being cannot be a greater inducement to the supreme Being, to regard his creatures than his own infinite goodness and compassion ; *the tender mercies of God, through which we have remission of sin.* This important truth, even revelation declares in various passages. *Moses, who had a just and beautiful notion of the Deity, tells us, that Jehovah, the self-existent, the parent of nature, and the God of the universe, is the Lord God, gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and sin.* This being the truth of the case, revelation was not absolutely necessary, if men had walked by the light of reason, and attended diligently to the voice of natural conscience. Not only the wiser heathens might produce, by the culture of their natural powers, such admirable lessons of God and goodness, as we read in the writings of the old theist philosophers : but such is the make and frame of the human mind, that every one, with a small degree of assistance from uninspired teachers, might easily attain to clear and distinct notions of all the duties of life, of all moral obligations. Nay, without teaching, a Gentile must shun himself, and all reflexion (if  
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he has any understanding) not to find an author of all things, and a duty to him ; and that an injury voluntarily done him by another, unprovoked, is what he would not have the other do to him ; therefore, an injury by him unprovoked, and voluntarily inflicted on any one, is wrong, is a crime. So is any *Gentile* might go. The light of nature, original and unassisted reason, might lead him to a moral life, and assure him of the mercy or placability of the Deity.

In the last place, if a revelation from heaven be, what impartiality must allow it is, a mean more expedient to teach men the knowledge of true religion, by putting them in mind of it, and by exciting them by proper motives to the practice of duty ; and that it appears by the said revelation, that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive ; yet this cannot affect the goodness of God, in his giving it to a part of mankind only : For, if christians have reason to offer up their thankful acknowledgments of the great advantage of revelation, and can, by the *oracles of God committed to them*, make righteousness run through the nation as a fruitful stream, if they please, and with ease and the noblest satisfaction, secure the exalted honors and felicitys, prepared for human nature, in a future state of existence :

If the gospel teaches them in a more exact and perfect manner to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world: If it give them the strongest assurance of the assistance of the holy Spirit, lays before them in the clearest light, the glorious hopes of life and immortality, and reveals to them in the most express and affectionate manner, the wrath of God against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men; yet, the *Gentiles* are not banished from the mansions of the blessed, by this favor to us. If they had not the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations; if they have not had the christian institution, they have had, and still have the moral and eternal law of reason or nature, which I have just now described, and which is sufficient, if they would make a right use of it, to fit them for high exaltation in a life to come, and secure them immortality and bliss unalterable, in the future and glorious world, since all men actually have a share in the mercy of God in *Christ Jesus*, whether they have heard of him, or are strangers to his name. For, as in consequence of Adam's sin, all mankind were involved in death; in consequence of Christ's obedience, the whole human race is to be restored to life at the last day.

To this let me add, that if we consider, on the one hand, the great and deplorable wickedness of christians, under that vast globe of light, the *gospel*; how many are thorough probates, and numbers upon numbers only give the name of Christ, and bawl out *Lord, Lord*, of a Sunday, without laboring to conquer every evil habit and affection, without offering spiritual and acceptable sacrifices to their creator, and without using their best talents and endeavours to set up the kingdom of God over the souls of men; which must subject them to uncommon pains and penaltys hereafter; and, on the other hand; that several nations of the heathens, are a harmless innocent people, of virtuous lives and honest hearts; that little is expected from them in respect of the account christians must give in; and that many of them are excellent men, by a light that is dim in respect of revealed religion; then it may be imagined, that at the sessions of righteousness, we shall see more *christians* lamenting they had a revelation to walk by, than the greatest blessing that heaven could give them, than *heathens* mourning for their never having had a revealed law; as it will soon be found, I fancy, that the majority of them were as good as they could be in their situation, and acted up to their small given ability; which is all that can be required of

any rational creatures, and enough to make them eternally happy. I cannot help thinking, as the christian world goes, and has gone for ages, that it will be a dismal day to the bulk of christians, when they come to be tried by revelation. They flatter themselves with chimeras of infinite mercy, but will find that the severity denounced by divine veracity against the neglectors of so great salvation, will be, as certain, as the prodigious joys promised to the pious and faithful.

The conclusion is then, that the want of universality in the christian religion is an idle objection against it. Those who have received revelation, ought to adore the goodness of God for the blessing of the gospel; which represents the Deity under the most shining and perfect characters of goodness and mercy, and lays us under obligations to adore him through a *mediator*, and to practise the morality he has so plainly and beautifully delineated in the inspired writings; purity, humility, and the most generous virtues; love to all mankind; good-will even to our *enemies*.—And those who have not had the benefit of revealed religion, can have no ground for complaining, since they may learn by reason, if they will take some pains, what that *duty* is which God requires from them in *their situation*, and execute that part of the scheme of universal providence for which they

they were created ; since this will render them amiable, and approved of by God (the superior to upright christians, in the high dignity of the most exalted moral character) and make them be considered as excellent and useful members of the universal community on the great rising day ; when, as before observed, the obedience of Christ will purchase a general resurrection, and open the everlasting boots of glory to the honest heathen, and the more improved christians. This, I think, for myself is just. The good Gentiles, in general, may be a second order of the blessed human spirits ; and some extraordinary men among them, in particular a Job, a Socrates, a Zeno, a Cicero, a Marcus Antoninus, an Epictetus, and such like moral heroes, may even join with the christian sons of light, and be near the throne (a) :—

Siderii propius qui Patris ora vident.

Mr. Hammer to this said, he had nothing to object : He was reconciled to christianity, as it appeared to him in the light I had set it : And as to the boasted objection, a want of universality, he was now satisfied it was an idle thing ; as the obedience of Christ ex-

(a) Compare this reply with Mrs. Benlow's answer to Abdalla the Moor.



tends to all; and that God, with justice, may create different orders of happy spirits, and give to some a *gospel*, to bring them to the perfection of cherubims and seraphims, to others, *human reason*, to make them (if they pleased) as high and blessed as he intended them to be in the act of their creation. This is fair. Objection vanishes. But, let me hear, (Mr. *Hanmer* continued) what your thoughts are of the conclusion of a late piece much admired by the opposers of christianity: I mean, *A demonstration of the will of God by the light of nature*; which appeared in 1743. The author concludes in the following manner—

The objection against a Mediator, by a late writer.

“The doctrine of a *Mediator* is not consonant to *right and unprejudiced reason*, is an abominable and impious intention, and in a zealous veneration for the character of the Deity, he shudders at the *prophaneness of the thing*.”

Consider (says this writer) the idea which we must annex to a mediator is that of a being making intercession to another being for a third being or number of beings. The idea which we must annex to the being to whom intercession is made is that of a being who wants both intelligence and advice. If God is infinitely knowing, as he really is, what necessity for a mediator to inform him of any thing? If he is infinitely wise, as he really is,

what necessity for a mediator to admonish him to act? Moreover, if he is infinitely good, as he really is, what necessity for a mediator to intreat for mercy? And as to this mediator, did he create him to intercede to himself from a consciousness of his own defects? Or did the mediator spring into life and immortality by his own power, to intercede to God? impious doctrine! (continues the author) and derogatory from every attribute of the Deity!

To this I answered, that the author had mistaken the case, and that his ideas of the being making intercession, and the being to whom intercession is made, were quite false; and of consequence, his conclusion not worth a rush. With self-sufficiency, and an uncommon bitterness, he writes against the christian religion, in his labored piece, and knows no more of christianity, than a post.

The idea we are to annex to the great Being, to whom intercession is made, is, that when the wise and merciful creator of mankind perceived they did not rightly use that reason he had endowed them with, in order to their making it the rule and guide of their actions; to their tracing out the obligations of religion, and living such a life of virtue and piety as becomes the dignity of human nature; he then sent *his Christ* from heaven to our world, with the religion of the gospel, and directed this divine messenger, the most

Answer to  
the objec-  
tion.

most glorious of all creatures, to give the human race just sentiments of the eternal first cause of all things, and bring them back to the worship of the *one true God*, from which they had most shamefully revolted; he likewise directed him to offer to men the terms of reconciliation, and deliver his whole will to them, in relation to repentance and righteousness in this first state, and to resurrection and judgment in a state to come. Here appears no want of intelligence, advice, or mercy, as the antichristian writer supposes must be the case of the Being to whom intercession is made; but the common parent sends his chosen servant with the kind helps of revelation; that we may amend our lives, and be the better able to answer the purposes of religion in this corrupted and infirm state. This is the idea we must annex to the great and good Being, to whom we are ordered to pray in the name of Jesus Christ; because infinite wisdom thought it proper to shew his regard to virtue, by appointing the *grand and spotless character of Jesus, in his perfect obedience*, to be the channel for conveying the blessings of his goodness to mankind; that we may see of what value true worth is with the supreme Being; and from the high reward given to the captain of our salvation for his consummate vir-  
tue

tue and piety, do our best to imitate, to our measure, the life of Christ.

This I think is consonant to right and unprejudiced reason ; and that we cannot enough admire and adore the goodness of God for the coming and suffering of Christ Jesus ; when the great and sole end was, not to inform or advise the Deity, or render him merciful by a second person of a trinity's laying down his life ; but, that *we should forsake our sins, and devote ourselves to a righteous, holy life.* The example of our glorious Lord, his heavenly doctrine, and the divine laws of God's kingdom, published by him, do redeem, wash, sanctify and justify his true disciples ; who imitate his patience and resignation, and are armed or prepared with the same good intention, *to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness.* In short, God is *propitious* or *gracious*, and he sent his only begotten Son to declare his *propitiation* or *forgiveness*, concerning the sins of mankind, and upon what terms he would have mercy, and forgive ; to wit, the *repentance* and *reformation* of men, with this additional circumstance, for the honor of his laws, and the spread of virtue, that we should ask in the *name of Jesus*, and consider his *perfect character* as the *Throned* or *mercy-seat*, the *tribunal* from which the *propitious* governor of the world dispenses his mercies to mankind.

kind. When *worthyness* is declared an *ablation*, every true christian will resolve, with his whole strength, to imitate the *obedience of Jesus*.

In the next place, the idea we are to annex to a *Mediator* is that of a Being who interposed between God and a sinful world, and, by a declaration of the divine will, reconciled the world to God. God, as a governor, treats with his disloyal subjects, and sends his *minister* or *agent*, *Jesus Christ*, to offer the wise and gracious terms. In this sense only *Christ* is a *Mediator*, as the *deliverer* of the will of his God and our God, his Father and our Father: The will of God is the true and only *medium* of our reconciliation to the Deity; and the mediatorial office, to act in the case between God and man, for the good of the world. This is our mediator. To ask, as this antichristian writer does, in his conclusion, did God create a Mediator to intercede to himself, from a consciousness of his own defects? Or did a Mediator spring into life and immortality by his own power, to intercede to God? are questions very weak and ridiculous; and bear a signature of malice that renders them still worse. God knows our wants without a Mediator to inform him, and has wisdom sufficient to judge of what is fit, through the unbounded universe, without a Media-  
tor

tor to advise him, and has goodness to act according to the everlasting rule of righteousness, without a Mediator to intreat him : But it does by no means from hence follow, as this author imagines, that there can be no mediator but an upright heart, and the consciousness of a well-spent life. For, tho it be most certain, that we must be faithful both to God and men, and obey the whole moral law, the rule of piety and righteousness, if we think of having confidence towards our judge ; and not rely on the merits of any other being ; if we expect an eternity of supreme happiness ; yet, such a *Mediator* as I have described, who comes with a plain account of the will of our heavenly Father, reveals to us the gracious terms of acceptance, and by promises made in the name of God, enables us to choose and follow after the best things, when by sinful prejudices we were under a bias to the contrary side ; ——— such a *Mediator*, I say, with such a mediation, must, in the reason and nature of things, be esteemed a very great blessing by every true friend to virtue and a good life. This was the case of the *christian Mediator*. *That chief minister under God* came down from heaven with a *rule of reconciliation*. He declared it, and the spiritual laws of everlasting reason, by his doctrine ; and by his life and death, he set be-

fore us an example of perfect obedience to those laws. Malice and ingratitude may treat the important favor with contempt: But the wise and honest will have a grateful sense of the beneficence of God in the mission of such a *Mediator*, and acknowledge his inestimable love in setting up, by such a mean or medium, his spiritual kingdom in the minds and lives of men; for bringing mankind by *Jesus* into a perfect obedience to the will of the *supreme Being*, and for affording them in the *gospel* greater advantages and encouragements for placing their trust and confidence in God, than can be derived from human reason, or found in any other dispensation. Glorious design! Our diligence is quickened in the service of God by a hearty belief of so much of his mind as he hath been pleased by his *Mediator* to reveal. The means purify the heart, and bring us into a happy resemblance of the Deity. It is the power of God unto salvation. His righteousness is therein revealed from faith to faith. Let us not be ashamed then of the *gospel of Christ*.

In answer to this, Mr. *Hanmer* again assured me, he was now perfectly satisfied, and would, for the remainder of his life, implore the mercy of the propitious God as a disciple of the *christian Mediator*, and rest his soul upon the promise of eternal life made  
by

of the Lord Jesus Christ. There was no *opery*, or *Romish explication*; no *modern ritbeism*, in the account I had given him: No *trinity in unity*: No God in a *wafer*: but to be for ever happy by virtue of a scheme of religion, the most rational and noble, and therefore he found the greatest pleasure in entertaining it. He confessed that there was something vastly beautiful and useful in the perfect example of a Mediator's piety and virtue; and in sending a *redeemer, deliverer, and Saviour*, in an *inferior sense*, to offer the appointed redemption of *Jehovah* to his people. This makes christianity of the greatest advantage to the readiest reasoners. It renders it unspeakably so to the bulk of mankind.

But tell me (Mr. *Hammer* continued) one thing more, that I may have every thing cleared to me in this article for my whole life. You have several times called *Jesus Christ* the *most glorious of creatures*, do you mean thereby that he is a creature like us, as to his nature, but endowed with heavenly gifts beyond all other men?

I replied; far be it from me to say so. As in regard to *truth* and the *scriptures*, I shall ever maintain, that God is not three persons in the Godhead, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as the *Athanasian heretics*, commonly called *orthodox divines*, do, in a multitude of words,



words, and bitter wranglings, affirm, in an obstinat opposition to the sacred letters; but that he is *one Spirit, one Lord, one God, and Father of all, who is above all; one supreme person, or personal unity, one supreme invisible God, the Father of mercys, and the God of the universe*; so do I likewise declare, in regard to truth and reveled religion, that the *Son, sent by this propitious God, for the redemption of men, to reveal his gracious will and purpose of salvation to the world, was not created like one of us of a precarious and perishable existence, but of a permanent, immortal, and immutable nature.* With respect to God, he was undoubtedly a creature; but with respect to men, his origination was so transcendent, that we cannot say he was created, or a creature. I believe the un-originated and supreme God exerted his utmost power in the production of *Jesus Christ*, and caused his existence to be the perfect image of the invisible Deity; that in all perfections, his mind comes as near the Almighty, as it was possible for the power of a self-existent God to make a derived Being; and that his body was formed by infinite power out of the body of the Virgin Mary, as Adam was made out of the dust of the earth: *Therefore he shall be called the Son of God.* This appears to be the scripture account of the nature and person of *Jesus Christ*; and

and sure I am, that such a belief of him, as honouring him as highly as it is possible for us to do, if we talk like people in our senses; and revere as we ought, the peerless majesty of the first cause. What can be more satisfactory and serviceable to us, than our having an express image of the invisible God, as St. *Paul* tells the *Colossians*, in his account of *Jesus Christ*? How charming and beneficial to behold, as it were, the Deity in his bright, perfect, and compleat image of the invisible Supreme Spirit. Our glorious Lord represents to the life the infinite power and wisdom, the love, the holyness, and the purity of the blessed God; and angels and men, the spirits of just men made perfect, must be transported when they see the Father in him, and know that all he says and does is the very same thing as if the Deity had made himself visible to us, or us capable of seeing him, and had so sayed and acted in a visible person. This is what I declare, in relation to the nature of *Jesus Christ*. I adhere to St. *Paul's* account. The apostles must be preferable to the modern doctors. Our priests have speculated till they have *distracted* mankind with their *metaphysical pieties*, and by means of their *high-wrought mystery*, have even prevailed on christians to smite christians with the fist of wickedness. Unhappy theologers. They devote a tradition

and ecclesiastical authority to give sanction to the greatest errors.

But the conclusion is, my dear *Hammer*, that *speculation*, as to the person of the great christian legislator, is to be the least part of his disciples work. Our business is to love and honor our creator, and shew a reverend sense of him in all our actions. *This is life eternal, to acknowledge thee, O Father, to be the only true God, and Jesus Christ to be thy apostle, messenger, or mediator.* With grateful hearts we must accept that mercy, which the blessed God hath offered us by him; that mercy which forgives our sins, if we repent and amend; and that is for ever ready to encourage and assist us in the course of our duty. We are to endeavor to come as near the perfection of the christian morals as we can, and imitate so far as we are able the spotless example of the preacher's life. We must be just and righteous, meek and gentle, kind and benevolent, and abstain from every thing that can defile the flesh or spirit.

In a word, we must believe in one *propiti-  
tious* God, the *Father* almighty, and in one *Mediator*, the *image of the invisible God*, *Christ Jesus*; our *instructor*, *reformer*, and *Savior*, our *king*, and our *judge*; who brought us the gospel of peace, and *did al-  
ways those things that pleased his God and Fa-  
ther*;

**Mrs. MARINDA BENLOW.**

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er; not seeking his own will, but the will of  
Father who sent him and commissioned  
n (a). And our practice must be, so to  
t in every relation, by a steady course of  
ght conduct, that we may be able with un-  
ixed joy to look forward to that important  
ture hour, when we shall appear before  
od, and offer him a whole life spent in his  
vice. This is true christianity. This is  
e golden religion of Jesus. This is the  
ket by which we are to get admittance in-  
the mansions of eternal glory.

Here ended the conversation; and as the  
ttle was by this time out, we shook hands,  
id parted.

I remain,

Dear JEWEL,

Your faithful humble Servant,

\* \* \* \* \*

(a) John viii. 28, 29. John v. 30.

D d 2

P O S T.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

An account of what is most remarkable in a western island called the *Green Island*; and a neighbouring rock, called *Scalpa*.

WHEN I sat down to write to you, I had no thought of making two letters of Mrs. Benlow's history; but various subjects have grown so fast under my pen, in order to give you what I principally intended, several useful informations, and thereby, so small a part of that lady's story hath been related, that I am obliged to refer you to another epistle for the principal events, and most extraordinary transactions in her life. You shall have it when I have breathed a little, and the notes or illustrations mentioned in the first letter.

As to the promised description of the *Green Island*, its curiosities, and monuments of antiquity, I have thrown them into this Postscript, that they may not be in our way: And have added an account of a neighbouring rock, called *Scalpa*; where I saw some people and things that to me seemed very extraordinary. There was a little wrinkled, rumpled, old woman there, that will charm you. I have not else-where seen any thing

age that comes up to the *old woman of calpa*.

These descriptions, and accounts of other things in the letter, we confess, have little relation to the thing you asked for, the life of Mrs. *Benlow*, and to tell you the truth of the case, when I complied with your request, I determined, for the sake of saving myself some labor, to make my epistle to you one of several letters, that are to form a supplement to an itinerary I am giving the first hand to; but cannot finish as I would so soon as some people expect it; and therefore throw out my supplement first, to satisfy several friends to whom I am under obligations.

This being known, you cannot wonder, what whatever belongs to my design, and compleats the scheme I went on, when I began to travel over *Great Britain* in the year 1729, and to that purpose departed from London the day after the trial of my intimate acquaintance, the unhappy *Tom Woolton*; you cannot wonder at its being taken into the letters I write you. You must expect to have accounts of men and things, and books and places, conversations, occurrences, and some antiquities; every thing that was not stale or trivial, which came in my way in that part of my journey that led me to an acquaintance and connection with Mrs. *Benlow*.

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The plan of my Journal was every thing new and curious : What had not been observed by other people. Among the rules layd down in my note-book, there was this concluding memorandum : Even love and laughter, a country-dance, and a drinking-bout, are to be articles, if they are uncommon, and accord with good manners.

The Green Island, the appearance of the country.

The *Green Island* on which we landed, and saw Mrs. *Harcourt* and the ladies her companions, lies eleven leagues and a half to the south-west of St. Kilda, and is four miles and three quarters in its greatest length, and four and a half in its greatest breadth, as hath been found upon a late survey. It is walled round with rocks, excepting one narrow opening to the north, which is an entrance to a small bay, and these vast rocks rise so high from the surface of the water, and above the land they inclose so far, that it looks without like a mountain of snow, and within the ground is finely sheltered from the surf of the sea. On every side there are many perils by rocks under water. There is a very dangerous one without the mouth of the entry, on the right hand. We had like to have been wrecked on it, tho' the weather was quite calm. Upon this account Mr. *Hanmer* keeps his ship in one of the best neighbouring harbours, and uses an Indian

dian Prow, or flying boat (*a*), in sailing from and to this island. Mrs. Harcourt did the same.

(*a*) This kind of boat is four foot broad, and twenty six foot long, and by its extraordinary make, and its very large, light and thin sail, without any oars, will run sixteen miles an hour, tho the best made English pinnace with two sails can hardly make six. The Prow skims over the sunken rocks, and flies in safety upon the most furious billows. It seems very terrible at that time to a stranger to the thing, but the greatest danger is its oversetting, and this may always be prevented by a careful management, either by placing two men on the windward outlayer, when the wind blows hard, or, which is far better, by two long poles at each end of the vessel, on which are fastened curve pieces of wood, every one as long as the canoe, which bow to the water, and are united, opposite to opposite, by a heavy piece of timber.

In such a machine, as this I ventured once with a gentleman in the summer-time, from the coast of Norway, to a high latitude in West Greenland. We had very rough seas by the way, and coasted where no ship could go. You will find a little curious Account of this voyage in my next letter, when it comes to my turn to tell my story, according to the agreement made, you remember, on board ship, in the first letter, that every one of the company should relate the most surprising adventure or transaction they happened to be engaged in. They all told their storys, and at last an opportunity offered, as you will find hereafter, that gave the ladys a right to call upon me for my history of some wonderful thing I had been concerned in, and immediately began a very strange narration, relative to what happened to me in that frozen end of the world, and a history of a beauty, one of the natives of that wild desolate place.



When you land, you behold a most delightful rural scene. Sweetly careless and natural the landskip appears, which ever way we turn our eyes, and has a cast of wildness in it, that strikes the Mind with a fine variety of beautiful images. The vallies and the falling waters are beyond whatever the painter and the poet have invented, and on every hill the sole hand of nature hath planted groves of perpetual verdure.

passion.

On the side of one of those fine hills, in a charming assemblage of garden and forest, is the most beautiful confusion by art disposed, Mrs. Harcourt lived. Her house was not intended for a seat or grand mansion, but to be, like Pliny's *Laurentinum*, a little Villa Mauseion, a place convenient retreat for the delights of reading and contemplation; comprehending what that wise and elegant Roman calls *Gratiam Villæ*, that is, a useful and pleasing disposition of the house and gardens, and *opportunitatem loci et littoris Spatium*, which relate to the situation and points of view. No situation can be more still and charming than this is, and from the house and the garden you see the ocean in several vistas, and are entertained with the changing spectacle it is continually exhibiting. It is, in short, by united beauties, an enchanting place. Its recesses are for ever charming,  
amidst

amidst hills and woods; the head-long cataracts, and the gently-sliding streams.

The garden is near twenty acres, and about it winds a rivulet in the greatest beauty and symmetry, till it descends to a lower bed that is covered with Indian reeds, and there forms a river navigable for a boat. You go down to this low spot by a long spiral walk that is steep, and covered over-head with oziars to render it almost dark. When you reach the bottom, you find upon the margin of the flood the figure of a being that answers every idea of grizzly *Charon*, the surly god. Then entering the skiff, we pass through reeds and oziars which embrown the day, and land on a piece of barren ground, where there is a better, tho still a swarthy light. Here stands upon the bank a *Mercury*, the work of a masterly hand, and with his caduceus he directs the traveller to the Elysian Fields. Some Latin lines are written on a label which hangs upon his wand. The English of them is this ———

See—in two ample roads the way divides ;  
The right, direct, your destin'd journey guides,  
By Pluto's palace, to the Elysian plains ;  
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,  
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains.

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To the right then you turn, and —

Journey till you reach the flowery plains,  
The verdant groves, where endless pleasure  
reigns.

Where glowing Æther shoots a purple ray,  
And o'er the region pours a double day.

Here a blest train advance along the meads,  
And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful  
heads :

Patriots who perish'd for their country's right,  
Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight :

There, holy priests, and sacred poets stood,  
Who sung with all the raptures of a god :

Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,  
With those who leave a deathless name behind,  
Friends of the world, and fathers of man-  
kind !

A descrip-  
tion of a  
place called  
the Elysian  
Fields, in  
the Green  
Island.

This place, in imitation of Virgil's Ely-  
sian Fields, contains near forty acres of the  
finest carpet green, filled with fragrant herbs  
and shrubs, and a profusion of all the flowers.  
The fields are divided from each other by the  
brightest streams, and united by little carved  
bridges of the nicest work. Here and there  
are a few easy artificial hills, which have  
clumps of cocoa and other trees, that are  
perpetually green, and the whole in form of  
an amphitheatre, is surrounded with woods  
on rising grounds. It is a most delightful  
spot.

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**Spot.** It is much finer than the *Elysium* at *Stow* (a). It comes in every respect nearer the poet's description.

At *Stow* there is no contrast of night and day in journeying to the Elysian Fields ; but by what is called the Shell-bridge, you pass over a stagnating water, and walk at once into the region of the ghosts. There wants the dark and uncomfortable road that leads to the Tartarian coasts—the rapid stream of Acheron, and the infernal Strand—the Stygian boat, and the stern ferry-man of hell ; —the different ways --- and the huge dog, that roars through all the shades below. There is a *Cerberus* in marble in the way to Pluto's seat, in the Green Island, that is so finely executed, you almost see the serpents start upon his neck, and think you hear those bellowings from his three wide mouths, which shook the realms of hell.

There is this farther difference likewise between the two places, that at *Stow*, the patriots, wits, and heroes, the inhabitants of the fields, are most of them busts, and placed in temples. In the temple of ancient virtue stand *Lycurgus*, *Homer*, *Socrates*, and *Epaminondas* ; and in the temple of British wor-

(a) *Stow*, the fine seat of Lord Cobham, is two miles to the north-west of Buckingham ; and Buckingham is sixty miles from London.

thys,

## P O S T S C R I P T.

thys, are the busts of *Alfred*, the *black Prince*, *queen Elizabeth*, *king William III.* *Raleigh*, *Drake*, *Gresham*, *Verulam*, *Locke*, *Milton*, *Hambden*, *Shakespeare*, *Inigo Jones*, *Newton*, *Pope*, and *Sir John Barnard*.

But, in the *Elysian Fields*, in the *Green Island*, there are no busts. The worthys are all statues of the finest marble, executed in a masterly manner, and stand in groups, in conference, as it were, with one another. The images are *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Zeno*, *Demosthenes*, *Isocrates*, *Æschines*, *Cicero*, and *Epicætetus*; the emperor *Marcus*, *Alfred*, *Elizabeth*, *William III.* and *queen Mary*, *George I.* *George II.* and *queen Caroline*, prince *Frederic*, and the *princess of Wales*, the *duke of Cumberland*, and the *princess Amelia*, *Verulam*, *Newton*, *Locke*, and *Shaftesbury*; *Aristomenes*, *Epaminondas*, *Leonidas*, *Zenophon*, *Brutus*, and *Hambden*. The divines *Wolaston*, *Clarke*, *Whiston*, *Hoadly*, *Usher*, *Tillotson*, *Wilkins*, *Burnet*, *Barrow*, *Middleton*, *Pocinus Balguy*, *Sykes*, and *Jackson*; *Socinus* *Episcopus*, *Le Clerc*, *Limborch*, *Foster*, *Pierce*, *Abernethy*, *Emlyn*, *Candler*, *Burroughs*, and *Fleming*: The poets *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Perfius*, *Milton*, *Shakespeare*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, *Pope*: The fathers *Barnabas*, *Clement*, *Ignatius*, *Polycarp*, *Justin Martyr*, *Athenagoras*, *Eusebius*, and *Arius*. There were beside these, the statues of many ladies, and particu-

ticularly in one group in the middle of those fine fields, twelve images, large as the life, representing Mrs. *Harcourt* and the eleven constituents she chose on the first founding her society. They are all finished in the most masterly manner, and seem as it were to breathe (*a*). There is no inscription to any of those images, setting forth their virtues, as at *Stow*: but the name only of every one, on the low pedestal each rests upon; as, *Socrates*, *Homer*, *Abernethy*, Mrs. *Harcourt*, etc.

Nor are there any temples in those fields; but on the side of one of the hills which encompasses this flowery vale, there is in a sweep within the wood a fine orbicular house, that equals the *Rotunda* at *Stow*. It has neither bust nor image in it, and was designed for a place of prayer. During our stay on the island, in the time of the ladies, we had divine service there several mornings and evenings, and I was so prodigiously charmed with every thing I saw and heard; the piety and

(*a*) The twelve statues representing Mrs. *Harcourt*, and her companions, have been since removed by the society to their seat in *Richmondshire*, and stand now in the noble library belonging to their cloyster. But Mr. *Hammer* got leave to take two copys, Mrs. *Harcourt* and Mrs. *Bathurst*, and they are placed where the twelve stood. All the other statues remain there still.

music

## P O S T S C R I P T.

music within, and the Elyſian Fields in view from the fine open temple on the ſide of the hill; that I could not help of fancying myſelf in the intermediat region of the bleſſed. I thought I was arrived at the reſt which remains for the people of God. It ſeemed as if I had travelled at laſt to the bliſſful region of the holy, the good and happy; that my wanderings through a world, made deſolate by prevailing rage and malignity, were at an end, and I was become a member of that *eternal ſociety*, which adores the high and lofty *One*, without ceasing, and for ever maintains an inviolable regard to truth and righteouſneſs. Such ideas naturally aroſe from the ſcene before me. Do but imagine yourſelf in thoſe fine fields, when I was firſt there, and you will allow ſome reaſon to be fanciful.

You arrive at the moſt delightful rural ſpot in the world; and behold which ever way you turn, that kind of nature which rendered the garden of Eden a paradise of charms. You ſee all round you the choiceſt and moſt excellent of the earth, in ſtatues that ſeem to live; and at a diſtance perceive, within the ſweep of a charming woody hill: beautiful rotunda, or open temple of Ionic pillars; which is filled with as perfect beauties as the eye of man hath ſeen; and on approaching it, you find, they are dreſſed in a  
man-

manner the most charming (*a*), and in their employment, and whole deportment, have an

(*a*) The dress of these ladies is a night-gown of the best holland, without a hoop; round mobs and short ruffles, both of the richest lace; a blue silk capuchin, with the head of it hanging down, and the stomacher decorated with blue ribbons; a blue silk petticoat next the gown, and a long apron of the finest cambric; white stockings, and blue silk shoes, fastened with a rose of blue ribbon. A large cross of diamonds glitters on their breasts. This is their constant dress winter and summer. They never vary, excepting that the blue capuchins are only worn in chapel, and when they march two and two, according to seniority, into church. At other times, on walking out, they put on white capuchins. The diamond-cross every member is obliged to get, and wear continually. It is the badge of their order; but all are not bound to have it of the same richness, tho the gold frame the diamonds are set in, must be of the same dimension. Some of those recluses have crosses of great value. The ladies who board with them, do not dress in their manner: They may wear what they please, excepting that *diabolical invention*, that *for ever execrable ensign*, the *impious and unnatural hoop-petticoat*. This *dreadful machine* is never to appear among these wise and amiable women.

Under sixteen they take no *Elves* among them, and every member admitted must have some notion of music, or a voice or taste that may be improved to instrumental or vocal harmony, as they incline. Music is the thing next to piety the most essential in their constitution. They study it very hard, and produce every *under* it is capable of working, when they play. The twelve seniors instruct the twelve *elves* or juniors, so long as they want teaching in this fine art. The juniors say likewise learn to paint from the elder constituents, some.



an appearance of beings that are more than mortal : No galloping eyes, or the least inattention

some of whom have the ideas of a *Titian* or a *Raphael*, and have painted several pieces that adorn their noble library, in which we see the whole power of art fully exerted. The colours, the figures, the postures, shew motions that are consummate, and hands that can work up a picture to perfection. Painting however is not required of any member. In this they may do as their genius directs.

A constituent, on admission, is to pay down five hundred pounds, which is to remain for ever in the treasury, towards a fund for the perpetuity and charities of the seminary, if such constituent continues a member for the space of five years : but if she leaves the house within that time, she has four hundred pounds of her money back : And for the five hundred pounds so paid, they are provided with every thing the heart of women can wish for in that situation, cloaths excepted. They have an elegant table kept for them ; the best meat and drink in plenty ; and wine of every kind, tea, coffee, firing, and all that can be required : They have saddle horses in stable, to ride out every day, if they like riding ; and for one month in a year, any member may be away, where she pleases ; but there must not be more than two of them out at one time : Nor are strangers allowed to visit them, unless upon very extraordinary occasions. Every Saturday morning, each member is obliged to render a public account of her week's study, by reading an essay, observation, or poem of her composing, on some good subject ; morality, history, criticism, mathematics, or any useful topic they please ; and the best of such essays and observations, what are judged to be good, and of importance, are entered in a large folio book by the eldest of the twelve young women they keep on charity in their house ; and the name of the writer at the end of the paper. This book is called *Didaskalia*, and must make many volumes, if the society continues in being. They had begun a second

tion in their devotion ; but a fervor in  
their piety, and a beauty in their worship, as  
near as it is possible for mortals to come to  
the

volume, when I payed my respects to them last year, at  
their house, as I came down from the north, and so far  
I read in the first volume during my stay there, I saw  
me excellent papers of solid and useful knowledge,  
that tend to enlarge the empire of nature and reason be-  
yond the land of spectres, forms, and fancies. Yet  
these are not their only literary labors. Such things are  
not for the improvement of their minds in an agreeable  
way, and to furnish them with chat in their conversa-  
tion hours ; when they talk over the various subjects in  
manner easy and free. Some of those ladies are deep-  
engaged in the investigation of causes, principles,  
powers, and things.

Thus do these *reformed Recluses*, as they call themselves,  
live. Religion is their main employment ; but they  
have the noblest amusements, for many spare hours, and  
concert of vocal and instrumental music enlivens the  
evenings of their every day. They are without all per-  
venture the happiest society on this globe, and if I  
were a woman, born with talents and money enough,  
to fit me for this claustral house, I had rather be a mem-  
ber of it, than reign a queen upon the greatest throne.  
I have already said, that they admit twelve boarders,  
one hundred a year each boarder ; and have only to  
add, that two of the twenty-four constituents of which  
the house consists, are always to be young ladies of great  
merit, that have no fortune to pay the fee at entering, or  
keep themselves in the dress. They are supported by  
the treasury of the house, and treated with as much re-  
spect as the rich. They have diamond crosses bestowed on  
them, and differ in nothing from the twenty-two. Their  
dresses, and the twelve poor girls, who are clothed in  
white dimity waistcoats and petticoats, and round coarse  
linen caps, and educated and well fed, are as fine

the religion of angels. You see they are all masters of music; and that in their divine fr-

instances of rational humanity as can be met with in the whole world.

A reflexion  
on ortho-  
doxy.

I apprehend however, that notwithstanding this, and that they do as many other noble acts of charity as any society upon earth, for their number, and are as pure as the primitive christians were; yet, because they renounce the theology of a right reverend saint, and we unitarian christians, our orthodox bigots will treat them severely; and as to their historian, consign him to the pit that has no bottom, for recommending them as the brightest patterns of true christianity, and every real excellence, to the ladies of Great Britain.

I fear, that notwithstanding these illustrious recluses are the most benevolent of mortals, and consider themselves as created and redeemed for no other end, no other purpose, than to have their conversation in heaven, and live in the spirit of prayer: That they look upon *regeneration* as the *true redemption*, and think all that is great and astonishing in the goodness of God, all that is glorious and happy with regard to man, is contained in it; that the divine example of our Saviour's life, and the heavenly laws he left us, are all centred in this one point, that we must be in him *new creatures*; created again unto righteousness, by the *sanctifying spirit*, and the *mere good-will* of the *everlasting Father*; that they adore the goodness of God for the benefit of our Saviour's mission, and study the sacred writings continually; live as persons bound in spirit, and bent towards the new Jerusalem, and by prayer and fasting, by self-denial, and the most absolute and entire obedience to the laws of heaven, do all that it is possible for human creatures to do, to keep the commandments in all the instances of the whole duty of man; yet so great is the malignity of some Athanasian churchmen, that they will have no bowels for such christians; will consider these admirable women as so many objects of their hatred,

Service, some of them sing, others perform on instruments, while they make their

hatred, and perhaps call them; as the reviewer of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophy does Toland, Chubb, and Morgan, vermin that have over-run the priests surplice \*. And if ladies, who are sacred things, may be so used, their panegyrist can expect no quarter. My friend Julius of Depesford, whom Dr. Warburton calls in his Legation one Bate, and the reverend Mr. Joseph Edwards, vice-principal of Edmund-hall, the reverend Dr. Walter Hedges, Provost of Oriel College, who draws his wa-

tet

\* This is a barbarous, low expression, and shews us, that a blind zeal for churchism can sink writers of some abilities into meanness, malice, and nonsense. I can tell this author, that he will never do any service to christianity; by such low abuse of the people he fansys its enemys; and that it is much easier to call Toland, Chubb, and Morgan, vermin on the priest's collar, than to answer their hard arguments: And as to Lord Bolingbroke, sure I am, that this writer's story of Justice Shallow and Davy, and many jokes of the like nature, will never pass with serious people for confutation. It is to be wished such things had been left out of the view of the noble viscount's philosophy; as the view is in the main a good thing; and that Lord Bolingbroke's answerer could have seen, that his lordship is not quite so bad as is generally supposed; culpable as he is in some religious notions.

But as to Chubb, Morgan, and Toland, they were very far from being vermin, as this writer is pleased to call them. They had very beautiful notions of religion, tho mistaken in some particulars of christianity; and two of them, Chubb and Morgan, were, to my knowledge, men of as great goodness and strict morality, as can be found among the clergy. See note seventeen, at the end of my second letter.

ter with *Hutchinson's filthy bucket*, and that bitter writing mortal the reverend *Ophiomaches*, will have no mercy on me. These ministers of the gospel have misrepresented, blackened and abused as great and amiable men as have adorned human nature; for this sole reason, that *Clark* and *Whiston*, bishop *Hoadley*, and other great and eminent clergymen, the glory of their order, were zealously attached to truth, and the honour of one God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if this be the case of such worthys, how may I expect to be handled by these reverend adversaries to human reason? What can be bad enough for him who has the simplicity to declare he is a *christian deist*, and that he does not believe one tittle of the church's mysteries; but rests his all upon the good news of that kingdom in heaven, which the prophets have delivered, and Christ and his apostles explained, to wit, that there is *one God the Father almighty*; and *life and immortality brought to light by the gospel*, through *Jesus the Mediator*: That he is thoroughly satisfied *these things are*, and for the sake of them is willing to suffer all that men and devils can lay on him; waiting with patience, and a generous fealty, for that glorious day, when the *sons of righteousness* will arise, and enable him *to see face to face* what now by *faith only* he beholds? What does such a man deserve from the hands of the orthodox? Denunciations of wrath and judgment, says the author of the interpretation of *Elohim* \*. And if the writer of *Deism revealed*, I mean, the malicious and abusive *Ophiomaches*, who with an amazing rancour, defames in print, and writes against the Mind of the Lord Jesus, to

\* Dr. *Walter Hodges* aforementioned. The name of this amazing piece is, *The christian plan, exhibited in the interpretation of Elohim, with observations*, in 4to. 1752. Price sewed 3s.—It is not in value worth two pence; but as the wild product of a thorow orthodox head, is a curiosity.—This gentleman is likewise the author of *Elibu; or an enquiry into the scope and design of the book of Job*, in 4to. Price 10s. 6d. but not really worth a farthing; being a lump of *Hutchinsonian* stuff,

morning and evening sacrifice a divine and heavenly work indeed; to the praise and

serve the Cause of a detestable tritheism, and the other articles of churchism; ——— if this red-hot bigot had known me in time, he would have wreaked the vengeance of an inquisitor on me, in his forty five despicable discourses lately published. *Orthodoxy!* what art thou? Not our guide in religion, but a false fire, which leads to the regions of error, malice and persecution? Instead of preaching what is plain and obvious, and within the reach of our discerning faculty; the unity of God, and the worthyness of Jesus; what tends to the establishment of pure and perfect gospel theism, and to the rendering the people inwardly just, pious and benevolent; it is thy way to defame the best of mankind, and preach religion into injunctions that have not the least reason in them. We must swallow your mysteries, or you proclaim us the most vile and worthless. Even *Clarke* and *Whiston*, *Sykes* and *Jackson*, and that best defender of New Testament religion, the present bishop of Winchester, have not been able to escape your virulence and malice. With all their christian virtues, with all their valuable learning, their characters

stuff, intermixed with the most extravagant imaginations of D. D's head.

*Hutchinson's* works are twelve volumes, 8vo. The late edition in 1749. Price 2l. 10s. in sheets. They were published by *Robert Spearman*, Esq; who writ the preface to them. There are some curious and useful things in some parts of *Hutchinson's* works: but, for the most part, they are an amazing heap of nonsense, without stile or method. Endless and wild imaginations on the words *Elohim* and *Berith*, and concerning a covenant between God the Father, and God the Son, are the laboured things in these volumes. On them, *Hadges*, *Bate*, and *Catcott*, have commented in the dullest manner. See note 18, at the end of my second letter.

glory of the great Eternal : In short, nothing can be more beautiful than the whole ; the place

acters are by you depreciated, their fame wounded, as if they had been public enemys. I have heard you say the vilest things of them.

Nor is this the case of some hot-headed men only. Orthodoxy can make such pious christians as the reverend Mr. *William Law*; so far transgress the heavenly rules laid down in his own good books, *christian perfection*, and the *serious call*\*, as to go out of his way, in his earnest answers to Dr. *Trapp*, in order to misrepresent and asperse a prelate, whose writings are to the glory of God, and for the honor and support of his *Son's* interest upon earth ; whose immortal book, *The plain account of the sacrament*, sheds a lustre upon christianity, and beats down mystery, superstition and bigotry ; the supports of the sacerdotal tyranny for ages past.—And what epithet does that thing deserve, which can fill the breast of *Law* with *defamation* and rancour ? Defunctive orthodoxy ! O my soul, come not thou into her synod. Unto her assembly, mine honor be not thou united.

But in vain does orthodoxy labor to hurt the fame of these great men. Their characters are glorious and immortal, as christians, men of sense, and scholars ; and as to my *Lord of Winchester*, in particular, the memory of the just will be blessed, when the name of *Snape*, and *Oplismachus*,

\* These are good books, and well worth the consideration of christians, though Dr. *Trapp* tells Mr. *Law*, in his replications, that he had not, nor would ever read them. They are finely written, and in the true spirit of christianity. Mr. *Law* certainly has a *pen*, bad as many of his subjects are, and has written excellent things, worthless as several of his notions are. Even in his *appeal*, and *spirit of prayer*, there are beauties, which make us love the man whilst we pity the visionary, and the orthodox declaimer.

place enchanting; the music heavenly; the religious like so many divinities; worshipping only the *one supreme Spirit*; not three co-ordinate and independent beings, but *one original perfect mind, a first independent Cause, and supreme Ruler of the universe*, who must be fully sufficient to all the phenomena of the world; and commemorating the death of the *true Messiah*, the *one Mediator*, *God's only begotten Son*, *Christ Jesus*; who hath entered into heaven as our forerunner; as the first that rose from the dead, and to let us see, that human nature is capable both in body and soul of a translation to the invisible heavens, the seat of everlasting bliss; if we

watches, and other adversaries of his lordship, and of consequence of true religion, shall rot. The late king George's royal writ to the archbishop of Canterbury, to preserve the bishop of Bangor, from the implacable fury of his ecclesiastical foes, and the interposition of the high court of parliament, in favour of the Rector of St. Peter's Poor; this vote of the house of Commons, and the voluntary, unasked interposition of that great king, are such public acts, as shed the brightest lustre upon this prelate's name. They will remain in the records of our country, an eternal monument to his renown: And therefore, for his eminent services in the church and state, as the vote expresses it, will the wise and honest of the three kingdoms, priests and laymen, for ever honour the illustrious author of the sermon preached before the king, March 31, 1717, and of the plain account of the nature and end of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His truly rational principles, and pure gospel-doctrines, will be eternally admired, and declared for by all the friends of right reason and original christianity.



• bravely dare, at any time, to cut off : right-hand sin, and with patience steer right onwards for the glorious realities of eternity. — Beholding, I say, such things, and meeting with nothing like them in this *vale of tears and faction*, this *vale of irreligion and orthodoxy*, could you not almost imagine you were come to that distant region, where the wills of the spirits made perfect are influenced by the dictates of an unerring understanding, and the worship of God is founded on the principles of reason ; where popish priests and Athanasian theologers can no longer plague us with their church-laws, nor perplex us with their shocking inventions ; but true pity and boundless benevolence for ever prevails, and the happy disciples of the *holy Jesus* worship the *Father only*, and sing the *song of the lamb* for never-ending ages ?

For my part I confess, that I could not help thinking so for a while, when I joined those ladies in their devotions in the *rotunda*, and heard them sing beyond all mortal finely. — *Great and wonderful are thy works, O Lord God almighty ; just and righteous are thy ways, O king of saints. Who would not fear thee, O Lord, because all nations shall come and worship before thee.* — The performers, the place, the song, did transport me : A song, let me observe by the way, that is an unexceptionable, yea, a most excellent  
form

form and pattern of the worship of the *one supreme Being* ; who is worshipped for his works of creation, and his ways of providence ; in two characters incommunicable to any other being ; that is, as the *Almighty* ; and as the *only absolutely holy Being*.

But it is time to describe some other things, and to this purpose, I lead you from the Elysian Fields through a delightful lawn to the ruins of a once grand monastery of Benedictine nuns of the *order of Cluny* ; an order instituted under the rule of *St. Benoit* ; in the year 910, by *Berno*, abbot of Gignac, in the Masconnois, in Burgundy. This saint *Benoit*, the patriarch of the western monks, was founder of the famous monastery of *Mont-Cassin* in the kingdom of Naples, and there established A. D. 542, an order that spread itself in a little time all over Europe. This great *cloyster-saint* dyed, according to *Mabillon*, in the year 543, according to *Pagi* in 544 ; but the more accurate *Lancelot* says in 547, aged 67 ; and his carcass, after various removes, lies at present at *Fleury*, in Orleans in France, and at *Mont-Cassin* in Italy. It does wonders at both places. The *French monks* ran away with it in 660 ; but the *Cassin-men* assured me, that they discovered the holy body in their garden, A. D. 1066, and have it snug in their shrine. — As to *Berno*, the abbot, he is not among the  
faints,

An account  
of the  
ruins of  
a monaste-  
ry on the  
Green  
Island, and  
curiositys  
found  
there.

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saints, but the historians of his life tell us, that he was an admirable man ; for he out-did all the saints in fastings and lacerations of his flesh, and dyed en odeur de Sainteté, Jan. 1, 927. It is a pity they did not make the poor fellow a saint after all this.

As to the ruins, they are very grand, and cover more than an acre of ground. There are many sepulchral monuments in a part of the valley that was once the dormitory of the house, and several curious inscriptions on the tombs and stones. The following lines are still legible over an arched entrance to this cemetery----

Quidnam sibi saxa cavata,  
Quid pulchra volunt monumenta ;  
Nisi quod res creditur illis  
Non mortua, sed data somno ?  
Hoc provida Christicolarum  
Pietas studet, utpote credens  
Fore protinus omnia viva,  
Quæ nunc gelidus sopor urget.

These verses were taken from the christian poet *Prudentius* (a), and very justly placed

(a) *Prudentius* was a Spaniard. He was born in the year 348, and lived many years in the most honourable employments ; sous l'empire de Theodose le Grand, et sous ce lui de ses enfans. When he dyed we know not  
The

placed where I found them, as they inform the reader, that the still solitary retreats, the tombs of a church-yard, were not

The best edition of his hymns, and other poems, is that of Paris 1687, *in usum Delphini*; to which is prefixed his life. *Cbamillard*, the jesuit, who put out this edition, hath well paraphrased some passages; and whimsically done several others: but the Amsterdam edition of 1667, you ought likewise to have, on account of the notes of *Nicolas Heinsius*.

As to the *lyrics* and *heroics* of *Prudentius*, they are far from being excellent. He was not born for poetry, and yet would write no other way. In heroic verse he answers the most eloquent orator of his time, *Symmachus*, a pagan, and præfect of the city of Rome; but in this, as well as in all his other poems, the style is low and prosaic. He wants the heat and facility of the ancient poets. Even his Latinity is often barbarous. He is below *Claudian*, his contemporary. Yet his poetry is sometimes good, and is always useful. We learn from it many curious opinions and customs of his time, and many facts concerning the martyrs. There are likewise several valuable thoughts in his works; and many of them pleasing, on account of their singularity.

His prayer, at the end of the poem called the *Birth of sin*, is very remarkable, on account of the humility of the man, and the oddness of the notion. — Let others be gloriously crowned in immense light; but when he is dead he can only presume to pray, that he may be but lightly burnt.

Esto; cavernoso, quia sic pro labe necesse est  
Corporca, tristis me sorbeat ignis averno:  
Saltem mirificos incendia lenta vapores  
Exhalent, æstuque calor languente tepescat.  
Lux immensa alios et tempora vincta coronis  
Glorificent, me pæna levis clementer adurat.

These

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not made for the dead in that Golgotha, but for those who *sleep* in the *Lord Jesus*; who will awake, after death and the grave have done their

These are good lines, and *Chamillard*, the *jesuit*, his editor, says they prove a purgatory was the doctrine of the church in the fourth century. Upon which I observe, that it is very probable purgatory was the belief in that age, as were many other antichristian things; but it is not clear to me, that *Prudentius* meant this in his prayer; for he does not hope or pray to get out of this hot spot in the day of the resurrection; but seems to think a lesser degree of heat a kind of happiness, that it should last for ever. The place where he wished to be, he ranks among the several habitations in the house of God;——

Multa in thesauris Patris est habitatio, Christe,  
Disparibus discreta locis. ——— ———

As to the judgment and good sense of *Prudentius*, *Le Clerc* gives the following instances in his lives of the Primitive Fathers.——Symmachus had drawn an argument for the Pagan religion from its antiquity, which he expressed very elegantly; *Si longa ætas auctoritatem religionibus faciat, servanda est tot seculis fides, a sequendi sunt nobis parentes, qui feliciter secuti sunt suos*: If length of time is of some weight in religion, we ought not to depart from the belief of so many centuries; we ought to imitate our fathers, who did so well imitate theirs. —— This is so well worded, that the ablest (papist) missionary cannot preach better against the innovators; (as the church of Rome calls the reformed.) Yet *Prudentius* answers the argument by saying——

If the manner of living of past ages, is always to be preferred before that of the time wherein one lives,

their utmost, and by the mighty power given to the *Mediator*, for his *worthyness*, come forth from the dark chambers, to participate of that extreme happynefs, which is prepared for those which do the work which the Lord has given them to do; that is, as the apostle *Paul* expresses it in the third chapter to the *Philippians*, who have *that righteousness which is through the faith of Christ, and the righteousness which is of God by faith; that is, that righteousness which consists in observing the rules of the gospel, and acting up to the whole will of God, as reveled in the books*, by *Jesus*, the servant and messenger,

the *Romans* of that time should have renounced all the inconveniencies of life, trodden under foot all sciences, scalled the inconveniencies and barbaritys of the age of *aturn*, and sacrificed human victims to him.

In the next place, the religion of the *Romans* was very much altered since *Saturnus*, and even *Romulus's* time; since *Romulus*, the number of the Gods was infinitely encreased ———

*Roma antiqua sibi non constat: versa per ævum  
Et mentita sacris ———  
anguinis heclorei populum probo tempore longo  
non multos coluisse Deos, rarisque facellis  
contentum paucas posuisse in collibus aras.*

These two things against *Symmachus*, are so judicious, that the most learned innovator, or reformed, cannot answer a missionary better,

the

the minister and mediator of the blessed God (a).

The sepulchral inscriptions in this place, that I was able to read, are in the following words. —→

*Cha-*

(a) I am sensible, that a partiality and prejudice puts a very different interpretation upon this text ; but it is arbitrary and groundless. It is not from prepossession we must learn the sense of scripture, but from the obvious and necessary meaning of the words, and the scope of the place.

We must observe then, that the apostle cautions the *Philippians* to beware of the *Jews*, whom he calls with great propriety *the concision*. *Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision*, ver. 2 : And notwithstanding all their boasts of *having the law*, and *Abraham their father* ; their confidence of being the chosen people ; let them know, that we (*christians*) nevertheless are *the circumcision*, who worship God in spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, ver. 3. that is, in circumcision and outward things. The legal rites and performances, and a descent from Abraham, which is *the righteousness of the law*, are to be regarded and accounted as nothing now. Our business is to win Christ, and be found in that *righteousness which is of or through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith*, ver. 9. that is, that moral righteousness, that virtue and piety, that exact rectitude of mind and life, which is of the gospel of Christ. The works of the law signify nothing. It is the righteousness which God requires of us by our subjection and conformity to the gospel, that is to be the terms of our acceptance. Our actions must be strictly good and virtuous, must come as near the *standard of perfection* set up in the gospel by the chosen servant and commissioned minister of God almighty, as it is possible for

*Charitas de Sharebull* anno 1220, die 2 Aprilis, sub pavimento conditur. Mente pia vixit annos 37, et puro plena amore.

*Caroletta de Shoreditch* anno 1222, die 7 Aprilis sub pavimento deponitur. Vixit annos 52, et sola gaudebat simplicitate boni.

*Cæcilia Giffart* anno 1229. die 9 Maii, in hac tumba deponitur. Vixit annos 29, om-

for such weak creatures as we are to make them ; and by this true profession of the gospel, we put on Christ : that is, if we do our best, all we are able to do in this imperfect state, to express the life of the holy Jesus in our lives, then we shall be adopted, notwithstanding there may be defects in our obedience, and imperfections in our service. The propitious God beholding us in such a situation, striving, according to our measure to come up to the spotless virtue, and perfect obedience of our divine master, will see nothing but Christ. When our life is hid with Christ in God, that is, so hid as to make his gospel our rational life, the sole spring of all our actions, then we are covered, as it were, all over with Christ, as a man is with the cloaths he hath put on.

This, *fruits*, is the right faith. We must believe in Christ, by practising to the utmost of our power those acts of virtue and piety, which his gospel requires, and by being so intirely conformed to our Lord, are commended to God. Stick to this. It is a mere idle fancy to say, as many theologers do say, that a righteousness through the faith of Christ is the righteousness of Christ imputed to us by God. There is not a phrase in scripture for such a thing.



nibus grata, et humili pietate nunc vivit cœlesti luce.

*Clara de Denam* anno 1225, die 7 Junii in hac tumba deponitur. Vixit annos 30, et virtute et pietate præcelluit.

*Agnes de Sbardelow*, anno 1225, die 9 Junii deposita est. Annos triginta confecit, et omni virtutum laude ac sanctitatis gloria vivens præcelluit.

*Cassandra Bacon* vita functa est anno 1226, die 2 Martii, et corpus ejus in hoc sepulchro conditum est. Vixit annos viginti novem menses tres dies viginti duos, et virtutes sanctorum fuerat æmulata.

*Adelina de la Zouche* in hoc marmoreo tumulo requiescit. Mente beata fuit, et moribus fulsit. Vocata ad Dominum anno 1230, die 5 Martii. Vixit annos triginta sex.

*Hawisa de Pomeri* conditur hoc tumulo. Vixit annos viginti septem, actibus et meritis compta, et evolavit in cœlum, anno 1274, die 4 Martii.

*Helwisa de Manny* consignatur hoc tumulo die primo Maii anno 1276, ad diem novissimum.

issimum. Vixit annos quinquaginta, et uncta Christiani Munia complevit.

Hic requiescit in somno pacis *Dorcas Fitz-Peter*, filia Richardi comitis Essexiæ. Excessit e vita anno 1230, et in hoc Sacophago narmoreo corpus ejus depositum est die ; Julii. Vixit annos quinquaginta septem, nunifica, sapiens, pia, et omnibus radianibus virtutibus beata. *Dorcas* condidit hoc nonasterium anno 1213, sedente Innocent. Papa III. anno 16. Et Romanæ ecclesiæ pontifex donavit donariis magnis.

*Damaris de Camoys*, exemplar innocentie ac sanctitatis, migravit ad Dominum anno 1419, et corpus ejus sub hoc lapide humanum est die Junii 2. Vixit annos 49.

*Cæsa de Ribaire*, in hoc Sarcophago reponitur anno 1464, die Maii 31. Vixit annos 34, sacris meritis cumulata, et spiritus am est cum cælicolis super astra.

These were all the Latin sepulchral inscriptions that I was able to read in this place ; and I thought them worth writing down, not only as they appear to have been ladies of distinction, but on account of the various excellent, and well-expressed historys of the nuns in very few words. Other Inscriptions,

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very

very many, there were in the old Irish and Scotch ; but what I have mentioned are enough for a specimen of this extraordinary dormitory. We opened the sarcophagi of all those I have named, and found the bodies of some of them intire, black, and hard, as if they had been pickled or preserved; but we shut them up very carefully again, and left them in peace on their couch of night, to sleep till the last trumpet awakes them in the morning of the great rising day. Their characters charmed me. Such excellent women demonstrat there can be a worthyness in a Roman catholic convert.

Of nunnerys, and Romish priests.

By the way, *Jewks*, it is very wrong to ridicule nunnerys in the manner some protestants do. They are generally supposed to be the habitations of moped superstition, or scenes of the greatest impurity. But this is not just. There is good sense in some of them, and great virtue, and great piety, to my knowledge. I have had an intimacy with several ladies who had taken the vow and veil in Roman catholic cloysters, and to do all the world justice, so far as I am able, I declare that I never saw the least tendency to levity or indiscretion in the conversation, or behavior of those nuns ; but on the contrary observed, in years of observation, both in their actions and discourse, such a supreme regard to the honor of God, and such

Such an intire submission to his commands, as would render them very glorious christians, and equal to the noblest instances of piety in the primitive church, if they had not blended with this religion a *marianolatry*, a *transubstantiation*, an *Athanasian symbol*, etc. in obedience to their *bigotted and interested theologers*. This is the sad charge we are to bring against the church of Rome, in her cloysters, and out of her cloysters. But as to the storys of *love in a nunnery*, they are for the most part idle inventions; and if there be an unfortunat case now and then, it no more affects the church of Rome, than the debauch of a protestant daughter in her father's house, by a visitor or domestic, which has been several times the case, can be a blot in the morals of her pious parents.

The storys told by *Lambard* in his perambulations of Kent may be very true, as he is esteemed an honest writer. We may credit venerable *Bede*, when he tells us in his ecclesiastical history, that the abbess of the monastery of Vetadun, in the time of St. John of Beverly, that is, A. D. 720, had a *carnal daughter* (as *Bede* expresses it) who was a nun of that house. And what we read in the *Sieur de Valprivaz* may have happened, to wit, that prince *Selred*, the son of *Sigibert* the good, having visited a monastery of men and women, separated by a wall, ac-

according to the custom of that time, and governed by an abbess; which monastery was founded by his ancestors; he approved the good order of every thing in it, except the number of the priests and nuns, which in his opinion was inverted, for, instead of forty nuns and twenty priests, said he to the abbess, it would have been more proper, if there had been forty priests, and only twenty nuns. The abbess perceived what the prince meant, and answered him in these words; Sir, the thing is not so ill contrived as you might fancy. You are not to wonder at our numbers. There are twenty nuns for twenty priests; and the other twenty are for strangers. Monsieur, cela n'a pas été si mal à propos que vous penseriez bien, et ne vous en fault émerveiller; car des quarante nonnains il y en a vingt pour les vingt prestres, et les autres vingt sont pour les alous et survenans (a).

All this may be true perhaps, and many other storys to the same purpose, collected within the large territorys of the church of Rome; but to argue from thence, that all the cloysters are bad, is ridiculous in reasoning, and unjust in judging. Lewdness in any shape is no more favored by the church of Rome than by the church of England. As

(a) *Diverses Leçons.* Tournon 1604. edit. 5.  
book iv. p. 257.

before declared, I have been well acquainted with many Roman catholic female recluses, and have corresponded with several of them, and can affirm, that among women I have not found more beautiful and upright minds. In all the conversations I had with them, in every letter I had the honor of receiving from them, (and fine letters some of them are) they manifested such a temper and behavior towards God, as becomes his excellencies, and our relations to him. Every woman of them deserves an inscription on the tomb-stone like those we found on the monuments of the ladies in the Green Island. In one thing only they were culpable. Their worship was wrong.

This, and a persecuting principle, is what renders *popery* a *curst thing*. The *reprobates excepted* (and what communion is without them); there have been, and are in the Romish communion, priests and nuns of every order, as glorious moral characters as ever have appeared in human nature. My acquaintance among the people called *catholics* hath been very large. I have lived among them in several countrys: I have been in their houses for months, and passed much time with them in their serious and their festal hours, and I do assure you, *Jewks*, that if I have met among the priests a few reverend monsters of this church; as meet I

did ; I have already mentioned one ~~man~~ priest who debauched a protestant lady of my acquaintance in converting her to popery (a); yet, on the other hand, I have spent many evenings with a great number of priests and friars, who were admirable men, not only on account of a fine delightful learning, but for that *sobriety* which includes all the personal duties, and self-government ; that *righteousness* which includes all we ought to do to our fellow-creatures ; and that *godliness* which they thought the religion of God.

A reflexion  
on popery.

This is the testimony of an enemy ; an enemy to popery, not to the professors of it. I love the men ; I hate the thing. The thing called *popery*, *Jews*, is an extravagance of blind credulity and implicit faith, which destroys the just, exalted sentiments we ought to have of the Deity, and robs mankind of civil and religious liberty. It dishonors almighty God and his Mediator, by the *tritheism* of *St. Athanasius*, and the *adoration of a host* in the Eucharist ; by an *universal dominion ascribed to the Virgin Mary*, and *psalters, creeds, litanys, and hymns, applied to her* (b) ; by *praying to a thousand patron superiorities*, and with an immense vene-

(a) The lady is still living ; the priest was drowned.

(b) See *St. Bonaventure's works*, licensed by the pope. And *contemplations of the life and glory of his Mary*, published *permissu superiorum*. There are besides these a hundred books and offices which prove the thing.

ation, honoring their reliques ; which *Bellarmino* calls *Sacra pignora patronorum nostrorum* (a). It is in short, a grievous usurpation and iniquity, a fore disgrace to reason and christianity ; and by decreeing and dispensing, by an usurped authority, and pretended infallibility, hath sacrilegiously dared to substitute the *most impious and senseless ecclesiastical traditions* in the room of the *perfect and perspicuous holy scriptures*.

Nor is this the worst of that dreadful and long apostacy. It hath not only most basely corrupted the *pure religion of Jesus* in the *locking articles* I have mentioned, and introduced infinite superstitions in the place of the most reasonable service. It hath not only brought in a creed that strikes at the divine unity, and changed one half of the plainest rite in the world, the institution of the Lord's supper, into a doctrine full of all manner of absurdity and contradiction : It hath not only reduced the worship of the church to plane idolatry, by a *marianolatry*, *demonolatry*, and the *worship of bread*, by *images*, and the relicks of dead men (b), and

(a) Bellarm. de Relig-Sanct. cap. ii.

(b) The lapse of the church into the worship of dead men's bodys, and rotten bones, and hair and nails, and old shoes and clouts, is to besure one of the greatest and most deplorable victorys that the kingdom of darkness could gain upon christianity. The papal rites of worshipping these things are, *processions*, *genuflexions*, *bowing the body*,



and bound these dangerous errors and corruptions on the faith and practice of her

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*thurifications, dooscutions, burning of lights, and pilgrimages*; and in so doing, the catholics far transcend the ancient Romans adoration of their *Ancilia*, the supposed pledges of empire; or the idolatry of the Jews to that sacred relique, the *brazen serpent*; yet those *docting devotionists* of Christendom, learned and unlearned, are full of a divine and wonder-working virtue residing in those inanimate things, that they fall down before them in the most degenerate manner, and not only from the intire carcases of those *superi* and *superæ*, but from the chine-bone of one *supernal*, the finger of another, the toe of a third, the skull of a fourth, the blood of a fifth, and ten thousand other trumperies, expect a cure or *salutary grace*. *Gratiam aliquam et salutem*, says *Baronius* (a). *Their bodies and their bones* (says a *Pontifician*) *are replenished with spiritual grace, and a beneficial miracle-working power, and by touching them with faith, we may attract the sanctification and vivificative virtues which resideth in them: (in sanctis divinitas insita membris)* (b). Dreadful stuff! And yet a thousand great Men of the Romish church have labored in defence of it, and for our worshipping the *Veronica*, the *holy thorn*, the *wood* and the *nails of the cross*, etc. etc. Even the admired *Paschal*, that wonder of a man, has defended the *holy thorn*, and tells us, that it cured his sister of a blind eye. The bigot! He was as thorow a papist in the *mysteries*, the *host*, the *saints*, the *relics*, as any jesuit he writ against. It was not popery he opposed in his fine *Provincial letters*; but the wicked maxims of the politic society of Jesus. *Paschal* dyed August 19, 1662, in his thirty-third year.—He had the wax candles and the host, &c.

(a) De Relig. Sanct.

(b) Petavius, tom. iv. p. 2. cap. 11. — And chapters after chapters upon the same senseless subject.

members by *Anathema* : but in direct opposition to the *extensively-merciful and benevolent* constitution of the gospel, the church of Rome pursues with a merciless cruelty, all who refuse a full and intire assent to the schismatical principles and horrible corruptions of the Romish communion. With an absurdity and iniquity that is amazing, she persecutes honest men, good neighbours, peaceable subjects, who carefully avoid whatever would injure and provoke, and take all opportunities to serve and oblige those about them : and sends them to dungeons, galleys, and the wheel ; tortures them with all the torments of her inquisition, and reduces their families to beggary, merely because they will not go to her altars, and bow their knees before her idols ; and this, notwithstanding it is self-evident, that repeating a creed, or wearing a name, or performing a ceremony, cannot

his chamber the night he was dying, and he was anointed as plentifully as any of the people, in that miserable priestly imposition, called the sacrament of extreme unction. Note — the *Veronica* is the *impression of our Lord's face on a handkerchief*, which one Veronica wiped his face with as he carried his cross. The handkerchief, as good tradition, that blessed historian, tells the story, was in three folds, and so received three figures of Jesus Christ. One *Veronica* is at Rome ; another in Spain ; a third in Jerusalem. The thing was never heard of till the eleventh century, and yet they pray as formally to the *Veronica*, as if they were speaking to Christ himself.

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be true religion ; but it is that *inward conviction of mind and reasonable service*, which violence and persecution can never produce. For these reasons, *Jews*, we must be eternal enemys to popery, and bent on her destruction to the utmost of our abilities. The thing we must abhor, as we honor God, and the religion of Jesus. But we must love the catholics, as they call themselves, because they are men, our neighbours and relations.

As to the honorable *Dorcas*, who founded the abbey I have mentioned, there is no farther account of her than that she was the daughter of one Richard Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, who lived in the reign of king *John*. But the pope who confirmed the foundation, and bestowed many privileges on the house, is better known to us. He is that *sovereign pontiff* to whom *John* made the infamous concession of his crown, and by whose legate, *Pandulphe*, he was treated as a beaten slave.

This pope was the famous cardinal *Leithaire*, who took the name of *Innocent the third*, and dyed the 16th of July, 1216, three months and two days before the death of *John* ; and three years and two months after he had, by virtue of his *apostolical power*, made *John* swallow the bitter eup of abjection.

His holyness, if we will credit *Maimbourg*, (*Hist. de Croiss.* l. 8.) was elected by the manifest

nifest inspiration of the Holy Ghost ; and on the other hand, one who had the honor of canonization, I mean *St. Lutgard*, tell us, that this head of the church appeared to him, the said saint, immediately after his the said head's death, and his appearance was in a flame of fire from purgatory ; that head told him, he should have been damned everlastingly, if it had not been for the *intercession of the mother of God*, and notwithstanding his deliverance from eternal pain, that he was to be in the greatest torments till the day of judgment ; that three things he had committed in his pontificate were the cause of these inflictions, and he related the three particulars to the saint ; who related to them to *Thomas de Cantimpré*, who relates this story ; but in regard to the pope, par respect pour lui, he would not let the world know what the three particulars were. You will find this in the *life of Lutgardis*, ap. Surium, lib. ii. cap. 16. Junii. And if we cannot believe it, tho a saint is the teller, yet it shews his holiness was a very bad man, in the opinion of the writers of his own church : And of him *Fleury* says in his Ecclesiastical History, Liv. 17. *Innocent III. avoit fait des grandes fautes.*

This pope having excommunicated some princes who appeared against his tyrannical proceedings, preached a sermon upon the occasion, and chose this text ——— *Glaive,*  
*glaive,*

*glaive, sors du fourreau, et aiguise-toi pour tuer.* — The sword, the sword is drawn: for the slaughter it is furbished, to consume because of its glittering, Ezek. xxi. 28. — *Gladius, gladius districtus est ad perimendum, & conficiendum, politus ut fulgeat.* — But let the pope be ever so bad, it is plain from the inscriptions mentioned, that the nuns of this island were admirable women.

An account  
of some ex-  
traordinary  
caverns,  
and several  
curious  
things  
found in  
them.

We proceed. Leaving the valley of the dead, *Tunstall* and I climbed up a very dangerous rocky hill, which lies at the end of the vale, and arrived at the most wonderful caverns I have ever seen. The first is a circular opening on the summit, two acres in diameter; the sides of which go sloping down for a hundred and forty two yards, till they end in a round plane at their bottom, that is forty feet every way. These descending sides are copsed here and there with various pretty trees, and covered with a fine sod that abounds with herbs and flowers of many kinds. We found the *Adiantum* in plenty there, that is, the *American Maidenhair*, the most useful of all plants in tea, for a disorder in the breast, but good for nothing in the common form of syrup. It was about five inches high here, and branched in an elegant manner into many heads: The stalk black as ebony; the leaves an obtuse oblong of a fine pale green. There was likewise the  
beau-

beautiful *azalea* in abundance, with its fine purple flowers: The *phlox* with its oval leaves, and terminating clusters of white flowers: There were *rampions* and *mullein* in beautiful yellow flowers, and the *Amaranth*, *candy-bartwort*, and the charming *salathian violet*. These herbs, and various flowers, were thick all round, and with the scattered clusters of little trees, all green and blooming, rendered the great hollow sweep a delightful and uncommon scene.

We went down to the bottom of it, and found in the very center of the spot a perpendicular descent of twenty yards. It was an oblong opening, five yards one way, and four yards the other way. Into this we sent a boy by a rope ladder, and on his reporting the ground below was rock, we followed. The place we came to was a square chamber, six yards every way, and in two sides of it, over against each other, were arched passages. One of these passages led to a dreadful swallow, at the distance of fifteen yards from the entrance. It was terrifying to look into it, and therefore we hastened back to the other, through which we marched for near sixty yards, on a slanting way, with one shoulder foremost, on account of its lowness, till we arrived at an ascent, which led us in a few minutes to a cavern that had a resemblance of a vast Gothic cathedral.

thedral. It had the exact form of one, and all the ornaments and pillars in a grand manner. These sparry substances penetrated through an immense thickness of rock, and by the hand of time and nature, were fashioned in the wonderful way we saw. There was a compleat organ in outward appearance, and the most beautifully garnished stalls.— All this depends on the various desertions and separations of the matter called *Spar*, from the water which drops or distills from the arched roof of this vast cave, and which trickles down its sides. It has been the work of ages, and strikes the soul into a delightful amazement.

At the end of this natural cathedral we found another perpendicular descent, much like that we had before gone down, and quite as deep. This likewise we went into, and came to a narrow winding way, which we passed in a little time, and arrived at a place like a gallery, which was two yards wide, three and a half high, twenty yards long. This led us to a suit of small rooms, one within another. We went through nine of them, and then came to a spacious chamber; the arch, sides, and floor of which were a stone as beautiful as the fine red veined Siena marble. This room was orbicular; the diameter of it twenty feet; its height twenty-four feet. There was not so much as one  
conical

onical sparry ificle to be seen here, which attribute to the hardness of the rock in this place ; but the walls were crufted in feveral places with a furprizing variety of the fineft fhells. Thefe fhells muft have fallen where they reft in the firft univerfal fluid, I fuppofe, as the marble mafs was beginning to coalefce. The fhells are in the very heart of the ftone, as we faw in a large piece of this marble that lay on the floor.

The room made a glorious appearance by the lights we had with us, and feemed to have been once the ftill retirement of fome age. There was a writing-table of oak in the middle of it, and on either fide a ftool. The form of the table was oval, and the make of it curious and ftong. A marble ink-pot lay upon it, and a difh for fand of the fame kind of ftone. There was a folio book in Manufcript upon the table, that was faftened together with filver clafps, and the writing feemed very beautiful, but in ftrenographical characters to me and my friend, at that time unknown. The title however was in the Saxon hand, *Hiſtoriae Naturalis* ; and the name of the writer, *Morchar the Carmelite*, A. D. 1422, which was the year Henry the Fifth dyed.

Thefe things furprized us very greatly, and the more fo on account of the way we had come, which no one would chufe



to go a second time ; it was so painful dangerous and tedious. There must be th another passage to the place, we concluded, and we were soon forced to search ve diligently for it ; for as we returned, w found a vast rock had fallen into one of th entrances, which no force of ours could remove, and put an eternal stop to our going that way. This obliged us to turn back to the room, and down we sat, to rest a while on the stools. What to think of this we could not tell. It was a perplexing scene which ever way we turned. All our comfort was, that the solitary carmelite who had passed so many days in this fine cell, must have had an easier road to it than what we come.

To search then we went, as soon as we were able to stir, and tryed a great number of forward passages to no end. They were all terminated by everlasting stone, or some headlong waters that were horrible to hear and seemed as it were to fall into the rivers of hell. Upon this, the boy we had with us began to cry terribly, and as we could not stop his throat, now pannic had got hold of him, the echoes so encreased the lamentation that we heard as it were many clamorous mourners at their wits end. Nor were we without our fears, tho we kept them to ourselves. The affair really had a dismal face, th

It was impossible to clear the choaked way ; and beside, we had but one flam left. An accident might likewise extinguish it, and then what could we do ?

Once more then I quitted my stool, and with the light in my hand, began to look with all my eyes for some secret door I suspected to be near hand. I judged that the carmelite had some ready pass to make his exit at, when he had done his task in the room ; and so it was ; for, in a dark hole, on one side of a sloping narrow way, that went from a door opposite to that we came in at, I discovered a large iron ring fastened in the floor, and by it raised a thin marble flag which rested upon a curb of stone : Then appeared a flight of stairs, and at the bottom of them a descending walk which terminated by an opening into a fine vale. The opening was stopped up by a little wood of briars and thorns, the growth of a great number of years ; but this we considered as nothing, and tore ourselves through it with songs of joy. I brought off in triumph the carmelite's book, *Historiæ Naturales*, and confess, since I have made out the alphabet of it, that it is a fine reward for the danger I ran in acquiring it. But as to my friend *Tunstall*, when he found himself at large, he went down on his knees, and swore in a very solemn way, that he would never more ac-

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company

company me in my ascents or descent for curiosities in any untravelled way. He had some reason, to be sure. We were four and twenty hours in the bowels of this mountain, and ten thousand to one against us that we never got out.

An account  
of the val-  
ley of  
Wells.

The vale we fell into is one of the finest in the world : It is covered with wild thyme, betony, and balm, blue lavender, and camels spicy root. They ambrosiate every breeze with fragrance, and the ocean at the end of the deep, romantic glin, forms a fine point of view. It is called the valley of Wells, on account of a number of medicinal springs, which rise in the place, and are able to communicate sanity in the most deplorable cases..

A burning  
sulphur  
spring.

One of these fountains takes fire upon the application of a torch, and is so richly impregnated with the infinitesimals of sulphur, (which is one of *Cheyne's* words, and I had rather say original minims or leasts) that it may be as valuable as that in the palatinate of Cracow in Lesser Poland. A glass of this water gives a strange cheerfulness of spirit, and the sediment of it heals a cut finger very speedily.

Not far from this sulphur spring is another of a different kind, but that has as direct a tendency to promote, strengthen and confirm the natural action of body, and the motions

ecessary to life and health. This spring has icked up a copious quantity of irony particles in its passage over beds of ore, and gathered several other miasma in its journey to he spring head, which give it a more nauseous aste than the waters of *Harrigate*, in the West iding of Yorkshire : And as it is more offensive, so it is far more salutary. One of the ailors of our ship was in a terrible way with he scurvy, and tormented with a pain in his tomach, that made life a burthen to him.

advised him therefore to drink plentifully of his spring, and told him it would, in all robability, be with good success, as the blessed God hath given many waters; a salutary power, and ordained them to be a more ffectual remedy for our recovery from distempers, than all the other medicines the world affords us. He began then, He took down a gallon the first morning, at several draughts, with no more than a minute's intermission, and soon after a violent operation followed by siege and urine. He voided many worms, and brought up one that was a foot long, thick as a man's finger, and he back as broad as a large thumb. In every part it resembled the earwig, and seemed to be one of them grown to this monstrous size. It was the fiercest and frightfullest small creature I have ever seen. He had no more pain in his stomach after parting with this amaz-

ing worm, and by continuing to drink the water in the same manner for several days, intirely recovered his constitution.

About twenty yards from this nauseous water, there is another spring of a very salt chalybeate taste, which smells like ink, and is very disagreeable ; but it is a strong purgative, and diuretic beyond all the waters I have seen. It is clear and sparkling, and throws out much oker as it streams away.——Many other sulphur and chalybeate fountains there are in this valley, and all of them perennial springs ; the same in all weather and seasons ; but these three are the strongest and most useful. They always foretell rain by a very loud noise of the water rising in great bubbles.

A reflexion  
upon me-  
dical  
springs.

By the way, *Jewels*, let me observe to you that such medicinal springs, almost every where to be found upon our globe, are amazing instances of design, wisdom and goodness. They are not only of such virtue and efficacy, for the preservation of health, and the cure of diseases, as in the highest degree to exceed the shop remedies, prepared by the nicest art, and thereby approach the nearest of any thing in nature to what has been so much searched after, an universal medicine ; curing with expedition, without weakening, and discharging at every pore, the matter which generates, and forms diseases ; but  
whilst

whilst other common springs dry up, the more capital and serviceable springs of medical use, afford a sufficient quantity of water even in the hottest seasons, and retain their virtues through the course of many ages. They continue to abound with the same quantity of principles, or ingredients of the same quality, in an equal proportion of the water ; and though the bowels of the earth, through which these waters pass, are pregnant with metals and minerals, some of them prejudicial and poisonous to the body, yet the waters of those springs dissolve, and drink up nothing of this kind ; but, as if directed by an appetite of choice, impregnate themselves with only such principles in their passage, as render them in the highest degree agreeable to the solids and fluids of the human body. Wonderful are the works, and great is the goodness of almighty God to his creature man. Numberless are the instances of his extended love to the human race. We have even healing waters in every country, which far exceed in benefits the best endowed *Savoy*. Health is restored. — Life is prolonged by them. And as I regard our body as well as your soul, I recommend to you, when any thing ails you, those easy, cheap, and serviceable remedies that nature, or rather the God of Nature, hath provided for us in every land, as medicines

more efficacious and innocent than the dispensaries afford, or the present pharmacy can yield. Only find out the water suitable to the pain or disease, which is very easily done by good enquiry, and you have an effectual cure, if the distemper is not too far gone, or the sick man's hour almost come. But if a sanguine plethoric constitution has the ignorance, or obstinacy, to drink a water loaded with sulphur and salt, he must expect heat and rarification, that will blow him to pieces ; or if a grumous thick blood will sit down to a strong purging fountain, a brisk operation must drain off the serous parts and thicken the remainder, till all motion ceases. But if the grumous man would chuse the brisk, spirituous chalybeate, which has but a small degree of heat from a marcasitical vapour mixed with the purest water, he would then find all his wants relieved. On the contrary, the dropsy or stubborn jaundice must stay by the spring that is saturated with sulphur and salt, the strongest purging chalybeate, and not touch the water that cures the thick blood : Again, if you have an emaciating diabetes, drink not the diuretic fountain ; but indulge on the lime-stone waters — Various cases of this kind must be carefully observed : The Moffat waters in Annandale, in particular, are most excellent in a thousand deplorable cases ; but if you are inclined

to a consumption, or have a cough, or a tendency to coughing, what we call a short dry cough, they are poison. And if such things be attended to, all those waters are the richest blessing of heaven to mortals.

But let me add, that preferable to them is a continued daily moderat exercise, added to a strict temperance. Let such exercise (with temperance) be part of your religion, and you will have no other business at the wells than to dance with the goddesses that adorn them. Study, *Jewels*, is a noble thing for the mind of man; but let it not take up your whole time. The spirits are irretrievably spent, and noiseless weakness steals upon the constitution, when we stay too long considering, brooding over, methodizing, and fixing our ideas. Every thing should have an end. I often wish now, that it was in my power, to exchange some of the ideas I got by candle-light, for some of that strength I lost by it.

There was another fountain in this valley, which I must mention to you, tho it be not of the medicinal kind. It is a petrifying spring, which bursts from the side of a precipice in the glin, and falls in a rapid stream upon various generated rocks, so as to form the most beautiful of cascades. In the bottom it descends to, there are a vast variety of the most elegant and beautiful stalactical



figures the water has made ; and the whole sweep of the bank which encloses the basin that receives it, is covered all over with the purest and finest plates of the brightest spar. This is caused by the running over of the stream, which has converted numberless sprigs and leaves, flowers, herbs and rushes, into stone ; that is, the subsiding leasts of sparry matter, which abound in this water, have penetrated every pore and space in those bodies, and filled all the vacuities made by time and force : And where any fibre, or other part of the plant remains unconsumed, the stony powder of the spring covers such part like a sheath. This I have seen in many samples. At the fountain I am speaking of, I found a little myrtle tree that appeared to be an intire perfect stone. It seemed a sparry body, in the exact shape of the plant: the wood and leaves intirely consumed, and the stony powder lodged where they once were ; but on breaking it for observation, two twigs of the plant were visible, sheathed in a terrene spar, and on splitting the twig I got the sheath off.

Remarks  
on petrifi-  
cation.

From this, and a thousand other observations by me made, in my walks through the fossil kingdom, it is to me evident, that there is no such thing as a petrifying power in stone, to produce a transmutation of other substances into its own. *Dr. Robert Clayton*, lord bishop

of

of *Clogher*, in the second part of his fine vindication of the histories of the Old and New Testament (published the other day) has recourse to *stony seeds*, and this *transmuting power*, to account for the increase of ponderous solid beings under ground, as he calls stones: but the notion, I think for myself, is contrary to fact. We might likewise account for the growth of stone in a more satisfactory manner, *if stones are produced at this time*. The immense quantities of various genera of spar suspended in all water, may produce such solid ponderous bodys when they meet, by a cementitious matter to unite them; or rather by the force of cohesion near the points of contact. The power of contact is greatest, where the particles are smallest, and as the sparry minims are as if they had no gravity by their minuteness, and thereby capable of receiving any direction by attraction, so have they by their density and the largeness of their surfaces, the greater attractive force. The largest stones of the three orders of such bodys, and their eight genera, may be produced this way. To say plants and animals may be transmuted into the nature of stone, taken in as the food of stone, and this by virtue of a metamorphosing power, given by providence to stone, because stone cannot take nourishment at root or mouth, like other species of things,—this  
is

is not philosophical enough for me. I think very differently from his lordship in this article, tho I agree with him in the most essential part of his religious notions. I honor this spiritual baron as a rational and excellent divine ; I have the highest regard for him as one of the best of men ; but I think there are a few things, in the philosophical part of his lordship's writings, that would bear a little alteration for the better, upon a review.

As to the water of the petrifying fountain I have mentioned, there are about a thousand gallons of it thrown out in an hour, and it is as fine, sweet water as ever quenched the thirst of man. Young Miss *Howel* asked me if it was not dangerous drink, on account of its quality, and wondered to see me swallow it so plentifully, when it turned every thing into stone that it lights on. To which I answered, that petrifying waters do not act the stony part, till they have lost all their heat and motion, and the vehicle, that is, the water, is strained off, or separated from the suspended spar, and therefore it cannot injure the body, as its heat and motion is greater there, and besides, is there mixed with various materials, which intirely prevent that power or force on which petrification depends, that is, the force of cohesion : That no petrifications are ever made in the summer-time, while the water is warmed by the sun, but all in the

the winter-time; and that there must be very little, or no life in the plant, no circulation in the vessels of it, before a petrefaction can happen in it: It follows then, that there is not any danger in drinking the most powerfully petrifying waters. It is not from such a cause that the stone and gravel ever proceed.

The next curious thing I was shewn in this valley was a repository at the end of it, <sup>A grotto by the seaside.</sup> in a spacious concavity in the cliffs, which the hand of nature had opened here, and by the sweep of a grand arch, exhibited a view of the ocean. The scene is striking and fine. Nothing can be more charming than the vast deep, appearing in such a way, at the end of the most romantic vale in the world.

The black rock-walls of this spacious chamber, Mrs. *Harcourt* covered over with the most beautiful shells and fossils she could find in the Western Islands, and the other countrys she had been in. She made it the most glorious apartment upon earth, by a display of all the most beautiful conchæ, various marcasites, corals, and fossil gems, which run over the arched roof and the sides: and by a collection of the most valuable curiosities and antiquities brought into it, rendered it a treasury superior in worth to the museum of any prince that I have seen in. As her father left her near half a million

million of money, besides a fine estate, she was enabled to purchase what she pleased, and had the heart to pay for any thing her fine taste approved. I was delighted with this grot beyond all things my eyes have seen. It is the finest cell that contemplation has in our hemisphere. One way the sparkling cave takes in the awful, silent, fragrant glim: And before you, in all the majesty of spectacle, old ocean is seen. Many a lone hour did I delight to pass in this room. I have often thought of it, and wished myself there, when perplexed with many a comic distress in this roaring town.

An account  
of some cu-  
riofities, in  
the reposi-  
tory in the  
Green  
Island.

Were I to describe the many fine curiosities that were in this repository, when Mrs. *Harcourt* passed some summer-months in the place (a), it would take me up many sheets, and a great deal of time; but I have neither to spare, I am sure, at present, and therefore I shall only mention a few, for a small gratification to that taste you have for such things.

Two Egyp-  
tian Mummies.

Two *Egyptian Mummies* brought from the

(a) Since the death of Mrs. *Harcourt*, and the society no longer making the island a summer-lodge, all the moveable curiosities, and the most elegant and valuable shells, corals, marcasites, and fossil gems, were removed to their noble library in Richmondshire, and with others since collected, there form the finest grotto in England. But Mr. Hanmer has since repaired the island-grott, and restored it to its former glory.

tombs

ombs of Thebes, as the seller avowed, were the figures that struck me first. One of them was called the body of a princess, the daughter of *Pbaraob Afycbis*, and the other priestess of the oracle of Thebes. Inscriptions in old Coptic letters on two gold plates, fastened on the breasts of those things, relate this story of them; if the Egyptian who sold them to Mrs. *Harcourt* has explained the legend right. This I know not. I have some doubt about it: And beside, it may be a forgery to encrease the price. The letters do not resemble the Coptic alphabet now used in Egypt: And the authors of the *Universal History* are positive, that the old Egyptian letters which are seen sometimes in old inscriptions, are at present unintelligible, and cannot be decyphered.

On the other hand, the *Copt*, who sold the Mummies, might be honest, and it is hard to think, that none of the *Egyptians* of this time understand the old language of their country, because the tongue now used differs very greatly from it. One may as well say the *Old Irish* is not by any one now understood, because the Irish at present spoken by the natives differs intirely from it; yet a few there are who are masters of it, and understand the books written in the old language. My friend, *John Toland*, understood

stood it well ; as did *Mac-Curtin*, the Irish historian, with whom I was well acquainted ; and one old Irish gentleman I have been often in company with.

Again, in relation to the *Coptic* language, the noble *Della Valle*, (who was so fond of his wife, that he carryed her corps with him, done up in cotton, as he travelled over the world,) he tells us in his journal, that he met with several who understood it : And a gentleman of my acquaintance, who spent many years in travelling over every part of Egypt, assures me, that during his residence there, he met with some sages who instructed him in the old Egyptian language. The legend then may be as explained by the *Copt* ; and for any thing I can say to the contrary, one of them may be the *Cadavre* of *Chebra*, the king of Egypt's daughter. Supposing this then, she must have been *sister* to *Solomon's wife* : For it was most certainly a daughter of *Pharaoh Afyckis* that *Solomon* married, and for whom the song called the *Canticles*, was sung during the marriage-feast ; a song that exceeds the warmest things in *Catullus* ; tho our miserable visionaries find endless mysteries in it. *Pharaoh Afyckis* was the 11th and last king, but one, of the 20th dynasty of the diospolitian kings of Egypt, and dyed in the year before

fore Christ 1003. It was for the daughter of this monarch that this son of David built a fine house, after an *Egyptian model*, as we read in the first book of kings.

These Mummies are well preserved, have ycomore coffins, and the coffins of so extraordinary a workmanship, that they shew the figure of the bodys as perfectly as if there had been no wood about them. They are two-part cases, and slide into each other in an admirable manner. The top is like a human head, and has the face of the dead well painted upon it. From the shoulders to the pedestal, on which the coffin stood in the tomb according to the custom of the Egyptians) it is filled with hieroglyphics, birds and beasts, and various figures; but what they signify we know not. If *Cbebra's* face was like that painted on her coffin, it was a vastly fine one. There is a thing like a long beard projects from the chin, such as is generally seen on all the coffins of the Mummies that have not been injured by time, and what to call it we should not know, had it not been for Dr. *Middleton*. A beard it cannot be, as it is given to the youngest people. Therefore, says this great man, it is the leaf of the *Persea* tree; a tree peculiar to Egypt, and consecrated to *Isis*, as appears from *Plutarch*, and several *Egyptian*



*Egyptian* monuments. The figure of the leaf was affixed in this manner, to render *Isis* propitious to the dead : A memorial of that offering supposed to be of all others most grateful to this divinity.

When we drew open the coffin, we found the *Mummy* wrapped up in a gummed shroud, on which was painted a thousand hieroglyphics, and taking the fragments off, for it was all in pieces, had a sight of the filleted subject. The bands are wonderful indeed. It is amazing to see how these fillets are sweathed from head to feet. The vast number of yards, and the artful casts and windings are astonishing. But we saw nothing like what *Diodorus Siculus* reports, and from him, I suppose, the universal historians, *ut* wit, *et* vel palpebrarum *et* superciliorum pili integri manerent, etc. that the filleting covered the head and face in such manner, that one may see the shape of the eyes, nose, mouth, etc. On the contrary, the whole carcase was so thickly covered with the bands from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, that it was impossible to see the least sign of a feature, or to distinguish any particular part : And when I had obtained Mrs. Harcourt's leave to unbind the head and feet of that *Mummy* called the *Priestess of the oracle of Thebes* (for the prince's

ot to be touched} we found it to be as Dr. *Didalton* relates of the *Cambridge Mummy*, wit, a skull and bones, and dust ; at vero hoc omni apparatu, ac condiendi diligencia, nihil fere restat, præter calvariam et ossa, que integumentis superioris particulas quasam, una cum balsamis, etc. in pulverem relictis. Egregium fane vanitatis Egyptiæ monumentum ! quæ cum Deo ipso pugnare arque inventa naturæ legibus opponere ; ac corpus humanum e pulvere excitatum, atque pulverem reversurum, ab interitu conservare præ se ferebat. What an instance of human vanity was this Egyptian art of embalming bodys after death ! To think of opposing the laws of nature by art, and to keep the human frame from dissolution, that was lifted from the dust, and ordained to return dust again.

On one side of these *Mummys*, which lie on an ebony table made in the form of a tomb, in the middle of the repository, there stands an image of *Harpocrates*, the God of silence, crowned with an ornament of the palm-tree, and one long curling lock of hair hanging on the fore-part of the left shoulder. In the left-hand is a *Cornucopia*, and the fore-finger of the right presses the mouth. This fine Egyptian figure is well done, and looks like a high polished steel, being made of that elegant and beautiful marble, which

The image  
of Harpo-  
crates.

H h

the

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the ancients called *Basaites*, *Basanites*, *Lepi Lydius*, and *Heraclius*. It is two feet in inches high, and represents a young man, with a robe thrown carelessly over the body. The finger on the lips enjoyn a *silence*, to express a *sorrow*, or more morally, the *tears* which flow from being silent upon a thousand occasions. *Harpocræus* age is a noble lesson (a). The *Cornu-copia* shews the *placidity* which belong to *silence*: And upon the head this divinity wears a peach-tree grafted to let us know that there should be a perfect agreement between the tongue and the heart. So a God ordains. This is signified by the leaf of the peach-tree, which is like the tongue, and its fruit, which has some resemblance of a heart. Noble instruction! In this beautiful manner did the Sages of Egypt teach: And the Romans were so fond of the invention, that *Pliny* tells us they had a *Harpocrates* engraved on the stones of their rings. What the one lock intended, which seems fastened as it were close to the top of the ear, I cannot tell. Count *Caylus*, in his *Recueil d'Antiquités*, where he is speaking

(a) Mr. *Jackson*, in his *Chronological Antiquities* says, that one reason for *Harpocrates* holding a finger to his lip, was to denote the mysterious and ineffable nature of God, and that the knowledge of him was to be searched after with profound and silent meditation.

two small bronze *Harpocrates's* in  
s possession; which have neither the  
ornu-copia; nor peach-tree garland, has a  
a soning upon it which gives me no satisfac-  
on, and therefore do not mention it, but  
fer you to this curious volume in 4to. if  
ou would see what he ingeniously fanfys up-  
the subject. This image, and the next  
shall mention, were brought from Egypt  
y the Copt who sold Mrs. *Harcourt* the  
*Mummy's*.

The next thing which engaged my atten-  
on; and is on the table the other side of  
is *Mummy's*, is a priest of *Isis*, in the dresa  
f his order, and a mitre on his head. The  
gure is standing, and holds in his hands a  
ll, the middle part of which is opened,  
nd many hieroglyphics appear. This image  
well done, and has a strong impresson of  
oughtfulness in the face, as the priest  
ems to read. The stone is the same kind as  
he *Harpocrates*. The length the same.  
The roll we may suppose to be a volume of  
he mysterys, in which they instructed the  
rise, while they concealed the pure know-  
edge from the vulgar under the strange cha-  
acters. Ces livres, says the Platonic philo-  
opher, expriment en abrégé les pensées, par  
es diverse figures d'animaux, qu'ils offroient  
ux yeux ; et du plus, ils se déroboient à la  
uriosité des prophanes, par des traits sem-

The image  
of a priest  
of Isis.

blables à des nœuds, a des roues, etc. *The hieroglyphics* contained' to be sure the whole system of the *Egyptian* theology and philosophy; and if the sacred books were now remaining, and we were able to understand them, I believe we should have had a good account of the *supreme Deity* and *universal nature*, under the terms of *Osiris* and *Isis*, the *sun*, the *moon*, and all the *luminaries*, whom they called *Gods*, the ministers of the supreme spirit; and physically denoted thereby the inferior mundane elements and powers. A good author tells us, these symbols exhibited and comprehended under them the natural perfections of the Deity; and the various beneficial effects of divine providence in the works of creation: And also the order and harmony, the powers and mutual influence of the several parts of the universal system. Thus, in the opened part of the roll in the hands of this image, there appears a winged globe with a serpent emerging from it, and if the priest were to explain the symbol, he would let us know undoubtedly, that the globe represents the *infinite* divine essence, whose centre was every where, and circumference no where: that the wings of the hawk denote the divine all-comprehensive intellect; and the serpent signifies the vivifying power of God, which gives

fe and existence to all things. A noble  
effon in so small a painting.

The next *Egyptian*-figure which charmed The image of Orus.  
ie in this lady's repository is an image of  
*Orus* two feet high. It is of the stone *Ba-*  
*zites*, and well done. The right hand holds  
*Cornu-copia*, which has the head of the  
*Upupa* upon the top of it; and in the left  
you see a *lituus* or trumpet. A triangle an-  
nexed to a circle is figured on the right-side,  
and on the left there is a *Gnomon*. This image  
to be sure represents the world, and we are to  
earn from the circle and triangle, that this  
world was made by the unerring wisdom of  
God: the *Gnomon* shews the perfect pro-  
portion of its parts. The *Cornu-copia* de-  
notes the fertility of the earth; the head of  
the *Upupa*, *Hoopoe*, the beautiful variety of  
the creation (a); and the *lituus*, or trumpet,  
the harmony of the system. What can be  
more beautiful and instructive than this  
Egyptian symbolical learning?

(a) The *Upupa* or *Hoopoe* is one of the most beauti-  
ful birds, in figure resembling a plover. The neck is  
the finest reddish brown, and its breast milk-white, va-  
riegated with lines of blue. It has small bright piercing  
eyes, and a large head ornamented with a crest the most  
elegant. The crest is composed of a double series of  
feathers, two fingers breadth high, and continued from  
the base of its black bent beak to the very back part of  
the head. It consists of twenty-six feathers, which are  
white, black, and yellow, and it has a power of rais-  
ing or depressing them at pleasure.

As to the history of *Orus*, I think the bishop of *Clogher* has made it plain, that he was the fourth son of *Mizor* or *Osiris*, who was the son of *Ham*, the third son of *Noah*; and that from him the Grecians borrowed the character of their God *Apollo*: It is likewise plain from the symbolical representation in *Montfaucon*, that *Orus*, *Neph*, *Anubis*, *Thoth*, and *Hermes*, are the same. A dog holds between his paws the lyre, of *Apollo*, and the caduceus of *Mercury*. The dog was the emblem of *Anubis* or *Thoth*; the lyre was the symbol of *Orus* or *Apollo*, and the caduceus of *Hermes* or *Mercury*.

The reason why *Anubis*, *Cnuphis*, or *Cnubis*, had the dog for his emblem, and is therefore by *Virgil* called *Anubis Latrator*, is this, that *Neph*, the fourth son of *Mizor*, or *Osiris* (a), grandson to *Ham* or *Cham*, and great grandson to *Noah*, led his colony or nation, upon the dispersion after the flood, about 240 years from the deluge, to the southern borders of *Egypt*, upon the river *Nile*, to a region from him called *Napata*, where queen *Gandace* afterwards reigned, and there, in an island adjoyning to *Syene*, made the *Nilometre*, a machine for measuring the en-

(a) It is from the word *Neph*, or *Cneph*, the name of this grandson of *Ham*, that they made the words *Cnuphis*, *Cnubis*, and *Anubis*, which we find on the *Talisman's*.

west of the Nile: And as that brightest star  
 is the firmament, now called the *dog-star*,  
 appears every year in Egypt, when the Nile be-  
 gins to overflow its bank, that is, in the month  
 of July, *Cneph* made the dog his first cha-  
 racteristic, or hieroglyphical mark in his *Nilometre*,  
 and intended by the symbol to warn  
 men to prepare their grounds for the over-  
 flowing of the Nile, as the bright July star  
 now appeared, and the water of the Nile in  
 the *Nilometre* had risen as high as the first  
 mark, the figure of a dog. When this was  
 done, the floodings were coming on. The dog,  
 as it were, barked, when the water reached  
 him. This made astronomers call this star  
 the *dog-star*: And from hence *Cnephis* did  
 obtain the name of *Taautus*, or *Thoth*, or *Taant*,  
 that is, the *dog*. *Neph* or *Cneph* was cal-  
 led *Orus*, because the Grecians had made him  
 their *Apollo*, *Ore*, being Hebrew, for light:  
 And he was named *Hermes*, that is, the  
*rapporteur*, or *interpreter* of the will of the  
 Gods, on account of the importance of his  
 observations by his *Nilometre*. He could  
 know thereby before-hand, when it would  
 begin to rise; and after it had risen, what  
 would be its effects; whether ordinary or  
 extraordinary (a). How long this *Orus* or  
 H h 4 *Neph*,

(a) The *Nilometre* was a canal cut out of one intire  
 stone, in the bank of the Nile, in which were engraven  
 sc.



*Neph*, the great grandson of *Noah*, lived we cannot be certain; but it might have been to the age of 433, 470 after the flood because *Selah*, who was of the same descent of descent from *Noah*, did live to those years; and of consequence this father of the *Naphtubim* might have been contemporary with *Abraham*; who was born in the year from the deluge 352, and died in the year 527 after the flood, aged 175.

An image  
of *Osiris*.

An image of *Osiris* of bronze, three feet high, is another fine curiosity in the repository of the late Mrs. *Harcourt*. This figure of a human body has the head of a hawk and a sceptre in its right hand. A bull, the symbol of *Osiris*, is engraven on the breast, and a beetle, or *scarabeus* on the shoulder. The design of this is to represent the power and all-seeing providence of the supreme God. This *Osiris* was *Mizar*, the fourth son of *Ham*; and my lord of Clogher thinks, that he was brother to *Melchizedec*, or *Canaan*, the youngest son of *Ham*, to whom *Abram* payed tithes, in the valley of *Shechem*, as to the king of righteousness.

several lines, to denote the different encreases of the *Nile*; and to which were added several characteristic marks to denote upon certain days the future encrease of the *Nile*. By this means they were enabled to form certain future presages, and prognosticats concerning the ensuing season.

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By the way, this notion of *Melchisedec* is vastly different from the opinion of some great divines, who tell us he was the *Word*. Some say he was the *Holy Ghost*, as I read in the Book of a learned doctor not long ago. But bishop *Clayton* observes, that *Melchisedec* in the *Hebrew* signifies *king*, and *Tsedec* or *Sedec*, *righteousness*. That *Sedec* was a family title conferred on the kings of this place, and as *Canaan* was the first parent of all the inhabitants of that country, St. Paul speaking from the common tradition, might justly say, he was *without father, without mother, without ancestors, without generation, or descent*. I think this is just. The *Chinese* say *Fabi*, their first king, had no father. *Seneca* says, *Servius* had no mother. *Julius* had no father: that is, it was not known who was the father of *Julius*, nor the mother of *Servius*. And as *Canaan* had not, according to history, either beginning of days or end of life, the apostle might well say so, and that he abided a priest continually. Every father of a family was the priest of the family. And as to tithes paid, this was due to *Canaan* as prince of the whole country. The tenth of the spoils was the prince's due not only in *Judea*, but in other countries. This my lord of Clogher shews from various authors, to which he refers in his chronology of the Hebrew Bible vindicated.

You

## P O S T S C R I P T.

You may say perhaps, that it looks a little odd, to make *Canaan* *Maledictor*, when *Moses* tells us, that *Noah* awaked from his wine, and sayed, *curfed* be *Canaan*. But to this it may be answered, that there is a mistake, in the transcriber of the copy, and that since *Ham* is spoken of as being guilty of the offence, and specified by name, in this manner, *Ham*, the father of *Canaan*, saw his father's nakedness, therefore in the original it must have followed, and *Noah* awaked from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him. And he said, *curfed* be (*Ham*, the father of) *Canaan*; a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren. This makes sense of the passage, and it appears to be no more than a prophecy; not a curse out of revenge, but a revelation made by God to *Noah* in his sleep, of what was to happen to the whole posterity of *Ham*, on account of their future iniquitys, and particularly to the *Canaanites*, when the measure of their wickedness was filled. *Jarrin*, likewise, in his history of the doctrines of the church, treating of this subject, says, the prophetic curse of *Noah* was not to take effect but upon the generation living in *Joshua's* time; and it was mentioned by *Moses* to encourage the *Israelites* in their wars, and let them see for certain, that by the infallible pro-

prophecy of God, they must conquer the *Canaanites*, and be put in possession of their land. *Canaan* therefore, the son of *Ham*, might have been an angel of a man, notwithstanding this *revealed* ~~was~~ to an impious generation, when it had so far lost all shame and modesty as to worship the *Phallus* (a), *Baal-peor*, the naked, shameless God.

The judicious Dr. *Leland* of Dublin, has a good observation upon this subject, in his reflections on lord Bolingbroke's letters. *Moses*, to raise the spirits of the *Israelites*, who were entering on a war with the *Canaanites*, sets down this prophecy, and takes notice only of what the prophecy said concerning *Canaan*. Nor is the malediction pronounced upon *Canaan* declared to be on account of what *Ham* had done. This was not the cause of the curse. Nor did *Noah* pronounce it in a *passion* or *drunken fit*, as lord Bolingbroke represents it. But God was pleased to enlighten *Noah* with some view of the fates of his posterity, and upon the occasion of *Ham*'s behavior, the patriarch pronounced the prediction of that punishment which an execrable wickedness would bring upon the *Canaanites* in a course of ages. The iniquity of the *Canaanites* was the true and proper ground of the punishment.

(a) The *Phallus* was an image of the human parts of generation.

ment. The wickedness of this people God perfectly foresaw, and determined, on the account of it, to inflict exemplary punishment. This punishment or curse *Noah* was enabled to foretel, and *Moses* recorded that part of the prophecy which related to *Canaan*; as well to encourage the *Israelites* in their wars, as to make them more distinctly observe the hand of providence, when they saw the prophecy accomplished. — This is the substance of the doctor's reasoning. To me it appears very just: and, upon the whole, I think the words, *Cursed be Canaan, or cursed be Ham, the father of Canaan*, as the bishop says it was in the original, (and says it with reason) cannot be any objection against our supposing *Canaan* to have been *Melchisedec*. — We have now done with the *Green Island*, and from thence proceed to *Scalpa*, where are many curious things which I promised you some account of.

An account  
of *Scalpa*  
and its in-  
habitants.

*Scalpa* is an amazing frightful rock to the North-East of the *Green Island*, at the distance of half a league. It is an oval figure; sharp at both ends, but in its longest diameter above a mile and a half. It is covered several feet with earth and a fine sod; which furnishes the necessaries of life. Eggs and wild-fowl are likewise to be had in great abundance, and fish in plenty. There are two easy hills in the middle  
of

of it which give fine water ; and in a valley between these rising grounds, what inhabitants are there do live. The cliffs all round this place hang dreadfully from the summit over the sea, and appear a most terrible pending destruction to all who come near : Thousands of small rocks do likewise environ the little realm, and the water is ever breaking over them in a frightful way. There is no bay, or creek of entrance, in the circumference of the isle ; but the ocean, or the hand of nature at first, has made a narrow arched passage quite through one end of the rock, so as to see the day from side to side. The passage is about a quarter of a mile long, and the wind for ever rushes through it in strong gusts. The sea does likewise pour in with force ; and as it drives along in rapid eddies, makes shocking noises in the hollows of the side cliffs. It is a horrible scene, and yet through this arch you must go, if ever you intend to visit this place. In the middle of this tumbling, howling road, there lies on the right-hand a small black bay, and in that some natural steps of rock by the surface of the water, on which you ascend a swarthy pass to the land above. This is the only entrance into this island.

To make this adventurous voyage, the *Nevogue* is the safest machine, that is, a boat of wattles covered with the green hide of a bull,

bull, or a horse or cow-hide, as before described. Into this I went with one man, and had a lady likewise with me, which will seem to many very strange. This was Mrs. *Schomberg*. She had been used to the *Nevoque*, when she made a visit once to a relation in the West of Ireland, who lives on *Mall-bay*, and in this most dreadful of bays had been often out in the horse-hide skiff.

Our voyage  
to Scalpa.

But as to our voyage ; having got all things ready, and among the rest some biscuit, and some bottles of wine and water, in case of accidents, we paddled out at nine o'clock in a charming morning, and stood away for the Island we wanted to visit. Our hide machine was an excellent one, and rowed at a great rate. We soon reached the shoals and breakers which environ Scalpa, and in safety skimmed over them all. We entred the arched pass that is under the shortest diameter of the island very dextrously, and expected soon to be in the black bay, where the landing place is ; but a risen wind was so strong, and the flood so very rapid under this vast amazing arch, that we were hurried on with a swiftness that surprized us, and had it not in our power to gain the port. Through the whole streight we drove like an arrow from a bow, and came out the other side of the isle, among a thousand rocks, that were

unken some, and some a few yards above the level of the deep. The finest ship that ever sailed would have perished here in a few minutes time; but hide of bull, which covered our well-made *Nevogue*, stood many perilous thump, and brought us out into a clear sea. The gale however blowed harder till, and was carrying us very quick we knew not where. In conjunction with the tide, it wrung us several leagues away, and might glad we were, as night on a sooty cloud came riding on, to reach a little spot of terra firma. We fortunately came to a ledge of low rocks, and from the dry part of them, walked into a little country that was about a mile square. Here we had a rest from all the dangers of the deep. We were secured from that destruction we must soon have experienced at sea, in a dark night, and rising storm. Only those who have been in such like perils by water, can have a true sense of our joy. This is adventure, Mrs. Schomberg said. You may be *Orontes* now, and I the princess *Sabrina*. Just so were they thrown on shore: And if there be but a *Polemon's* house here, we are as fortunate as that pair. But no house could we see, Not a human creature was there: And into a rocky cave we were glad to go. *Sboneen*, our waterman, struck a light, and set before us our biscuit, our oyl,



oyl, and our wine. We supped on an *Indian brouse* (a), and drank our flask of generous with chearfulness and joy ; as we heard the tempest rattle over our heads, and the ocean in a tremendous roar. Mrs. Schomberg produced from her inexhaustible fund of spirits and good humour as many lively things as if she had been sitting in her own country-house, and in her silver tone of voice, and rapid swiftness of throat, felicitated the night with several songs. She rendered this desolate, dismal spot, a delightful place. Good humor, harmony, and sense, can produce a happiness almost every where.

The next morning we thought to depart, but the water was too rough, and so it continued, with terrible squawks of wind all day. It was the same weather Wednesday, the following day, and on Thursday we had a wind that would have removed the little island, if that was possible to be done by a storm. Our cave then proved a pleasing habitation ; and as we had bread and wine enough, and oyl for eating and our lamp ; as there was a fountain of fresh water on the land, the air very warm, and coats to lie on,

(a) An *Indian brouse* is sea-bisket softened in fresh water, and a little salt, oyl and vinegar thrown over it. It is very good eating where no better is to be had.

there

here was no great cause to complain. Beside, *Shoneen* had his fishing tackle, and caught at times several kinds of fish, which we broiled for us very well, and roasted many excellent eggs. It was really a scene pleasing enough for three days.

When Friday came, the weather was extremely fine, and again I handed my sparkling companion into our barge. The sky was all river blue, and we had a glorious morning run. The ocean was smooth as a mirror, and *Shoneen*, our waterman, whisked the *Currough* along. (a). But after he had been working the *Nevoque* for three hours, and that during the last, we had lost the lamp of heaven in a cloud, he stopped at once, and told us he believed he was going wrong; for we had been carried so far out to sea, that he knew not where he was, as there was no sign of any land: But as I had a very good compass to my watch, which had guided me over many a desert ground, I could as-

(a) *Lloyd*, bishop of Worcester, speaking of *Rauda*, king of Dalred, in Ireland, his coming over to Scotland with his grim herds of Irishmen, to harass the country of the Britains, and carry their cattle away, in the reign of Constantius, the son of Constantine, calls these *hide-machines curroughs*. Hist. of Church Government, p. 15. etc.—By the way, a senseless story. You will find some good remarks upon it in Gordon's Itinerary, p. 141---145.

sure him he was right, and bid him pull away, or, if weary, to let me take the oar. This gave him new life, and between us both we made a shift to get into the black bay of *Scalpa*, as the sun was going down. Quite weary of the water by this time, we were very glad to land, and I led up my fair companion to the habitable part of the isle.

Our land-  
ing at  
Scalpa,  
and recep-  
tion by the  
inhabitants.

Here we were received in a manner the most humane, by sixty men and women, who are, with a few children, the inhabitants of this spot. They were vastly surprized at the visit, but greatly pleased with our coming. *You are welcome, pilgrims,* they repeated several times; in their language, which is the *Irish* tongue; and as Mrs. Schomberg speaks it well, (having lived several years in the country of Ireland, while a young girl) they shewed a most extraordinary fondness and respect for her. Their chief, who was the oldest and most substantial man amongst them, brought her and me to his cottage, which was separated a few yards from the other little houses, and consisted of several very neat small rooms. His pretty daughter produced the best provisions they had, and gave us fish and eggs and potatoes, and oat cake and goat butter, and goats milk, in great plenty. She likewise set a bottle of whisky, or aqua vite upon the table; and her brother, who had been a traveller, as his

his father told us, that is, had been in some of the wild parts of Ireland, entertained us with several tunes on a harp. The daughter likewise sung some pretty Irish songs, and sung them well. Every thing was beautifully simple, good, and pleasing. We had all the inhabitants of the country about us, and they could not enough wonder at Mrs. Schomberg. Her speaking their language so fluently, and presenting the women with several little toy-presents she brought with her on purpose, were things that quite charmed them : And her dress and fine face there was no end of their admiring.

At last we retired, and in a coarse cleaned, I slept like one of the dead till morning, when I arose betimes to look over the little country I was in. I found the inhabitants all busily employed. Some of the men were digging, others fishing, or making nets for water and land, two were at the loom, and a few in a frightful situation on the rocks to get birds eggs. Of the women some were milking the goats, and others spinning flax and wool. Some were grinding the quern, and every soul of them hardly engaged. I saw not any tradesman among them, excepting the two weavers : But they told me the women could make cloaths for male and female ; and the men, such shoes and other rough things of every kind as they wanted :

And as they had fish and eggs much more than their number could consume ; and potatoes and oats, and good water on the isle ; with a multitude of goats, and a few sheep to keep them warm, they had all the happiness they wished for in this world.

An account  
of the people  
of Scalpa.

Happy mortals, to be sure, these *Scalpians* are ! With few utilities, and not one elegance of life, they sense more real felicities than wealth and grandeur can yield. Strangers to luxury and vice, and free from the chains and weights of strong passions and prevailing customs, they are ever true to nature, and to one another. Without books and learning, they are always reasonable, and offer up their particular interests to the good of the society. They live in everlasting union. They only labour for what is necessary. They never feel that anguish and vexation of spirit, which springs from the business, the delights and the factions of our world. They have not an idea of gallantry, and an over-reaching cunning. They have no notion of that common man with us, — the man without honor, without faith, without honesty ; who strives to deceive by system, and rejoices in destruction, when he can evade human justice ; the calm, thinking, close, secret villain, who never minds the hints of conscience, yet can seem pained at the wicked actions of another : But, on the contrary, are modest, virtuous, and tender-hearted among them-

themselves; and to strangers ever courteous and forward to do the kindest offices. Their whole life is that simplicity the poets have signed of golden ages; and let what will befall them, so much as one impatient murmur they ever utter. They are the most resigned people to the will of heaven that I have ever seen acquainted with, and however the year turns out, fortunat or unfortunat, fruitful or barren, they maintain a constant thankfulness for such bounties as providence sees fit to bestow on them.

They profess the protestant religion, tho' the present generation never saw a minister among them, nor have a bible in the island. They have the most essential texts by tradition handed down from one to the other, and repeat them very exactly. By this poor means they are better livers than the generality of polished christians, who have the sacred letters in their houses, and labored discourses from the doctors.

In London, in Paris, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, in our very villages, what do we see; for the most part, but mankind in the most depraved state ——— prophaneness, intemperance, and debauchery, the most consummate impudence, confidence, and rudeness, dissimulation, falshood, and cruelty, vanity, and love of pleasure in some, an amazing avarice in others, and such excesses and extravagancies of every kind, that were a stranger from

some neighbouring planet to come among us, and observe our actors, he might conclude, till better informed; that men were so far from having a gospel to aid their feeble reason, and fill their souls with every holy affection and disposition; to bring them, by denunciations of unspeakable woes, and promises of unutterable eternal bliss, to an earnestness and intenseness in every generous and spiritual act; to a life of virtue and charity in respect of our neighbour and ourselves; and of devotion the most fervent and inworking, to our continual benefactor, the blessed God; that it looked rather as if we were the offspring of an evil principle, and were produced to answer the lowest and worst of purposes. There is indeed but little true piety and true goodness in our great cities, and our little villages. The multitude is amazingly wicked. Even professors are indifferent and lukewarm. But in *Scozia*, they are like the good souls in the first christian church, at Jerusalem, and have the most sincere and unreserved devotedness to God. It is beautiful to see how these poor, unlettered people have transcribed the moral excellencies of the Deity into the temper of their souls, and captivated every thought to the obedience of Christ. The good old man, with whom we supped, told us they placed their supreme trust and dependence upon the Father of the universe, because he was independent, and all sufficient. They feared him

ing, because he was the greatest and most  
 perfect of beings. And they loved him  
 and consecrated him, because he was infinite  
 wisdom and absolute perfection. What could  
 be greater doctor in the English or the La-  
 tin church say better? And yet, as before ob-  
 served, they never had a teacher, or saw a  
 school; nor have they a New Testament in  
 their country. They have only by rote a  
 few numbers of texts from the gospels and  
 epistles, which they repeat with an astonish-  
 ing exactness, and teach their children.

The public worship of this people did  
 know surprise me very greatly, and give  
 me much pleasure. They all met the Sun-  
 day morning we were there in a large open  
 field, in the middle of their town; and in  
 this place one of the men appointed to  
 minister, on account of the goodness of  
 his voice, repeated the *Apostles Creed*;  
 which the people all cried out, *Amen*:  
 then they fell on their knees, and with  
 great devotion said the *Lord's Prayer*:  
 this done, their minister recited the Ten  
 commandments, and then the young people,  
 the youths and maidens, standing out in a  
 row, repeated audibly, one after another,  
 two or three portions of an *epistle*, till they  
 had gone through all the texts of it that are  
 known to this church. They named the  
 chapters and verse: and the manner of the  
 whole was this.

The public  
 worship of  
 Scalpa.



The first who began sayed——It is written in the Epistle of Paul the Apostle, to the Galatians, Grace be to you, and peace from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God, and our Father. To whom be glory for ever and ever; Amen. Chapter i. ver. 3, 4, 5.

The next: I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: And the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. Chap. ii. ver. 20.

The third: O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified among you: Chapter iii. ver. 10.

4. When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman, under the law. To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his son into your hearts, crying, Abba Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God. Chapter iv. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7,

5. This

3. This, I say, then, walk in the spirit, and fulfil not the lust of the flesh. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lewdness; idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, strife, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, enmities; Drayings, murders, drunkenness, swellings, and such like, of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in the past, that they which do such things, shall not inherit the kingdom of God; but the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, temperance: Against such there is no law. Chap. v. 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.

Here the young people ended. This was all they knew of the Epistle to the Galatians (a). And when they had done, the minister of this little church concluded with his sentence, May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore.

We were delighted very much with this service, and with great pleasure attended their

(4) Their knowledge of the other Epistles and the four Gospels is of the same kind. They have only some verses of each; but they are connected verses, and form a discourse. They have the sermon on the Mount entire; the parable of the sower; the miracle of the daves; the raising of Lazarus; the transfiguration; and the crucifixion and ascension of Jesus.

worship,

worship; morning and afternoon, for two Sundays we were confined by the weather on the island. There was a christening on one of these days; and the manner was this: Their minister took the child by an arm and the other leg, and dipped it in a deep well of water, saying at the same time, I baptize you John Eagle in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There was no sign of the cross made. There were no sponsors. Such is the little church of *Scalpa*: beautiful in simplicity; heavenly in a want of many external;—and in being free from many formal acts of piety. Without a *learned spirituality*, and a *falseness of ceremony*; uncorrupted by learning; and undisturbed by fathers, councils, and convocations, they enjoy evangelical religion. They pray and live in the genius and spirit of the gospel.

*Athanasius*, and his clandestine champion; they never heard of. The unchristian notions of *Waterland*, *Trapp*, and *Berryman*; the invented faith of our orthodox defenders, they have not an idea of. Their church has never suffered by a *Sherlock* and *Potter* on the trinity (a); or by the sermons of an *Edwards*,  
*Sed,*

(a) Dean *Sherlock*, of whom *South* says in his *Tracts* is charged, that he would find it a much harder work to look death in the face, than to write upon it. — Dr. *Potter*, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1747, was succeeded by Dr. *Herring*, the present archbishop. It is amazing to see how bishop *Potter*, in his zeal for this

*dignity*

land, or an *Allen* (a). The *antichristian* book called *Opbismaches*, and the other destructive writings of the same unhappy author, these poor christians are strangers to; and, as fortunately for them, quite unacquainted with his christian plan, and other works of the reverend

*justly infinite understandings*, at the helm of the university, abuses bishop *Heady* and Dr. *Sykes*. Potter's works are three volumes 8vo. edit. 1754. And to do the estate justice, I must observe to you, that there are some very fine things in his sermons, which may be separated, to your pleasure and profit, from what is weak and passionate.—You will find this bishop well painted in *Newton's Memoirs of his own Life*.

(a) In respect of one of those *tritheistic* divines, the everend Mr. *Jeremiah Seed*, who is lately dead, and who preached Dr. *Waterland's* funeral sermon (in which sermon he tells a most notorious untruth, in saying that *Waterland* *kept the strong man*, as he calls *Marke*, of his *utmost*) I must, in justice, let you know, that notwithstanding this gentleman's being a contender for the *heresy of three Gods*, yet he was a benevolent man, an upright christian, and a beautiful writer. Exclusive of his zeal for *tritheism*, which made him in this article as mad as the *hero of La Mancha*, he was in every thing else an excellent clergyman, and an admirable scholar. I knew him well, and on account of his amiable qualities, very highly honour his memory; tho no two ever differed more in religious sentiments.—Mr. *Seed* was for the doctrines of his church, as they were handed down from fathers to fathers, and as they are illuminated by modern commentators. He would seriously and earnestly tell me, that our future happiness depended on believing the orthodox tenets of his church.—I, on the contrary, used to laugh at them, and declare for the scripture doctrine and rule of worshipping God, as it lay in my Bible, in direct opposition to

reverend Dr. Hodges (*a*). According to the rules of our divine master; simply and without any ceremony, they call upon God their Father,

to the minds of his fathers, and the reasonings of his pretended orthodox theologians. I was for that doctrine and rule which requires us to *worship God our heavenly Father, in the name of Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord and Saviour, through the communion of the Holy Spirit: And to make a realizing, presentiating faith of the unseen things promised by God to the faithful a prevailing principle, to discriminat and govern my temper and life.*— In this respect we never could agree. But he was too good a man to be unfriendly to me, because I would have no master but *Christ*, and no Father but him who is in heaven.

(*a*) Dr. Hodges is a very extraordinary man. He comes on with an etymological evidence, and by forcing of Hebrew words, and derivations of words in a language dead some thousand years ago, and of which there is but one book in the world, attempts to oppose the mind of the Lord Jesus, and subvert that pure gospel theism, which the Christ of God promulgated, and his blessed apostles preached to mankind. To this purpose D. D. with a front peculiar to the *Hutchinsonians*, gives a sense the most shocking to revelation, and by a false Hebrew learning, endeavours to establish *three covenanting* supreme minds, *three* almighty contracting powers. This senseless and abominable doctrine, which a true learning finds contrary to the mind of Moses, and repugnant to the blessed gospel of our divine master, D. D. has the forehead to call the *christian plan*, and to tell the prelates of our church, that if this *adorable mystery* (as he calls his *three contracting powers*) be not received as the religion of Jesus; if those prelates will not wage perpetual war with the *Amalekites*, who hold the contrary opinion, that is, with those christian *Unitarians*, who will not blaspheme the divine Unity, but maintain there is only *ONE* supreme sovereign agent or being omnipotent

father, and live truly devoted towards him ;  
 just and peaceable and charitable towards  
 men ; meek and humble and patient, kind  
 and

impotent in wisdom and action, who is to be worshipped  
 in spirit and truth, through one Mediator, *Christ Jesus*,  
 our advocate with the everlasting Father ; and if the  
 said prelates will not militate, without fearing the im-  
 putation of wanting that quiet and peaceable spirit,  
 which ought to be the ornament of a christian (well said  
*Hodges*) if they will not even sleep under arms for the  
 essence of the said *adorable mystery*, *three almighty con-*  
*tracting minds, equal in power, and all possible perfec-*  
*tions*, and be as the church ought to be a *church militant*  
 upon earth (*Hodges's Preface*) ; then is the *candlestick*  
 removed from them. Amazing insolence ! If his grace  
 of *Canterbury*, that fair and amiable character, as the  
 everend Mr. *Balguy*, before his admirable sermons,  
 truly and beautifully paints the present primate of all  
 England, does not give up the simple doctrine of the  
 New Testament, change his heavenly temper, and  
 become a backer and bower of christians, who believe  
 in God the Father almighty, and in Jesus Christ his  
 only Son our Lord ; if his grace is not an *Hutchinsonian*,  
 and will not fight for *three covenanting supreme powers*,  
 then is his grace an *Amalekite*, in the opinion of Dr.  
*Hodges*, and he must expect to receive the *Hutchinson-*  
*ian's fire*. For, as D. D. adds, christianity is a state of  
 war, and the *Hutchinsonians* act against the infernal host  
 preface to the Christian Plan, p. 19) that is, those who  
 will not confess *three CONTRACTING supreme powers ;*  
*three COVENANTING infinite minds or spirits ;* (which  
 is false, antichristian, polytheistic, and idolatrous) ; and  
 acknowledge only *one infinite spirit, one supreme God ;*  
*the Father the only true God ;* who, in the fulness of  
 time, when his adorable wisdom thought fit, sent the  
 brightness of his glory, and the express image of his per-  
 son, our adorable Redeemer *Christ Jesus our Saviour*, to  
 purchase us to God by his blood.

In

and friendly to one another ; and to all they have any acquaintance with. They are visibly God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus. They live in a federal union with the Deity by Christ their master.

But you may say perhaps, is not this service too short and simple for any christians—And, if it were sufficient, would it not render the priesthood unnecessary?—These are questions, *Jerwks*, that I shall not presume to answer. As to the clergy, I gave you my opinion of them in a note at the beginning of my letter, and have only to add, in relation to them, that such pastors as live intirely by the rule of the gospel, as under God's eye now, and in view of a life to come; who have little or no concern with the things of this world, and make it the sole labor of their every day to reduce every object and precept of the faith to practice, and promote among mankind a conscientious walking with God.—Such ministers, in my mind, are of high

In this manner does this great doctor treat true christians, and call them an *infernal host*, who appear for the peerless majesty of God, and the character of his chosen servant, Jesus the Mediator. He would hang us and damn us, if he had a power equal to his malice. He would sink the New Testament, if that was possible, to advance the *creed of Athanasius*, and the *system of Hutchinson*.

In note 18, before referred to, you will find some observations on this divine's writings. — The *Christian Plan*—and *Elibu*.

im-

importance to society, and should by the commonwealth be enabled to live in peace, with contentment and tranquillity under their cross: But as such men, *Hæres Christiana*! are very few; and we are miserable under orthodox defenders, all-grasping teachers, beautiful; and powdered prigs, I cannot help thinking, that in the present deplorable state of christianity, we should be better than we are, if we had no other ministers than such as every way would resemble the poor pious priest, who officiates among the innocent culprits. Pastors, like him, might prove more useful to the world than men who manifest a disposition to every thing but universal goodness. It is possible we might then see, what will not be seen in my time, a reverential fear of God, and continued endeavours to do good, in all the intelligent creatures of this land.

As to the shortness of the *Scalpiæ* service, I shall only say, that it has a tendency to answer all the various particular occasions of the christian life. The Apostles Creed is Creed enough for any christian but an orthodox spirit. The Lord's Prayer is all that even the papists could recover of Peter's Missal. *Nuda primo hæc erant, et omnia simpliciter tractabantur, Petrus ubi consecraverat, oratione Pater Noster usus est:* These are the words of *Platina*. And as to the few connected verses,



verses; from the Epistle to the Galatians, repeated by the young people of *Scalpa*, they are a beautiful table of what we are to believe of God and his Christ; and of what we are to avoid and pursue, in going through life. They are a lesson more heavenly and excellent than the finest sermon I have ever heard.

The things which next engaged my attention in *Scalpa*, were some very fine natural curiosities; and the most extraordinary old woman in the world I believe, who is a native of this little island. She is past a hundred, and has a memory, a judgment, an eye-sight, and a quickness that are astonishing. But it is not in my power to describe these things at present, as my very postscript is already almost out of measure. For the curiosities then, I must refer you to note 19; and for the history of Mrs. *Macmuirgein* of *Scalpa*, to note 20. You will find them both at the end of my second letter.

All I have to add is, that after nine days confinement with these poor islanders, by the boisterousness of the weather, we returned in safety at last to our friends in the Green Island, who were greatly rejoiced at our arrival, for they thought we had perished. Mrs. *Schomberg* must be at the bottom, they concluded, as one of the people of

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had been with them the day after we departed, and had seen no strangers in his country. We were indeed on the brink of destruction, and had as great a deliverance as ever mortals met with. Exclusive of a high wind at sea, a little after we set off in the leather skiff, there was no living many minutes in such a vessel, when night and a tempest came on, as they did just after we were thrown by good fortune on the same island we lay by in. This spot of land in the ocean we had not the least notion of. We had no expectation of meeting with any such place till we drove upon the breakers that surround it. It was therefore a great favour of divine providence. It was the invisible arm alone that brought our boat into his secure harbour. God is a deliverer of those who fear him. The sands upon the winding shores are not so numerous as the excellent mercies of the Lord.

The gracious hand of God does wonders many a time for those who have received the spirit of adoption, and under the influences of it are full of filial affection. If we manifest upon all occasions a fiducial trust and reliance upon the supreme power and goodness, that ever-glorious Being who governs and controuls all things, and makes all things subservient to his purposes, is often pleased to display his undeserved mercy in fa-

The conclusion.

The con-  
clusion.

vor of his poor humble creatures; and frequently rescues the *contrite ones* from ruin, and the most dreadful dangers. He shews himself a very present help in the time of trouble.

*Jews*, the cry is against religion, in this age of modern heathenism. But do you bravely dare to become obedient to the faith, and to secure by a religious life the favor of the blessed God. Then you may expect the successful dispensations of providence, if you traverse the ocean, or the wilds of Africa, in search of wisdom or on lawful business; unless it be more profitable for you to taste the cup of affliction. It is religion that engages the mercy and goodness of the great disposer of all things. The omnipotent protector, whose dominion is universal, whose authority is incontrollable, will give his little flock salvation and deliverance: Or, being filled by religion with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, they are strengthened with all might, in the time of tribulation, unto all patience and suffering with joyfulness. Happy souls, who have religion! They are often set free from occurring scenes of confusion, and delivered from impending storms of violence. They always enjoy the instigation, direction, and powerful assistance of the holy, blessed, and sanctifying spirit.

But

But by religion, *Jews*, I do not mean  
 ther *orthodoxy* or *vision*; the religion that The con-  
*Whitfield* and other enlightened men whine clusion.  
 at in their conventicles to ignorant multi-  
 tudes of deluded wretches; or, that *inven-*  
*ve piety*, which *Randolph* (a), and other  
*tritbeists* are sadly employed in defending;  
 so it hath no foundation in scripture, or  
 common sense.

By religion I mean that heavenly law  
 which teacheth and professeth the *immutable*  
*premac*y of the *one God and Father of all*,  
 and the *subordination* of the *son* to the *will*  
 of the *Father*; which directs us to keep up  
 grateful commerce with him, as our creator,  
 or redeemer, our protector, and our father,  
 and to make an unfeigned regard to him, the

K k 2

foun-

(a) I mention Dr. *Randolph* the *tritbeist*, on pur-  
 pose to let you know, in answer to your question con-  
 cerning him, that his vindication of a co-equal, co-  
 eternal, and consubstantial trinity published in three  
 parts, against the bishop of Clogher's Essay on Spirit, is  
 the weakest and most inconsistent apology for the dread-  
 ful heresy of three Gods that I have ever read. *Warrland*  
 with *Randolph* a *Father*, the greatest of divines, his  
 master; but surely christianity is a great sufferer by such  
 a *Father* and such a *disciple*. If misinterpretation and  
 evil, partiality, obstinacy, and rancour, are wicked  
 things in controversy, these doctors are great criminals  
 for the use they have made of them in writing for  
 their miserable system. In an appendix at the end of my  
 second letter, you will find some animadversions on this  
 bipartite piece of Dr. *Randolph*, and on *Knowles*, and  
 the other two writers against my lord of Clogher. —

You

The con-  
clusion.

foundation of all our virtues, and the principle of all our actions ; to address this bleſſed God in daily prayer and praises, as thoſe who know we are to him a *holy priſthood* and a *peculiar people*, and to approach him through the *great Mediator*, the *holy Jeſu* to make a dedication of ourſelves to him, to copy out the divine perfections in a holy life and abound in all the offices of juſtice and charity to our fellow-creature. This is true religion. Let it be your faith and your practice ; without regarding the conſent of our enlightened ones, or the learning of the doctors. What flows from the pure fountain of reaſon improved by revelation what gives a generous conception of the Deity, and manifeſts the divine genius of Chriſtianity, is worth our embracing. It is the perfection of religion to *worſhip our God* for his *cause*, the parent of nature, the fountain of all authority, and power, and to acknow-  
ledge

You will likewise have in the ſame place ſome remarks on the book called *Ophismaches*, or *Deiſm unravelled*, two volumes of *outrageous ſtuff* we had from an *Irish diſſolger* in 1749 :—— And ſome obſervations on two volumes more, called *Diſcourſes*, by the ſame author, which came out this year, and are, without all peradventure, the *moſt extravagant rant* that ever proceeded from the head of a *ſenſeleſs orthodox bully*. The writer is *malice himſelf*. He blackens antients and moderns ; and has the Corinthian face to offer the *moſt diſſolute biblical ignorance* to the public for explication of ſcripture.

large his superintendency over all things and  
 affairs; that a supreme Being is conscious of <sup>The con-</sup>  
 whatever is felt, or acted in the universe; <sup>clusion,</sup>  
 and that there must one still be remaining  
 within us in the perfectest recesses, or deepest  
 solitude, who is a *witness* and *spectator* of  
 our *thoughts* and *actions*: that a universal  
 kingdom and dominion is committed to Jesus  
 the Mediator, and a power to raise us from  
 the dead; that he is to come again at the  
 end of the world; judge mankind, and  
 compleat the designs of the mediatorial scheme.  
 This is indeed a noble and gracious institu-  
 tion. It is an *everlasting guard* to truth and  
 virtue, and an *awful call* to *act what is right*;  
 not only in conformity to that unalterable  
 rule of action which is founded in the reason  
 of things, but in regard to the great and  
 striking authority of so high a personage as  
 the *first and only begotten Son of God*.

From this religion then, my dear *Hugolin*,  
 let no sophistry or enthusiasm, profit or  
 loss, ever gain you to recede. Cry, *Abba*,  
*Father*, evermore, and lay hold on the cove-  
 nant of grace and peace in Christ Jesus our  
 Lord. This secures your *everlasting concerns*,  
 whatever death, whatever time you die:  
 And if you should happen to be in perils  
 by land, and in perils by water, you may  
 hope for deliverance from the power of that  
 mighty Being who is invariably good; and

The con-  
clusion.

have more than ordinary reason to joy in ascribing with the glorious and innumerable heavenly host——

*Honor, power, and thanksgiving to the eternal God, who sits upon the throne of supremacy, unrivalled in majesty and power.*

This has been my case many a time. I have been in as deplorable distresses as ever man fell into, on this stage of being, and have often stood on the brink of death and misery, without the least probability of an escape, by any means within my power: Yet here I am still by the good will of him who dwelt in the bush of *Horeb*. He governs and manages the first springs of natural causes, and without altering nature, visibly directs them to the preservation of his creatures, where his infinite wisdom sees fit.

Or, if philosophy will cavil, and allow no kind of actual interposition, in providence, the scripture plainly teaches it, yet it is certain, that the all-wise creator of the world, on foresight of the dispositions and wants of moral agents, might so order the constitution of natural things in the beginning, and appoint the constant course of nature, as to make them a provision and relief, in proportion to temper and exigency, upon every occasion he saw proper; and thereby be as much a present help in all events, as if he interposed by actual operation. This is easy  
to

infinite wisdom and power. Let it be done <sup>The con-</sup>  
 the way or other, providence, I can affirm, <sup>clusion.</sup>  
 as had a peculiar influence upon many an  
 event in several periods of my life. Preside-  
 ing goodness has often preserved me, and  
 manifested to my senses the word of his  
 power.

And as there are very few, I believe, who  
 have not had some experiences of the kind  
 in one part or other of their lives, I imagine  
 every reader of this Postscript will with plea-  
 sure joyn me, when I extol him first, him  
 next, him midst, and without end.

*Blessed be the glorious God, even Jehovah, the  
 self-existent, the God of Israel, who alone doth  
 wondrous things : And blessed be the name  
 of his Majesty for ever, through Christ Jesus  
 our Lord.*

BARBICAN,  
 Dec. 31, 1754

*The E N D.*







A

# POSTILLA,

relative to true religion—the clergy—and their antagonists.

**A**T page 498, of my Postscript, I told you what I thought of the clergy, as did before in a short note, at the beginning of my letter; and in the conclusion of the Postscript, I gave you my opinion of true religion. There are several passages likewise in my letter in favor of revelation, and nothing written, as I remember, that can be construed, with equity, into the service of infidelity. This ought to be sufficient to justify me as to my christianity. It will do with the reasonable. But as it is my misfortune to have enemies, who blacken me without mercy, and without justice; and that even some orthodox friends, whom I honor for their worth and abilities, are pleased to think the late Dr. *Morgan* made me an *almost-christian*, if he did not convert me to his own confession of faith; and of consequence, I suppose, that my declarations for  
 revelation

revelation are affected ; a disguise assumed, the better to destroy while we exalt ; as has been said of others ; it is therefore necessary, in regard to truth, and to myself, to proceed a little farther, and offer a few things more upon this subject. They may be serviceable and pleasing to you. They may perhaps be of use to a *discreet and temperate piety*.

That I am no friend to that religion which by artifice and ignorance, or by imposture working upon enthusiasm and superstition, has been made the most disputable, doubtful, unintelligible thing in the world, may be asserted from my daily conversation, as well as from several passages in my letter to you ; and I do here farther confess, that I despise the systems of the generality of divines, and have very little regard for the men, on account of their bigotry, ambition, and selfishness. Their religious imaginations are an abomination to me. Their lordship and dominion over mens consciences, bodies or estates, do not belong, I affirm, to the ministers of Christ.

But notwithstanding this, it is most certain, that I am too sensible of the advantages which Christians enjoy by the gospel revelation to be an enemy to the religion of Jesus. I am satisfied, that the whole system of divine truths, contained in the sacred letters, have a much greater tendency than mere reason can have, to enlarge the mind,

o purify the heart, to exalt the affections, and to establish the liberty of the will. While nature gives but obscure notices, the gospel vouchsafes a perfect knowledge. The inspired writings afford the fullest instruction ; and what is more, they allure. The life of Christ irresistibly enforces his pure and heavenly commands, when the mind dwells on the contemplation of it. In the *doctrines* of the *gospel* we have a *finished picture of virtue*. In the *life* of the christian legislator, *virtue breaths and moves*. It is from the *sufferings* and death of the *Mediator* we learn that God has the *utmost hatred and abhorrence of sin* ; and that, if we will live at an *irreconcilable distance* from it, the *blessedness to come* will be the *bighest possible* ; an *immortality* of soul and body *without change or period*, and the *greatest perfection of felicity in both* (a). *Revelation only can make us positive these things are so*. Reason, I grant, cannot lead us so far.

(a) Archbishop *Potter*, whom I mentioned a while ago, has a fine sentiment in his 4th sermon, relating to the endless bliss of the just made perfect ——"Our happiness will be as lasting as our nature, and there endure to all eternity. O ! vast, incomprehensible eternity ! how dost thou at once fill us with pleasure and amazement ! How are we lost in this contemplation, that when millions and millions of ages have been past in the full enjoyment of perfect happiness, infinite millions shall still succeed, and the last period of our happiness be always as far distant as at the beginning."

In

In the next place, as the struggle is great between reason and inclination, and the difficulties numerous in the ascent to virtue and glory, I farther think, that we cannot too much prize that *communicated almighty spirit* which the gospel promises to those who ask it; to enlighten, sanctify, and comfort them. These are really and truly my notions of christian religion, however I may be misrepresented in the article. If I detest the *artificial christianity* of a *modern apostacy*, yet the *eternal adoption*, a *union with Christ*, and a *participation of his life*, are things inestimable in my conception. And as to the clergy, I again declare, that notwithstanding I think the *pontifical theologians* in general ought to lose all esteem with the thinking part of mankind; and that such orthodox writers of our nation as *Bate*, *Knowles*, and *Joseph Edwards*, *Regis*, *Randolph*, *Hodges*, and the *weak author of Ophiomaches*, are a set of reverend mortals the church would be happily rid of, if they were all translated like Enoch, and an end put to their writing labors, by lodging the *zealots* in Abraham's bosom; yet I highly honor such *christian ministers* as preach and live the gospel; such *ministers of Jesus*, as preach and propagate his religion, the *true religion of nature*, with a few plain, merciful, evangelical additions. Such blessed men I shall ever love and admire. To sup-  
port

port them, I shall be ever willing, to the utmost of my ability, to contribute.

As to my friend, the late excellent Dr. *Morgan*, I know he passes with most people for a father of infidels, and is always mentioned by the *faith-men* as the vilest of mortals; but see how he writes in respect of true religion and its ministers.

“The infinite mischiefs to mankind, which have arisen from confounding human policy with theocracy, or religion with a civil, temporal jurisdiction, are so very obvious and undeniable, that I hope in representing this, I shall not be thought to have exceeded the bounds of truth and decency: but I would not have it concluded from hence, that I look upon all church constitutions and regulations for the public worship of God to be needless, or of no benefit to society. Nothing can be farther from my thoughts, or intention, than this. The more the several duties and obligations of moral truth and righteousness are enforced and inculcated, and the more publicly and solemnly this is done, the greater hopes there must be of a general reformation, and a stricter regard to the laws of God and nature in any society; and while the public ministers of religion keep to this, they do their duty, answer the end of their office, and deserve all due encouragement, respect, and honor. Against such, therefore,

fore, I have said nothing, and would sooner lose my tongue, or right hand, than say or do any thing to discourage them. Let them promote the cause of God and virtue, and true religion in the world, and then, I am sure, they must have the thanks of every wise and good man. Let them make it appear in life and reality, that they have true religion and virtue nearest at heart, that they regard more the spiritual duties than the temporal rewards of their office; and that they are more concerned to reform the world, than to enrich themselves; and then see what deist or infidel would dare open his mouth against them. But if they will substitute historical faith and church ceremony for religion, authority for reason; outward practice for inward purity, the wealth and power of the church for the power of godliness, and human contrivances for divine institutions; if they will do this; I say, let them look to themselves, and maintain their credit and emoluments as long as they can. But I can tell them as a friend, "That  
 "deism and infidelity will always prevail  
 "against such sort of churchism." (Physico-theology.)

This passage I think very just and beautiful, notwithstanding the author of it has been called a *profligate writer* (a), and I imagine it

(a) Archdeacon Law, in his theory of religion, uses this hard expression, and many other gentlemen of the church have taken great pains to make him as black as the devil. But surely if the doctor feared God, and glorified

It expresses the mind of many thoughtful christians. The case of Dr. *Morgan* is, that he had as little zeal for the hereditary right of faith as I have, and professed an honest regard to truth, wherever a free enquiry finds her ; tho it be not on the side of education, custom and example, but against it ; yet he ever declared for that church which presents us with the most perfect precepts, and the most illustrious example of all manner of holiness, I mean the sermons and life of Jesus, and the Epistles of his Apostles ; — and for such ministers of this church, as employ their whole lives, and all their care, in teaching mankind to worship the Father of the universe, according to the gospel of their advocate and legislator ; and in guiding and directing the *Israel of God* in the ways of righteousness and peace. Such a church and priests the doctor thought truly glorious. What other church and priests can be worth our notice ?

But

risied *Jesus Christ*, as the *Messiah*—the chosen servant and messenger — if he performed every duty founded in nature, and obeyed all the commands of God—if he studied to promote a good life among men, and did his best to advance the happiness of mankind ; which I affirm to be his case ; is it not severe to pursue him with an unrelenting calumny, and treat him as if he were an atheist, infidel, dog or devil—to act against him with a rancour unworthy of men, and a bitterness that disgraces the christian religion ?—This is sad work for modes of faith.



But was *Morgan* a christian, after all the doctors have writ against him? He was, *Jewks*. He would have joined at any time in *scripture-worship*, tho he had some odd notions of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and David: And so, by the way, would *Tindal*, *Chubb*, and *Toland*, notwithstanding their inability to see some truths in particular cases. I can affirm the same of the great *Mr. Collins*; tho the author of the grounds did lay before the public such difficulties as he thought attended the evidence of prophecy, in order to obtain sufficient answers to them.

These gentlemen were not only as worthy, honest men as ever lived, to my knowledge; but likewise, true christians, notwithstanding they abhorred the *pontifical* theology in general; renounced in particular that confession of faith they called the *Athenian jumble*, and were devoted to the destruction of the *sacerdotal empire*. Christianity has not so many adversaries as the theologians mention. They equip us immediately with the title of *Deist* and *Infidel*, if we will not subscribe to a parcel of articles we cannot find a  
word

faith. It is hard measure to a man who only opposed the *antichristian* claims of ecclesiastics, and writ against that *tritheistic invention* which dishonors the peerless majesty of the blessed God, and fills the world with wars and fightings.

of in the gospel. We are willing, if  
 we would give us their favor, to embrace  
 we are men, and join them as christians,  
 bowing down before the God and Father  
 our Lord Jesus Christ, and imploring his  
 cy on us all; that we may all be blessed  
 in the grace of his Holy Spirit here, and  
 eternally blessed with him hereafter, as the  
 ples of the Mediator. But this is not  
 ough for the doctors. They will have no  
 nexion with us, if we will not allow their  
 sical christianity come down from heaven.  
 as this is what we cannot, with a safe  
 science, ever think of doing, we are  
 ed to appeal to the approaching day of  
 gment; that the judge of all the earth  
 y determine, who are right, who, in er-  
 ; the *Christian Deists* of this nation, who  
 ship one Being of infinite perfection, and  
 eavor, to the utmost of their power, to  
 ern their conduct by those rules of moral  
 titude, that perfect plan of light and  
 th, which the Son of God brought into  
 world; who maintain an *invariable faith*  
 the unity of the divine Being, and prefer  
 commands of God to human prejudices and  
 editions; who adore the universal Lord for  
 gift of the Holy Spirit by Christ Jesus, and  
 conformity to its dictates, concur and co-  
 operate with the work of grace; — Or, on  
 other hand, the *theologians*, who depart

from the *simple doctrines* of the Bible, and admit the *substitutions of creeds and systems*, contrived by interested and bigotted men; we in *repugnance* to the *unity* of the Supreme Being, establish a worship, that has not a *text* to rest on in scripture, neither can be reconciled to our natural notions of God, or to common sense; I mean the worship of *three minds or spirits, equal in power and possible perfections*; and to this add the doctrine of infinite sin and satisfaction; which they or we be right, God will determine, to the substituted power of the Mediator, in the morning of the great rising day. To this tribunal we appeal. There will be no power then to support a *traditional revelation*, or any craft in that day to make the sacred record whatever the commentator pleases. The bill will be no longer made a *nose of wax*. We shall not then be kept under by *human computations* and the *clang of a party*; nor be obliged to regard the *opinion of a faction* as *terms of salvation*. *Truth* will be the judge and appear the friend of those who have preferred and promoted it against all other considerations, and were ever ready to sacrifice prudence for the preservation of integrity.

In some *Addenda quædam*, at the end of my second Letter, you will find a general account of the works of the following authors and a particular review of that part of their writings

things which relate to religion.

1. *Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, who died D. 1648, April 2, Æt. 83.
2. *Mr. Hobbes*, who died 1679, Dec. 4, Æt. 92.
3. *Mr. Blount*, who died 1693, Aug. 17, Æt. 39.
4. *Lord Shaftesbury*, who died 1713, b. 14, Æt. 43.
5. *Mr. Toland*, who died in 1722, March, Æt. 52.
6. *Mr. Wallaston*, who died 1724, Oct. Æt. 65.
7. *Mr. Collins*, who died 1729, Dec. 13, Æt. 53.
8. *Dr. Mandeville*, who died 1733, Jan. Æt. 65.
9. *Mr. Woolston*, who died 1733, Jan. 27, Æt. 64.
10. *Dr. Tindal*, who died 1733, Aug. 16, Æt. 79.
11. *Dr. Morgan*, who died 1743, Jan. 17, Æt. 71.
12. *Mr. Chubb*, who died 1747, Feb. 8, Æt. 68.

13. *Lord Balingbroke*, who died 1751, Nov. 15, Æt. 79.

and left his books and MSS to *David Mal-  
nt of Putney, Esq;* who published his lord-

ship's works. complete, in 5 vols. 4to. Brix in sheets, 3l. 15s.

The author of the ode on the death of Mr. *Pelham*, (late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and first lord commissioner of the treasury,) says, we had a *double stroke* the 6th of *March* 1754; a day remarkable for the publication of *Lord Balingbrake's* works, and for *Pelham's* flight to heaven.

"The same sad morn that *Pelham* fled to heaven."

So the poet declares; but for my own part, I have not imagination enough to see any *stroke* at all in those things. If a great and good man is removed by death; the nation never wants another of equal abilities and honesty to fill his place: To say the contrary is a libel on our country. And as to the *noble viscount*, exclusive of many *beautiful moralities* in his works, which deserve our praise, his objections against revealed religion are of the greatest service to it, whatever *poets or bigots* may think of the matter. When men of sense and scholars have an opportunity of proving to the world that the strongest and best written objections and difficulties do not affect the christian religion, they give mankind such a confirmation of its truth, as renders its evidence equal to demonstration, and

l, must bring the nations into the number  
the faithful, when God inclines them to  
sider the true state of the witnesses for the  
pel, and the force of the difficulties against

It is an idle thing to talk of a *stroke* in  
case of lord *Bolingbroke*, as this poet, and  
a writer of a letter in praise of the poet,  
we done. An uniformity of sentiment,  
proceeding from prejudice of education, or  
effect of ecclesiastical sway, is a *mean*  
*and despicable* thing. Supposing this or that  
*urchism* possessed of the truth, yet a man's  
performing merely in regard to the constitu-  
tion of church or country, at the same time  
as he is *beterodox* in his heart, cannot make  
him valuable, or a christian. It is better far  
give him leave to speak out, that the poor  
man may receive a full solution and ease of  
mind, and the public participate of the be-  
nefit that must sprout from the work of the  
christian answerer. Beside, we might let  
Mr. *Poet* know, that truth is stronger than  
error, and has ever had the best advocates on  
a side; from whence it follows, that pub-  
lic controversy is the greatest advantage to  
our cause. Were there a thousand *Boling-  
brokes*—*welcome, welcome* all of them. We  
thank you Messieurs *Mallets* for the good you  
attend us, by putting it thus in our power to  
answer every argument that the brightest wit

and the strongest understanding can produce against the christian cause. We will evince, that the *extravagant doctrines* which *frail or aspiring* men have obtruded upon the church as the awful mysteries of christianity, are no part of our holy religion ; and we will make it plain that the gospel is a *pure and peaceable thing* :— What we might expect from our heavenly Father, and ought to receive, if we regard our true interest and glory.

Thus we may say, let the infidel be ever so formidable. Christianity has nothing to fear. The truth of it, and the authority of the Bible, will appear with greater strength and beauty, the more they are freely examined. Let us only once come to distinguish the *man* from the *unbeliever* ; and tho we *disagree* in sentiment, to be *kind* and *good neighbours*, and not throw a veil over the amiable part of our neighbour's character, but render to morality its due honors ; and sure I am, that *religious controversy* will at last *unite* the sentiments of rationals in relation to religion. The misfortune, the *stroke* is, that the men called infidels are treated for the most part by the divines, with an abuse and inhumanity that forces the blood and spirits to rise, and produces writing rancour against writing rancour, to the great detriment of true religion.

To

To return from this digression: The works of these thirteen chiefs, so far as religion is concerned, you will find very particularly reviewed in our *Addenda quedam*, aforementioned, and an account of all their answerers, and their answerers arguments. The writers against lord *Bolingbroke* will be numerous, I suppose, by the time, those *Addenda* appear; for at present, Saturday the 12th of April, 1755, fifteen have come to hand, to wit, Dr. *Robert Clayton*, lord bishop of *Clogher*, in a vindication of the histories of the Old and New Testament, in several letters to a nobleman — the reverend Mr. *Harvey* — the reverend Mr. *Whalley* — the reverend Mr. *Lemoine* — Dr. *Parker* — Dr. *Stuckford* — Dr. *Warburton*, in *A view of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy* in four letters — *Miscellaneous Observations on the Works of Lord Bolingbroke* — Dr. *Hill*, (the Inspector) in a 4to. volume, called *Thoughts on God and Nature*, dedicated to the King. Price sewed a guinea. — Dr. *Leland*, a dissenting minister of Dublin, in his second volume against the deistical writers — Dr. *Warner* in a large 8vo. called *Bolingbroke — Critical Remarks — Analysis of lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy* — the reverend Mr. *Heathcote*, in a thing called, *A sketch of lord Boling-*



*lingbroke's philosophy.* --- And lastly, Mr. Charles Baddeley, a dissenting minister, in a piece called *Notes on the philosophical writings of Lord Brougham.*

This gentleman last mentioned is the youngest writer, in the controversy; but his animadversions are far from being the weakest remarks on the noble viscount. He has a clear head, and is of no party (a).

But I cannot say that Mr. Heathcote is of no party, tho I must confess some of his loose minutes are admirable. He goes out of the way to have a blow at my friend, Mr. Chubb ----- *the poor endeavours of this best man.* --- One might imagine from this, if a stranger to Mr. Chubb's writings, that he was a poor creature, and without abilities was a malicious writer against the christian religion. Mr. Chubb was no such man. If he had no learning, he had the gift of a most extraordinary understanding, and in his writings has shewn very great abilities. There is a beauty and strength in many of his thoughts, and in all his language, which render him, as a writer, superior in those respects to every one who hath written against him: And tho he is *wrong* in some cases;

(a) By the way, I recommend to your reading, a volume of discourses by this gentleman, that have been lately published.

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yet his heart, to my knowledge, was right honest, and his pen expressed only the dictates of his conscience. He was a sincere good man as ever lived. He really believed that the scheme he had given of the gospel was true. His notions of *inspiration*, the *resurrection*, *Abraham*, etc. he thought very just; and exclusive of such speculative faults which he could not help, was as good a christian as any of his contemporaries; if the essence of christianity consists in *an exact rectitude of mind and life*, and the *worship of the supreme God, through Jesus Christ our Lord*. This is the truth of Mr. *Chubb's* case. I knew him well. Mr. *Heathcote* did not know him at all. It is therefore very wrong, in my opinion, to rail at, and revile any good man, because he is not able to see what a *Pope* does, and has opposed the schemes of mystical and bad clergymen. Such a method, I am sure, is a very improper way of recommending truth. I know it will rather spread than diminish infidelity. Indeed the manner is every way *unbecoming*. If the preacher-assistant at Lincoln's-Inn can answer *Chubb*, let him answer him; but to *pretend* to answer him by *misrepresenting*, *ridiculing*, or *despising*, is *unfair* and *unchristian*. I can  
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